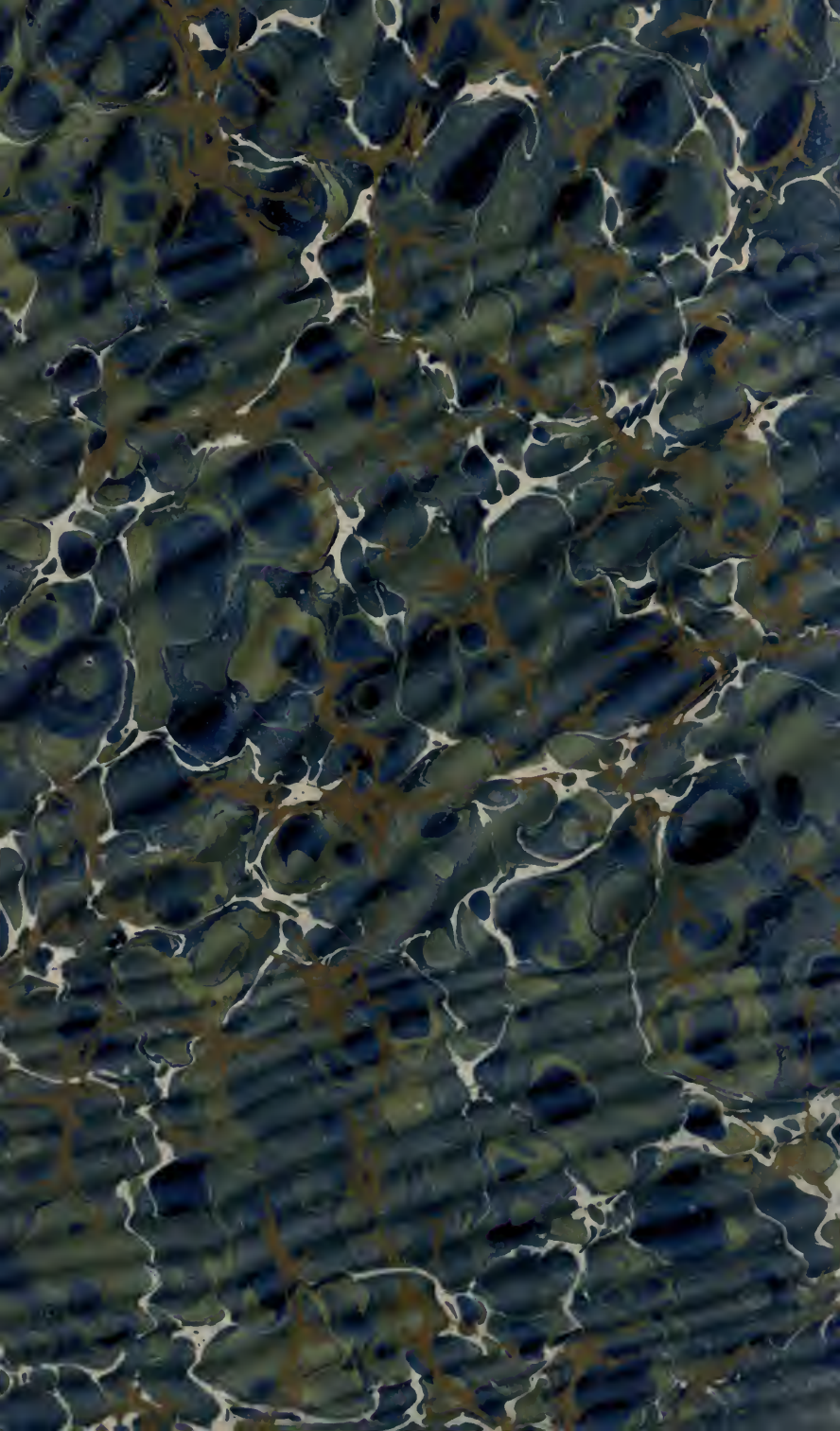


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HEYWOOD'S
DRAMATIC WORKS.



THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF
THOMAS HEYWOOD NOW
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VOLUME THE THIRD



LONDON
JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN
1874



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THE
GOLDEN AGE:

OR

The liues of *Jupiter* and *Saturne*, with
the deifying of the Heathen Gods.

As it hath beene fundry times acted at the Red
Bull, by the Queenes Maiesties Seruants.

Written by THOMAS HEYVVOOD.



Tam robur. tam robor. in-colis Arbor Iouis. 1610.

LONDON,

Printed for *William Barrenger*, and are to be sold
at his Shop neare the great North-doore
of *Pauls* 1611.

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To the Reader.



THIS Play comming accidentally to the Presse, and at length hauing notice thereof, I was loath (finding it mine owne) to see it thrust naked into the world, to abide the fury of all weathers, without either Title for acknowledgement, or the formality of an Epistle for ornament. Therefore rather to keepe custome, then any necessity, I haue fixt these few lines in the front of my Booke; neither to approue it, as tastfull to euery palat, nor to disgrace it, as able to relish none, onely to commit it freely to the generall censure of Readers, as it hath already past the approbation of Auditors. This is the *Golden Age*, the eldest brother of three Ages, that haue aduentured the Stage, but the onely yet, that hath beene iudged to the Presse. As this is receiued, so you shall find the rest: either fearefull further to proceede, or encouraged boldly to follow.

Yours cucr

T. H.

B 2

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The Names of Persons presented *in the Play.*

Homer.

Saturne }
Tytan. } two brothers.
Two Lords of Creet.
Vesta mother of Saturne.
Sybilla wife to Saturne.
Lycaon Sonne to Tytan.
Calisto daughter to Lycaon.
Iupiter. Iuno.
Mellifeus King of Epire.
Archas sonne to Calisto and Iupiter.
Diana. Atlanta.
Egeon. }
Enceladus. } sonnes to Tytan.
Neptune }
Pluto. } brothers to Iupiter.
Acrisius King of Arges.
Danae daughter to Acrisius.
King Troos.
Ganimed.
A Lord of Arges.
Two Lords of Pelagia.
Foure Beldams.
Clowne. Nurfe.
Satyrs. Nimphs.



The Golden Age,

*With the lines of Iupiter and
Saturne.*

Actus I. Scæna I.

Enter old HOMER.



THE Gods of *Greece*, whose deities I
rais'd
Out of the earth, gaue them diuinity,
The attributes of Sacrifice and Prayer
Haue giuen old *Homer* leaue to view the world
And make his owne presentment. I am he
That by my pen gaue heauen to *Iupiter*,
Made *Neptunes* Trident calme, the curled waues,
Gaue *Æolus* Lordship ore the warring winds ;
Created blacke hair'd *Pluto* King of Ghosts,
And regent ore the Kingdomes fixt below.
By me *Mars* warres, and fluent *Mercury*
Speakes from my tongue. I plac'd diuine *Apollo*
Within the Sunnes bright Chariot. I made *Venus*
Goddesse of Loue, and to her winged sonne
Gaue feuerall arrowes, tipt with Gold and lead.
What hath not *Homer* done, to make his name
Liue to eternity? I was the man
That flourish'd in the worlds first infancy :

When it was yong, and knew not how to speake,
 I taught it speech, and vnderstanding both
 Euen in the Cradle : Oh then suffer me,
 You that are in the worlds decrepit Age,
 When it is neere his vniuerfall graue,
 To sing an old song ; and in this Iron Age
 Shew you the state of the first golden world,
 I was the Muses Patron, learnings spring,
 And you shall once more heare blinde *Homer* sing.

Enter two Lords.

1. *Lord.* The old *Vranus*, sonne of the Aire &
 Day
 Is dead, and left behinde him two braue sonnes,
Tytan and *Saturne*.

1. *Tytan* is the eldest,
 And should succeed by the true right of birth.

2. *Lord.* But *Saturn* hath the hearts of al the
 people,
 The Kingdomes high applause, his mothers loue,
 The least of these are steppes vnto a crowne.

2. *Lor.* But how wil *Tytan* beare him in these
 troubles,

Being by nature proud and insolent,
 To see the yonger seated in his throne,
 And he to whom the true right appertaines,
 By birth, and law of Nations quite cast off?

1. *Lord.* That either power or Steele must arbitrate :

Causes best friended haue the best euent.
 Here *Saturne* comes.

Enter Saturne and Vesta with other attendants.

Saturn. Behold what nature skanted me in
 yeares,
 And time, below my brother ; your applause,
 And general loue, fully supplies me with :

And make me to his crowne inheritable.
I choose it as my right by gift of heauen,
The peoples suffrage, the dead Kings bequest,
And your election, our faire mother Queene,
Against all these what can twelue moones of time,
Preuaile with *Tytan* to dis-herite vs.

Vesta. The Cretan people, with shrill acclamations

Pronounce thee soueraigne ore their lands and liues,
Let *Tytan* storme, and threaten strange reuenge,
We are resolu'd thy honour to maintaine.

1. *Lord.* *Tytan*, thy ruine shall attempt in vaine
Our hearts ad-here with *Vestaes* our late Queene,
According to our soueraignes late bequest,
To kneele to *Saturne*.

Saturne. We accept your loues,
And we will striue by merite to exceed you.
In iust requitall of these fauours done.

Vesta. Arme Lords, I heare the voyce

A noise of tumult within.

Of *Tytan* storming at this strange election.

Enter Tytan, Lycaon, and others.

Tytan. Descend proud vpstart, trickt vp in stoln
weeds

Deckt in vsurped state, and borrowed honours,
Resigne them to their owner, that's to me.

Sat. *Tytan* keep off, I charge thee neere me not,
Lest I thy bold presumption seale with bloud.

Tytan. A Crown's worth tugging for, & I wil ha't
Though in pursute I dare my ominous Fate.

Licaon. Downe with the vsurper.

Vesta. *Saturne* here shall stand,
Immoueable ; vpheld by *Vestaes* hand.

Tytan. Am I not eldest ?

Vesta. Ey but yong'st in braine.

Saturne the crowne hath ceas'd, and he shall reigne.

Tytan. Am I a bastard, that my heritage
 Is wrested from me by a yonger birth?
 Hath *Vesta* plaid th' adulteresse with some stranger?
 If I be eldest from *Vranus* loynes,
 Your maiden Issue, why am I debar'd
 The law of Nations? am I *Vestaes* sonne?
 Why doth not *Vesta* then appeare a mother?
 Was yonger *Saturne* bedded in your wombe,
 Neerer your heart then I, that hee's affected
 And I despis'd? If none of these, then grant me,
 What Iustice wils, my interest in the Crowne:
 Or if you make me out-cast, if my Mother
 Forget the loue she owes, I shall abandon
 The duty of a sonne. If *Saturne* prooue
 Vnnaturall, I'll be no more a brother,
 But maugre all that haue my right withstood,
 Reuenge my wrongs, & make my way through
 bloud.

Sat. *Tytan* we both acknowledge thee a brother,
 And *Vestaes* sonne, which wee'll expresse in loue.
 But since for many vertues growing in me
 That haue no life in you, the Queene, the Peeres,
 And all the people, with lowd suffrages,
 Haue shrild their Auees high aboue the clouds,
 And stil'd me King, we should forget their loues
 Not to maintaine their strange election.
 Aduise you therefore, since this bold aduenture
 Is much aboue your strength, to arme your selfe,
 In search of future honours with our loue,
 For what can *Tytan* do against a people?

Vesta. *Saturne* aduifeth well, list to his confell.

Tytan. If my owne land proue thus vnnaturall,
 I'll purchase forraine aid.

1. *Lord.* Rather compound.

Sat. Let *Tytan* make demand of any thing
 Sauing our Crowne, he shall enioy it feeely.

Vesta. *Tytan*, your brother offers royally,
 Accept this loue.

Tytan. To loofe a Crowne includes
The loffe of all things. What ſhould I demand?

Lycaon. This grant him *Saturne*, ſince thy inſinuation

Hath wrought him quite out of the Cretans hearts,
That *Tytans* warlike iſſue may ſucceed thee.

Tytan. *Lycaon* well aduiſ'd, he during life,
Shall reigne in peace, no interruption,
Shall paſſe from *Tytan* to diſturbe his reigne,
So to our Gyant race thou wilt aſſure
The crowne as due by right inheritance.

Saturne. To cut off all hoſtile effuſion
Of human bloud, which by our difference
Muſt needs be ſpilt vpon the barren earth,
Wee'le ſweare to this accord.

Tytan. Conditiond thus,
That to depriue all future enmity
In our ſucceeding Iſſue, thy male children
Thou in their Cradle ſtrangle.

Saturne. Kill my ſonnes?

Tytan. Or ſweare to this, or all our warlike race,
Diſperſt in feuerall Kingdomes Il'e aſſemble,
To conquer thee, and from thy ambitious head,
Teare that vſurped Crowne.

Saturne. *Tytan*, thy friendship
Wee'l buy with our own bloud, all our male children,
(If we hereafter ſhall haue any borne)
Shall periſh in their births, to this we ſweare,
As we are King and *Saturne*.

Tytan. I the like,
As I am *Tytan*, and *Vranus* ſonne :
This league confirm'd, all my Allyes Il'e gather
Search forreigne clymes, in which Il'e plant my kin,
Scorning a ſeate here where I am diſpis'd,
To liue a ſubieſt to a younger birth.
Nor bow to that which is my owne by due.
Saturne farewell, Il'e leaue thee to thy ſtate,
Whil'ſt I in forreigne Kingdomes ſearch my Fate.
Thinke on thy oath.

Saturne. First stay with vs and feast,
Tytan this day shall be King *Saturns* guest.

Enter the Clowne and a Nurse.

Clown. There is no dallying, you must come with
 all speede,
 For Madam *Sibilla* is growne a great woman.

Nurf. That is without question, for she is now a
 Queene.

Clown. Nay, she is greater then many Queenes
 are : for though you may thinke she is with ancient
 folkes : yet I can assure you she is with childe, you
 may imagine, beeing now but morning shee is new
 risen, yet t'is thought that ere noone she will bee
 brought a bed. I neuer heard she was committed to
 prision : yet t'is look't euery houre when she shall be
 deliuered, and therefore Nurse I was sent to you in all
 haste.

Nurf. Is she so neere her time ?

Clown. Yes : and yet tis thought shee will not-
 withstanding hold out, because she is groning.

Nurf. Your reason ?

Clowne. Because you know the prouerbe : *A grunt-
 ing horse, and a groning wife neuer deceiue their Maister :*
 say, will you make haste, Nurse ?

Nurf. What's the best news abroad ?

Clown. The best newes abroad is, that the Queene
 is likely to keepe at home : and is it not strange, that
 halfe an houres being abroad should make a woman
 haue a moneths minde to keepe in. But the worst
 newes is, that if the King haue a young Prince, hee is
 tide to kill it by oath : but if his maiesty went drunke
 to bed, and got a gyrl, she hath leaue to liue till she
 dye, and dye when she can liue no longer.

Nurf. That couenant was the most vnnaturall
 That euer father made : one louely boy
 Hath felt the rigor of that strict decree,
 And if this second likewise be a sonne,

There is no way but death.

Clown. I can tell you more newes : the king hath sent to the Oracle to know whether my Lady be with childe of a boy or a gyrl, and what their fortunes shall be : the Lord that went, is look't for euery day to retorne with his answere : it is so Gossipt in the Queenes chamber, I can tell you. O Nurse wee haue the brauest king, if thou knewest all.

Nurse. Why I pray thee?

Clowne. Let his vertues speake for himselfe : he hath taught his people to sow, to plow, to reape corne, and to skorne Akehornes with their heeles, to bake and to brue : we that were wont to drinke nothing but water, haue the brauest liquor at Court as passeth. Besides, he hath deuised a strange engine, called a Bow and Arrow, that a man may hold in hand, and kill a wilde beast a great way off, and neuer come in danger of his clutches. I'll tell you a strange thing Nurse, last time the King went a hunting, he kild a beare, brought him home to be bak't and eaten : A Gentlewoman of the Court, that fed hungerly vpon this pye, had such a rumbling and roaring in her guts, that her Intrails were all in a mutiny, and could not be appeased. No phisicke would helpe her, what did the King but caused an excellent Mastiffe to be knock't in the head, and drest, gaue it to the gentlewoman, of which when she had well eaten, the flesh of the Mastiffe worried the beare in her belly, and euer since her guts haue left wambling. But come, come, I was sent in hast, the Queene must needs speake with you.

Exeunt.

Enter Saturne with wedges of gold and siluer, models of ships, and buildings, bow and arrowes, &c. His Lords with him.

Saturne. You shall no more be lodg'd beneath the trees,
Nor chamber vnderneath the spreading Okes :

Behold, I haue deuise'd you formes for tooles,
 To square out timber, and performe the Art
 Of Architecture, yet vnknowne till now.
 I'll draw you formes of Cities, Townes and Towers,
 For vse and strength, behold the models here.

1. *Lord.* Saturnes inuentions are diuine, not
 humane,
 A God-like spirit hath inspir'd his reigne.

Saturne. See here a second Arte of Husbandry,
 To till the earth, to plow, to sow, to plant,
 Deuis'd by *Saturne*: here is gold refin'd
 From Groffer mettals, filuer, brasse, and tinne,
 With other minerals, extract from earth.
 I likewise haue found out to make your brooks,
 Riuers and seas by practise Nauigable.
 Behold a forme to make your Craers and Barkes
 To passe huge streames in safety, dangerlesse.

2. *Lord.* *Saturne* is a God.

Saturn. The last, not least, this vse of Archery,
 The stringed bow, and nimble-fethered-shaft:
 By this you may command the flying fowle,
 And reach her from on high: this serues for warre,
 To strike and wound thy foe-man from a farre.
 What meanes this acclamation? *A lowd shout within.*

1. *Lord.* Tis thy people,
 Deuinest *Saturne* furnisht with these vses,
 (More then the Gods haue lent them) by thy meanes.
 Proclaime to thee a lasting deity.
 And would haue *Saturne* honoured as a God.

Saturn. Wee'll study future profits for their vse,
 And in our fresh inuentions proue diuine.
 But Gods are neuer touch't with my fuspaires,
 Passions and throbs: their God-like Issue thriue,
 Whilst I vn-man-like must destroy my babes.
 Oh my strict oath to *Tytan*, which confounds
 All my precedent honours: one sweete babe,
 My yongest Ops hath felt the bloody knife,
 And perisht in his swathing: And my Queene
 Swels with another Infant in her wombe,

Ready to taste like rigor. Is that Lord
Return'd from Delphos yet?

2. *Lord.* He is.

Saturn. Admit him : now what doth the Oracle
Speake by the Delphian Priest.

3. *Lord.* Thus mighty *Saturne*.

After our Ceremonious Rites perform'd,
And Sacrifice ended with reuerence,
A murmuring thunder hurried through the Temple.
When fell a pleasant shower, whose siluer drops,
Fil'd all the Altar with a roseate dew.
In this amazement, thus the Delphian God,
Spake from the Incens'd Altar : Lord of Creete,
Thus say to *Saturne* : *Sibill* his faire wife,
Is great with a yong Prince of Noble hopes,
That shall his fathers vertues much excell,
Ceaze on his Crowne, and driue him downe to Hell.

Sat. The Gods (if there be any boue our selfe)
Enuy our greatnesse, and of one that seekes
To beare himselfe boue man, makes me more wretched
Then the most slauiish bruit. What shall my *Sibill*
Bring me a sonne, that shall depose me then?
He shall not ; I will crosse the Deities,
I'll toombe th' usurper in his Infant bloud,
I'll keepe my oath ; Prince *Tytan* shall succeed,
Maugre the enuious Gods, the brat shall bleed.

1. *Lord.* Way for the dowager Queene.

Enter Vesta sad.

Sat. How fares our mother?
How i't with faire *Sibilla*, our deere Queene?

Vesta. Your Queenes deliuered.

Sat. Of some female birth,
You Deities I begge : make me oh Heauens,
No more inhumane in the tragicke slaughter
Of princely Infants, fill my decreed number
With Virgins, though in them I loose my name
And kingdome, either make her barren euer

Or else all generatiue power and appetite
Deprive me : left my purple finne be stil'd
Many degrees boue murder. What's her birth ?

Vesta. Shee's the sad mother of a second sonne.

Saturn. Be euer dumbe, let euerlasting silence
Tong-tye the world, all humane voyce henceforth,
Turne to confus'd, and vndistinguisht sound,
Of barking Hounds, hoarse beares, & howling wolues,
To stop all rumour that may fil the world
With *Saturnes* tyranies against his sonnes.

Vest. Ah, did but *Saturne* see yon smiling babe,
Hee'd giue it life, and breake ten thousand oathes
Rather then suffer the sweet infant dye,
His very looke would begge a quicke reprieue
Euen of the tyrant *Tytan*, saw the vnkle
With what a gracefull looke the Infant smiles,
Hee'd giue it life, although he purchas'd it
With losse of a great Kingdome.

Saturn. Then spare the lad : I did offend too much
To kill the first, tell *Sibill* he shall liue,
I'll be no more so monstrous in my rigor,
Nor with the blood of Princes buy my Crowne.
No more their Cradles shall be made their Tombes,
Nor their soft swathes become their winding sheetes :
How can my subiects thinke Il'e spare their liues
That to my owne can be so tyrannous ?
Tell *Sibill* he shall liue.

Vest. *Vesta* will be that ioyfull messenger.

Saturn. Stay, let me first reward the Oracle,
It told me *Sibill* should produce a sonne,
That should his Fathers vertues much excell,
Cease on my Crowne, and driue me downe to Hell.
Must I then giue an Infant-traitor life,
To sting me to the heart ? the brat shall bleed.

Vesta. Sweet sonne.

1. *Lord.* Deere foueraigne.

Saturn. He that next replies,
Mother or friend, by *Saturnes* fury dyes.
Away fetch me his heart, brimme me a bowle

With his warme bloud. *Tytan*, my vow Ile
keep,

Life newly wakend, shall as newly sleep.

Vest. Worfe then a bruit, for bruits preferue their
own.

Worse then the worst of things is *Saturne* growne.

Saturn. Command the childe to death.

Vest. Tyrant, I will.

Tygers would saue whom *Saturn* means to kill,

Sat. It is my sonne whom I command to death,
A Prince that may succed me in my Throne,
And to posterity reuiue my name.

Call *Vesta* backe, and bid her saue the Babe.

1. *Lord.* I'le do't my Lord.

Sat. Yet stay : the lad to kill

I saue my oath, and keep my kingdome still.

Post after her, and charge them on their liues,

Send me the babes bloud in a cup of gold,

A present which I'le offer to the Gods.

Delay not, bee't our mother, nay our wife,

Forfeits her owne to saue the Infants life.

1. *Lord.* I shall informe them so.

Sat. Is this a deity,

To be more wretched then the worst on earth,

To be depriu'd, that comfort of my issue,

Which euen the basest of my land enioy :

I'le henceforth for my rigor hate my selfe,

Pleasures despise, and ioyes abandon quite.

The purest bloud that runnes within my veines,

I'le dull with thicke, and troubled melancholy,

I'le warre with comfort, be at oddes with solace,

And league with nothing but distemperature.

Henceforth my vnkem'd lockes shall knot in curles,

Rasor nor any edge shall kisse my cheeke,

Vntil my chin appeare a wilderneffe,

And make we wild in knowledge to the world.

Perpetuall care shall cabin in my heart,

My tyranny I'le punish in my selfe,

And saue the Gods that labour——

Saturns disturbance to the world shall be,
That planet that infuseth melancholy.

Enter Sibilla lying in child-bed, with her child lying by her, and her Nurse, &c.

Sibilla. Is not our mother *Vesta* yet return'd,
That made herselfe th'unwilling messenger,
To bring the king newes of his new-borne sonne ?

Nurf. Madam, not yet.

Sibil. Mother, of all that euer mothers were
Most wretched : kisse thy sweet babe ere he dye,
That hath life onely lent to suffer death.
Sweet Lad, I would thy father saw thee smile,
Thy beauty and thy pretty Infancy,
Would molifie his heart wer't hew'd from flint,
Or caru'd with Iron tooles from the corricke rocke,
Thou laughest to thinke thou must be kild in iest.
Oh if thou needs must dye, I'le be thy murtheresse,
And kill thee with my kisses (pretty knaue)
And canst thou laugh to see thy mother weepe ?
Or art thou in thy cheerefull smiles so free
In scorn of thy rude fathers tyranny ?

Nurf. Madam, the King hath slaine his first borne
son,

Whom had hee seene aliue, hee'd not haue giuen
For ten such Kingdomes as he now enioyes,
The death of such a faire and hopefull child,
Is full as much as *Tytan* can demand.

Sib. He shall spare this sweet babe, I'le ranfome
thee

With my owne life, the knife that pierceth thee,
Will wound thy mothers side, and I shall feele
The least sharpe stroke from his offensiue Steele.

Nurf. The mother Queen's return'd.

Enter Vesta.

Sib. How lookes she Nurse ?
Let her not speake, but vet a little longer

My hopes hold in suspense : oh me most wretched,
I reade my Lords harsh answere in her eye,
Her very lookes tell me the boy must dye.
Say, must he ? must he ? kill me with that word,
Which will wound deeper then King *Saturnes*
sword.

Vesta. The boy must dye.

Sib. Oh !

Nurf. Looke to the Queene, she faints.

Vest. Oh let's not loose the mother with her
infant,

The losse of one's too much.

Sibill. Oh wher's my childe ?

Ile hide thee in my bed, my bosome, brest,
The murderer shall not finde my little sonne,
Thou shalt not dye, be not afraid my boy.
Go tell the King hees mine as well as his,
And I'll not kill my part : one he hath slaine,
In which I had like interest : this I'll faue,
And euery second sonne keepe from the graue.

Enter the first Lord.

Vesta. Forbeare sir, for this place is priuiledg'd,
And onely for free women.

1. *Lord.* Yet is the Kings command boue your
decree,

And I must play th'intruder gainst my will.
The King vpon your liues hath charged you,
To see that infant Lad immediately
Receiue his death, he stayes for his warme blood
To offer to the Gods. To thinke him slaine,
Sad partner of your sorrowes I remaine.

Nurf. Madam you heare the king doth threat our
liues

Let's kill him then.

Sib. Is he inexorable ?

Why should not I proue as seuerer a mother
As he a cruell father : since the King

Hath doom'd him, I the Queene will doo't my
felfe,

Giue me the fatall Engine of his wrath,
Il'e play the horrid murtheresse for this once.
I'll kisse thee ere I kill thee : for my life,
The Lad so smiles, I cannot hold the knife.

Vesta. Then giue him me, I am his Grand-
mother,
And I will kill him gently : this sad office
Belongs to me, as to the next of kin.

Sib. For heauens sake when you kil him, hurt
him not.

Vesta. Come little knaue, prepare your naked
throat,
I haue not heart to giue thee many wounds,
My kindnesse is to take thy life at once. (Now.)
Alacke my pretty Grand-child, smil'st thou still ?
I haue lust to kisse, but haue no heart to kill.

Nurf. You may be carelesse of the kings com-
mand,
But it concernes me, and I loue my life
More then I do a sucklings, giue him me,
I'll make him sure, a sharpe weapon lend,
I'll quickly bring the yongster to his end.
Alacke my pretty knaue, 'twere more then sin,
With a sharpe knife to touch thy tender skin.
Oh Madame, hee's so full of Angell grace
I cannot strike, he smiles so in my face.

Sib. I'll wink & strike, come once more reach
him hither :
For dye he must, so *Saturne* hath decreed,
'Las for a world I would not see him bleed.

Vesta. Ne shall he do, but sweare me secresie,
The babe shall liue, and we be dangerlesse.

Sib. O blesse me with such happinesse.

Vesta. Attend me.
The king of Epire's daughters, two bright maids,
Owe me for many fauours the like loue,
These I dare trust, to them I'll send this babe

To be brought vp, but not as *Saturns* sonne.
Do but prouide some trusty messenger,
My honour for his safety.

Sib. But by what meanes shall we delude the
king.

Vest. A yong Kids heart, swimming in reeking
bloud

Wee'l fend the King, and with such forged grieffe,
And counterfet sorrow shadow it,
That this imposture neuer shall be found.

Sib. O twice my mother you bestow vpon me,
A double life thus to preferue my boy.

Nurse. Giue me the child, I'le finde a messenger,
Shall beare him safe to *Mellifeus* Court.

Vesta. The bloud and heart I'le presently prouide,
T'appease the rage of *Saturne*.

Sib. First lets sweare,
To keepe this secreet from King *Saturnes* eare.

Vesta. We will, and if this plot passe vndis-
couer'd

By like deuise we will faue all your sonnes.
About our taskes ; you some choyce friend to
finde,
I with my feigned teares the King to blinde.

Actus secundi, Scœna prima.

Enter HOMER.

Homer. **W**Hat cannot womens wits ? they won-
ders can

When they intend to blinde the eyes of man.

Oh lend me what old *Homer* wants, your eyes,

To see th'euent of what these Queenes deuife.

The doombe shew, found.

Enter the Nurse and Clowne, ſhee ſweares him to ſecrefie, and to him deliuers the child and a letter to the daughters of King Mellifeus : they part. Enter at one doore Saturne melancholy, with his Lords : at the other Veſta, & the Nurse, who with counterfeit paſſion preſent the King a bleeding heart vpon a kniues point, and a bowle of bloud. The King departs one way in great ſorrow, the Ladies the other way in great ioy.

This paſt ſo curreant, that the third ſonne borne,
 Cal'd *Neptune*, was by like deuife preferu'd,
 And ſent to Athens, where he liu'd vnknowne,
 And had in time command vpon the ſeas.
Pluto the yongeſt was ſent to Tartary,
 Where he in proceſſe a ſtrange City built
 And cald it *Hell*, his ſubiects for their rapine,
 Their ſpoils and theft, are Diuels tearm'd abroad.
 Thus melancholy *Saturne* hath ſuruiuing
 Three Noble ſonnes in feuerall confines plac'd
 And yet himſelfe thinks ſonne-leſſe : one faire daughter
 Hight *Iuno* is his ſole delight on earth.
 Thinke kinde ſpectators ſeuenteene ſommers paſt,
 Till theſe be growne to yeares, and *Iupiter*
 Found in a caue by the great Epyre King,
 (Where by his daughters he before was hid.)
 Of him and of his fortunes we proceed,
 My iournie's long, and I my eye-ſight want.
 Courteous ſpectators, leſt blind *Homer* ſtray,
 Lend me your hands to guide me on your way.

*Enter Lycaon with his Lords, Iupiter with other
 Lords of Epyre.*

Lycaon. After long warre, and tedious differences,
 Betwixt King *Mellifeus* and our ſelfe,
 What craue the Epyre Lords?

Iupiter. This King *Lycaon*,
 Since truce and hoſtage hath tane vp theſe broiles,

And ended them in peacefull amity,
Since all the damadge by the Epyrians done,
Is on our part abundantly made good :
We come *Lycaon* to demand the like
Of thee and of thy Kingdome, and for prooffe,
That all our malice is extinc̄t and dead,
We bring thy hostage backe, demanding ours.

Lycaon. Receiue him Lords, a Banquet instantly,
You shall this day braue Epyre feast with vs,
And to your boord your hostage shall be brought,
There to receiue him freely, meane time sit,
And taste the royall welcomes of our Court.

Iup. *Lycaon's* iust in keeping these conditions
So strictly with a reconciled foe.

Lyc. But faire prince, tell me whence you are
deriu'd,

I neuer heard King *Mellifeus* had
A Prince of your perfections ?

Iupiter. This demand
Startles my bloud, being borne I know not where,
Yet that I am of gentry at the least,
My Spirit prompts me, and my noble thoughts
Giue me approued warrant, being an infant
Two beauteous Ladyes found me in a caue,
Where from their voluntary charity,
Bees fed me with their hony, for that cause
The two bright Ladies cal'd me *Iupiter*,
And to their Father *Mellifeus* brought me,
My Foster-father, who hath train'd my youth,
In feats of Armes, and military prowesse,
And as an instance of his deereſt loue,
Hath honor'd me with this late Embaſſy.

*A banquet brought in, with the limbes of a Man
in the ſeruiſe.*

Lyca. We are ſatiſfi'd : Princes ſit round and
feast,
You are this day *Lycaons* welcom'ſt gueſt.

Iup. This meat distasts me, doth *Lycaon* feast vs
Like Caniballes ? feed vs with humane flesh ?
Whence is this portent ?

Lycan. Feede Epyrians, eate,
Lycaon feasts you with no common meate.

Iup. But wher's the Epyre Lord we left as host-
age ?

Lyca. Behold him here, hee's at the table with
you,

This is the Epyres head, and these his limbes,

Thinkes *Mellifeus* that *Lycaon* can

(Discended of the valiant *Tytanoys*)

Bury his hatred, and intoombe his spleene

Without reuenge ? bloud in these warres was shed,

And for that bloud your hostage lost his head.

Iup. Beare wrong that list, & those can brooke it
best,

I was not borne to suffrance : thoughts mount hye,

A King hath wrong'd me, and a King shall dye.

Lycaon. Treason, treason.

Iup. Downe with the tyrant, and that hatefull
cruel,

And in their murderous breasts your blades imbrue.

Lycaon. Our guard.

*A confused fray, an alarme. Iupiter and the Epyriens
beat off Lycaon and his followers.*

Iup. *Lycaon's* fled, make good the pallace gates,

And to th'amazed Citie beare these limbs,

So basely by the tyrant massacred.

Happly his subiects by our words prepar'd

May shake their bondage off, and make this warre,

The happy meanes to rid a tyrant thence.

Beare in your left hands these dis-membred limbes,

And in your right your swords, with which make
way,

Courage braue Epyres, and a glorious day. *Excunt.*

*Alarm, Lycaon makes head againe, and is beat off
by Iupiter and the Epirians, Iupiter ceazeth the
roome of Lycaon.*

Iup. *Lycaon's* once more fled, we by the helpe
Of these his people, haue confin'd him hence,
To whom belongs this Crowne ?

1. *Lord.* To *Iupiter.*

2. *Lor.* None shall protect our liues, but *Iupiter.*

All. A *Iupiter*, A *Iupiter.*

Iup. Nay we are farre from such ambition, Lords,
Nor will we entertaine such royalty.

1. *Lor.* Faire Prince, whom heauen hath sent by
miracle,

To saue vs from the bloudyest tyrannies,
That ere were practis'd by a mortall prince,
We tender thee our fortunes : oh vouchsafe
To be our Lord, our Gouvernour, and King,
Since all thy people ioyntly haue agreed,
None of that tyrants issue shall succed.

All. A *Iupiter*, A *Iupiter.*

Iup. We not refuse the bounty of the Heauens
Exprest in these your voyces ; we accept
Your patronage, and 'gainst *Lycaons* tyrannyes
Henceforth protect you : but our conquest yet
Is all vncertaine, second vs deere subiects,
To assure our conquests : first we must provide
Our safety, ere attempt the helme to guide. *Exeunt.*

Alarme. Enter Calisto.

Cal. What meane these horrid and these shrill
alarmes
That fright the peacefull Court with hostile cries ?
Feare and amazement hurry through each chamber ;
Th'affrighted Ladies light the darkest roomes
With their bright beauties : whence (ô whence ye:
Gods)

Are all yon grones, cryes, and inhumane fownds
 Of bloud and death : *Licaon*, where is he ?
 Why in this dire and sad astonishment
 Appeares not he to comfort my sad feares,
 And cheere me in this dull distemperature ?

*Enter in a hurrie with weapons drawne, Iupiter and his
 souldiers.*

Iup. The Iron bar'd dores, & the suspected vaults,
 The Barricadoed gates, and euery roome,
 That boasted of his strength, is forc'd to obey
 To our free entrance : nothing can withstand
 Our opposite fury. Come, let's ransacke further,
 But stay, what strange deiected beauty's this
 That on the sodaine hath surpris'd my heart,
 And made me sicke with passion ?

Calisto. Hence away.

When we command, who dares presume to stay ?

Iup. Bright Lady.

Cal. You afright me with your Steele.

Iup. These weapons Lady come to grace your
 beautie

And these my armes shall be your sanctuary
 From all offensiue danger : cheere your sorrow,
 Let your bright beauty shoote out of this cloud,
 To search my heart, as it hath daz'd my eyes.
 Are you a Queene entron'd aboue the Elements,
 Made of diuine compofure, or of earth,
 Which I can scarce beleeeue ?

Calist. I am my selfe.

Vnciuill stranger, you are much to rude,
 Into my priuate chamber to intrude :
 Go call the King my father.

Iup. Are you then

Lycaons daughter ? (wonder without end,
 That from a Fiend an Angell should descend.)
 Oh *Loue*, till now I neuer felt thy dart :
 But now her painted eye hath pierc'd my heart.

Faire, can you loue ?

Calisto. To be alone I can.

Iup. Women, faire Queene, are nothing without men :

You are but cyphers, empty roomes to fill,
And till mens figures come, vncounted still.
Shall I sweet Lady, adde vnto your grace,
And but for number-fake supply that place.

Cal. You'r one too many, and of all the rest,
That beare mens figure, we can spare you best.
What are you fir ?

Iup. We are Pelafge's King,
And these our fubiects.

Calisto. These did of late belong
To King *Lycaon* (Oh iniurious wrong)

Iup. Oh fute your pittie with your Angell-beauty,
And liue Pelafge's Queene.

Calisto. Giue me a funerall garland to lament,
That best becomes my wretched discontent.

Iup. The fun-shine of my fmiles and iocond loue,
Shall from your browes bright azure Elements,
Disperfe all clouds : behold my crowne is yours,
My fword, my conquest, I am of my felfe,
Nothing without your soft compassionate loue :
For prooffe, aske what the heauen, earth, aire, or fea
Can yeeld to men by power or orifon,
And it is yours.

Cal. Sir, I shall proue your love.

Iup. Pray vse me Lady.

Cal. You'l grant it me my Lord.

Iup. By all my honours, and by all the sweets.
I hope for in your loues fruition,
Your wil's your owne.

Cal. You'l not reuoke your word ?

Iup. Bee't to inuest whom I did late degrade,
I'le doo't for you, bright and diuineft maid.

Cal. This onely freedome to your captiue giue
That I a Nunne and profest maid may liue.

Iup. More cruell then the tyrant that begat thee,
 Hadst thou ask't loue, gold, seruice, Empiry,
 This sword had purchast for *Calisto* all.
 Oh most vnkinde, in all this vniuerse,
 Ther's but one iewell that I value hye,
 And that (vnkinde) you will not let me buy :
 To liue a maid, what ist ? 'tis to liue nothing :
 'Tis like a couetous man to hoord vp treasure,
 Bar'd from your owne vse, and from others pleasure.
 Oh thinke faire creature, that you had a mother,
 One that bore you, that you might beare another :
 Be you as she was, of an Infant glad,
 Since you from her, haue all things that she had.
 Should all affect the strict life you desire,
 The world it selfe should end when we expire.
 Posterity is all, heauens number fill,
 Which by your helpe may be increased still,
 What is it when you loose your mayden-head,
 But make your beauty liue when you be dead
 In your faire issue ?

Cal. Tush, 'tis all in vaine,
Dian I am now a seruant of thy traine.

Iup. Her order is meere heresie, her sect
 A schisme, 'mongst maids not worthy your respect.
 Men were got to get ; you borne others to beare.
 Wrong not the world so much : (nay sweet your
 eare)

This flower will wither, not being cropt in time,
 Age is too late, then do not loose your prime,
 Sport whilst you may, before your youth be past.
 Loose not this mowld that may such faire ones cast,
 Leauē to the world your like for face and stature,
 That the next age may praise your gifts of nature.

Calisto if you still grow thus precise,
 In your strict vow, succeeding beautie dies.

Cal. I claime your oath, all loue with men adue,
Diana's Cloyster I will next pursue. *Exit Calisto.*

Iup. And there all beauty shall be kept in iaile,

Which with my sword : Ey with my life I'd baile :
What's that *Diana* ?

2. *Lor.* She is the daughter of an ancient King,
That swaid the Atticke scepter, who being tempted
By many fuiters, first began this vow :
And leauing Court betooke her to the forrests.
Her beauteous traine are virgins of best ranke,
Daughters of Kings, and Princes, all deuoted
To abandon men, and chuse virginity.
All these being first to her strict orders sworne,
Acknowledge her their Queene and Empreffe.

Iup. By all my hopes *Calisto's* loue to gaine,
I'd wish my selfe one of *Dianæ's* traine.

1. *Lord.* Concerning your state businesse.

Iupiter. Well remembred.

Posts of these newes shall be to Epyre sent,
Of vs, and of our new establishment.
Next for *Calisto*, (but of that no more.)
We must take firme possession of this state,
Our sword hath wonne, *Licaon* lost so late. *Exeunt.*

*Enter with musicke (before Diana) fixe Satires,
after them all their Nymphs, garlands on their
heads, and iauelings in their hands, their Bowes
and Quiuers : the Satyrs sing.*

*Haile beauteous Dian, Queene of shades,
That dwels beneath these shadowie glades,
Mistresse of all those beauteous maids,
That are by her allowed.*

*Virginitie we all professe,
Abiure the worldlie vaine excesse,
And will to Dyan yeeld no lesse*

Then we to her haue vowed.

*The Shepheards, Satirs, Nymphs, and Fawnes,
For thee will trippe it ore the lawnes.*

*Come to the Forrest let vs goe,
And trip it like the barren Doe,*

*The Fawnes and Satirs still do fo,
 And freebie thus they may do.
 The Fairies daunce, and Satirs sing,
 And on the grasse tread manie a ring,
 And to their caues their ven'son bring,
 And we will do as they do.*

The Shepheards, &c.

*Our food is honie from the Bees,
 And mellow fruits that drop from trees,
 In chace we clime the high degrees
 Of euerie steepie mountaine,
 And when the wearie day is past,
 We at the euening hie vs fast,
 And after this our field repast,
 We drinke the pleasant fountaine.*

The Shepheards, &c.

Diana. These sports, our Fawnes, our Satyrs and
 our felues,
 Make (faire *Calisto*) for your entertaine :
Pan the great God of Shepheards, and the Nymphes
 Of Meades and Fountaines, that inhabite here,
 All giue you welcome, with their Rurall sports,
 Glad to behold a Princeesse of your birth
 A happy Citizen of these Meades and Groues.
 These Satyrs are our neighbours, and liue here,
 With whom we haue confirm'd a friendly league
 And dwell in peace. Here is no City-craft.
 Here's no Court-flattery : simpleness and sooth
 The harmlesse Chace, and strict Virginitie
 Is all our practise. You have read our orders,
 And you haue sworne to keepe them, faire *Calisto*.
 Speake, how esteeme you them ?

Calisto. With reuerence.
 Great Queene, I am sequestred from the world,
 Euen in my foule hate mans society,
 And all their lusts, suggestions, all Court-pleasures,

And City-curiosities are vaine,
And with my finer temper ill agree,
That now haue vow'd sacred verginity.

Dian. We will not of your sorrowes make recitall

So lately suffred by the hand of chance.
We are from the world, and the blind Goddesse *Fortune*

We dare to do her worst, as liuing here
Out of her reach : Vs, she of force must spare,
They can loose nothing, that for nothing care.

Cal. Madam, deuotion drew me to your seruice,
And I am now your hand-maid.

Dian. Wher's *Atlanta* ?

Atlanta. Madame.

Dian. Is there no princeesse in our traine,
As yet vnmatch'd to be her Cabin-fellow,
And sleepe by her ?

Atlanta. Madam, we all are cuppled
And twin'd in loue, and hardly is there any
That will be wonne to change her bed-fellow.

Dian. You must be single till the next arriue,
She that is next admitted of our traine,
Must be her bed-companion, so tis lotted.
Come Fawns, and Nymphs, and Satyres, girt vs
rownd

Whilst we ascend our state, and here proclaime
A generall hunting in *Dianaes* name.

Enter Iupiter like a Nymph, or a Virago.

Iupiter. There I strid too wide. That step was too
large for one that professeth the straight order : what
a pittifull coyle shall I haue to counterfeit this woman,
to lisse (*forsooth*) to simper and set my face like a
sweet Gentlewomans made out of ginger-bread ? shall
I venter or no ? My face I feare not : for my beard
being in the nonage durst neuer yet looke a Barber in

the face. And for my complexion, I haue knowne as browne Lasses as my selfe haue gone for currant. And for my stature, I am not yet of that Giant size, but I may passe for a *bona Roba*, a *Rounceual*, a *Virago*, or a good manly Lasse. If they should put me to spinne, or to sowe, or any such Gentlewomanlike exercise, how should I excuse my bringing vp? Tush, the hazzard is nothing, compared with the value of the gaine. Could I manadge this businesse with Art, I should come to a hundred pretty fights in a yeare, as in the Sommer when we come to flea our smocks, &c. I hope *Diana* doth not vse to search her maides before she entertaines them. But howsoever
 Be my losse certaine, and my profit none,
 Tis for *Calisto's* loue, and I will on.

Diana. Wee'l chafe the Stagge, and with our Bugles shrill,
 The neighbouring Forrests with lowd eccho's fill.

Iup. Is this a heauen terrestriall that containes
 So many earthly Angells? (O amazement)
Diana with these beauties circled round,
 Pal'd in with these bright faces, beares more state,
 Then Gods haue lent them by the power of fate.
 I am descried.

Diana. Soft, what intruder's that ?
 Command her hither.

Iup. Haile diuineſt Queene,
 I come to do thee seruice.

Diana. A manly Lasse, a stout Virago,
 Were all our traine proportion'd to thy size,
 We need not feare mens subtill trecheries.
 Thy birth and fortunes ?

Iup. Madam, I deriue
 My birth from noble and high parentage :
 Report of your rare beauty with my loue
 And zeale I still beare to a virgins life,
 Haue drawne me to your seruice.

Diana. Welcome Lady.
 Her largenesse pleaseth mee, if thee haue courage

Proportion'd with her limbs, thee shall be Champion
To all our wronged Ladies. You *Atlanta*,
Present her oath.

Her oath is given on Dianaes bow.

Atlan. Madam you must be true
To bright *Diana* and her Virgin crew.

Iup. To bright *Diana* and her traine I'll stand.

Diana. What can you do? *(aside.*

Iup. More then the best here can.

Atlan. You shall vow chastity :

Iup. That's more then I can promise *(well proceed)*

Atlan. You neuer shall with hated men attone,
But ly with woman or else lodge alone.

Iup. Make my oath strong, my protestation deep,
For this I vowe by all the Gods to keepe.

Atlan. With Ladies you shall onely sport and
play,

And in their fellowship spend night and day.

Iup. I shall.

Atlan. Confort with them at boord and bed,
And sweare no man shall haue your maiden-head.

Iup. By all the powers both earthly and diuine,
If ere I loof't, a woman shall haue mine.

Diana. Now you're ours, you'r welcome, kisse our
hand,

You promise well, wee like you, and will grace you,
And if with our election your's agree.

Calisto here your bed-fellow shall be.

Iup. You Gods you will eternize me your choice
Madam I seale, both with my soule and voyce.

Dian. Then hand each other and acquaint your
felues,

And now let vs proceed in the pursuite,

Of our determin'd pastimes, dedicate

To the entertainment of these beuteous maides.

Satyres and fawnes ring out your pleasing quire,

This done, our Bugles shall to heauen aspire. *Exeunt.*

Hornes winded, a great noife of hunting, Enter Diana, all her Nymphes in the chafe, Iupiter pulling Calisto back.

Diana. Follow, purfue, the Stag hath tooke the Mountaine,
Come let vs climbe the fteepe clifts after him,
Let through the aire your nimble iauelinges fmg.
And our free fpoyles home with the euening bring.
All. Follow, follow, follow.

Winde hornes, enter the Satyrs as in the chafe.

Sat. The nimble Ladies haue out-ftript vs quite,
Vnleffe we speede we fhall not fee him fall.
Wee are too flow in purfuite of our game ;
Let's after tho ; fince they out-ftrip our eyes,
Runne by their noates, that from their Bugles rife.

Winde hornes. Enter Iupiter, and Calisto.

Cal. Haft gentle Lady, we fhall loofe our traine,
And miffe *Diana's* paftime in the chafe,
Hie then to flaine our Iauelings gilded points
In bloud of yon fwift Stag, fo hot purfu'de.
Will you keepe pace with mee ?

Iup. I am tir'd already.
Nor haue I yet bene to thefe paftimes breath'd,
Sweet fhall wee here repofe our felues a little ?

Cal. And loofe the honour to be firft at fall ?

Iup. Feare not, you fhall come time enough to fall.

Either you muft be fo vnkind to mee,
As leaue me to thefe deferts folitary,
Or flay till I haue reft, for I am breathles
And cannot hold it out, behold a place
Remote, an Arbor feated naturally,
Trim'd by the hand of nature for a bower,

Skreen'd by the shadowy leaues from the Suns
eye.

Sweet will you sit, or on the verdure lye?

Cal. Rather then leaue you, I' will loofe the
sport.

Iup. I'le finde you pastime, feare not, Oh my
Angell,

Whether wilt thou transport me, grant me measure.

Of ioy before, I surfet on this pleasure.

Cal. Come shal's lye downe a little?

Iup. Sooth I will.

I thirst in seas and cannot quaffe my fill,
Behold before mee a rich Table spread,
And yet poore I am forc'd to starue for bread:

We be alone, the Ladyes farre in chace,
And may I dye an Eunuch by my vowe,
If bright *Calisto* you escape me now.

Sweet bed-fellow your hand, what haue I felt,
Vnlesse blancht snow, of substance not to melt?

Cal. You gripe too hard.

Iup. Good sooth I shall not rest

Vntill my head be pillowed on thy breast.

Cal. Leane on me then.

Iup. So shall I wrong mine eyes,

To leaue your face to looke vpon the skyes.

Oh how I loue thee, come let's kisse and play.

Cal. How?

Iup. So a woman with a woman may.

Cal. I do not like this kissing.

Iup. Sweet sit still,

Lend me thy lippes, that I may taste my fill.

Cal. You kisse too wantonly.

Iup. Thy bosom lend,

And by thy soft paps let my hand descend.

Cal. Nay fye what meane you?

Iup. Pre'thee let me toy,

I would the Gods would shape thee to a boy,
Or me into a man.

Cal. A man, how then ?

Iup. Nay sweet lye still, for we are farre from men,

Lye downe againe. Your foot I oft haue prais'd,
Ey and your legge : (nay let your skirt be rais'd)
I'll meafure for the wager of a fall,

Who hath the greateft great, or fmalleft small.

Cal. You are too wanton, and your hand to free.

Iup. You need not blufh to let a woman fee.

Cal. My bareneffe I haue hid from fight of skyes,
Therefore may barre it any Ladyes eyes.

Iup. Me thinks you fhould be fat, pray let me feele.

Cal. Oh God you tickle me.

Iup. Lend me your hand,
And freely tafte me, note how I will ftand,
I am not ticklifh.

Cal. Lord how well you wooe.

Iup. We maids may wifh much, but can nothing do.

Cal. I am weary of this toying.

Iup. Oh but I

In this Elifium could both liue and dye.
I can forbear no longer, though my rape
Be punifht with my head, fhe fhall not fcape.
Say sweet I were a man.

Cal. Thus would I rife,
And fill the Dales and mountaines with my cries.
A man ! (Oh heauen) to gaine *Elifiums* bliffe,
I'de not be fayd that I a man fhould kiffe.
Come, lets go wourd the Stagge.

Iup. Stay ere you goe,
Here ftands one ready that muft ftrike a doe.
And thou art fhee, I am *Pelagias* King,
That thus haue finglyd thee, mine thou fhalt be.

Cal. Gods, Angels, men, help all a maid to free.

Iup. Maugre them all th'art mine.

Cap. To do me right,
Helpe fingers, feet, nailes, teeth, and all to fight.
Iup. Not they, nor all *Diana's* Angell-traine,
Were they in fight, this prize away should gaine. *Exit.*
He carries her away in his armes.

Act. 3. Scène 1.

Enter Homer.

Hom. Yong *Iupiter* doth force this beauteous
maid,
And after would haue made her his bright Queene.
But discontent she in the Forrest staid,
Loath of *Diana's* virgins to be seene.
Oft did he write, oft send, but all in vaine,
She neuer will returne to Court againe.
Eight moones are fild & wain'd when she grows great
And yong *Ioues* issue in her wombe doth spring.
This day *Diana* doth her Nimphs intreat,
Vnto a solemne bathing, where they bring
Deflowr'd *Calisto*, note how she would hide
That which time found, and great *Diana* spide.

A dumbe show. Enter Diana and all her Nimphs to bathe them: shee makes them furuey the place. They unlace themselves, and vnlose their buskins: only Calisto refuseth to make her ready. Diana sends Atlanta to her, who perforce unlacing her, finds her great belly, and shewes it to Diana, who turnes her out of her society, and leaues her. Calisto likewise in great sorrow forfakes the place.

Her crime thus found, shee's banisht from their crew,
And in a caue she childs a valiant sonne,

Cal'd *Archas*, who doth noble deeds pursue,
 And by *Ioues* gift *Pelagia's* seate hath wonne,
 Which after by his worth, and glorious fame,
 He hath transf-til'd *Archadia* by his name.
 But we returne to *Tytan*, who by spyes
 Hath learn'd, that *Saturne* hath kept sonnes aliue.
 He now assembles all his strange allyes,
 And for the crowne of Creet intends to striue.
 Of their successe, and fortunes we proceed,
 Where *Tytans* sonnes by youthfull *Ioue* must bleed.

*Enter Tytan, Lycaon, Enceladus, Ægeon in Armes,
 drum, colours, and attendants.*

Tytan. Now are we strong, our giant Issue growne,
 Our sonnes in feuerall kingdomes we haue planted,
 From whence they haue deriu'd vs braue supplies,
 From *Sicily*, and from th' *Ægean* sea,
 That of our sonne *Ægeon* beares the name.
 We haue assembled infinites of men,
 To auenge vs on proud *Saturnes* periury.

Lycaon. What I haue said to *Tytan*, I'll make
 good,
 Tis rumour'd *Mellifeus* Foster-child
 He that expulst me from *Pelagia's* Crowne,
 And in my high tribunall sits enthron'd,
 Is *Saturnes* sonne, and stiled *Iupiter*,
 (Besides my daughter by his lust deflowred)
 On vs the poore distressed *Tytanoyes*
 He hath committed many out-rages.

Æge. All which wee'l punish on K. *Saturnes* head,
 I that haue made th' *Ægean* confines shake,
 And with my powerfull voyce affrighted Heauen.
 From whose enraged eyes the darkned skyes
 Haue borrowed lustre, and Promethian fire,
 Will fright from Creet the proud *Saturnian* troope,
 And thousand hack't and mangled souldiers bring
 To intombe the glories of the Cretan King.

Encel. That must be left to great *Enceladus*,

The pride and glory of the *Tytans* hoast.
 I that haue curl'd the billowes with a frowne,
 And with a smile haue made the Ocean calme,
 Spurn'd downe huge mountains with my armed foot,
 And with my shoulders lift the vallies high,
 Wil in the wrinkles of my stormy brow,
 Bury the glories of the Cretan King,
 And on his slaughtered bulke braine all his sonnes.

Ægeon. And what shall I do then ?

Encel. Do thou stand still,
 Whil'st I the foes of *Tytan* pass and kill.
 Am I not eldest from great *Tytans* loynes,
 The Saturnists hereditarie scurdge ?
 Leaue all these deeds of horror to my hand,
 I like a Trophy ore their spoyles will stand.

Lica. Why breath we then ?

Encel. Come arme your sinowy limbes,
 With rage and fury fright pale pittie hence,
 And drowne him in the sweate your bodies still.
 With hostile industry, tosse flaming brands
 About your fleecy lockes, to threat their Cities
 With death and defolation, let your steele
 Gliftring against the sunne, daze their bright eyes,
 That with the dread of our astonishment
 They may be funke in Lethe, and their graue
 May be the darke vawlt, cal'd obliuions Caue.

Titan. Are our Embassadors to *Saturne* gone,
 To let him know whence this our warre proceedes ?

Lica. Your message hath by this startled th'vsfurper.

Encel. Set on them, waste their confines as we march,

And let them tast the rage of sword and fire,
 Th'Alarm's giuen, and hath by this arriu'd
 Euen at the wals of *Creet*, the cittadell
 Where the Cathedral'd *Saturne* is enthron'd.

Tytan. Warlicke *Ægeon* and *Enceladus*,
 Noble *Lycaon* lend vs your assistance

To forradge as we march, plant defolation
 Through all this fertile foile, be this your cry ;
 Reuendge on *Saturne* for his periury. *Exit.*

*Enter Saturne with haire and beard ouergrowne,
 Sibilla, Iuno, his Lords, drum, colours and souldiers.*

Sat. None speake, let no harsh voyce perfume to
 iair

In our distressed eare, I am all sadnesse,
 All horroure and afrightment, since the slaughter
 And tragick murder of my first borne *Ops*,
 Continued in the vnnaturall massacre
 Of three yong Princes : not a day hath past me
 Without distast, no night but double darkned
 With terrour and confused melancholy :
 No houre but hath had care and discontent
 Proportion'd to his minutes : not an instant
 Without remorse and anguish. Oh you crownes,
 Why are you made, and mettald out of cares ?
 I am ouergrowne with sorrow, circumuolu'd
 With multiplicity of distempratures,
 And *Saturne* is a King of nothing else,
 But woes, vexations, forrowes, and laments.
 To adde to these the threatnings of red war,
 As if the murther of my Princely babes
 Were not enough to plague an vsurpation,
 But they must adde the rage of sword and fire,
 To affright my people : these are miseries,
 Able to be compris'd in no dimension.

Iuno. My father shall not macerate himselfe,
 Ile dare to interrupt his passions,
 Although I buy it deerely with his hate.
 My Lord you are a King of a great people,
 Your power sufficient to repulse a foe
 Greater then *Tytan*. Though my brothers birthes
 Be crown'd in bloud, yet am I still referu'd

To be the hopefull comfort of your age.

Sat. My dearest *Iuno*, beautifull remainder
Of *Saturnes* royall issue, but for thee
I had ere this with these my fingers torne
A graue out of the rockes, to haue entomb'd
The wretched carkasse of a caitife King :
And I will liue, be't but to make thee Queene
Of all the triumphes and the spoyles I winne.
Speake, what's the proiect of their inuasion ?

1. *Lord.* That the King of Creet,
Hath not (according to his vowes and oathes)
Slaine his male issue.

Sat. Haue I not their blouds
Already quast to angry *Nemesis* ?
Haue not these ruthlesse and remorselesse eyes,
(Vn-father-like) beheld their panting hearts
Swimming in bowles of bloud ? Am I not sonne-
lesse ?

Nay child-lesse too, saue *Iuno* whom I loue :
And dare they then ? Come, our continued sorrow
Shall into scarlet indignation turne,
And my sonnes bloud shall crowne their guilty heads
With purple vengeance. Valiant Lords, set on,
And meet them to their last destruction.

1. *Lord.* March forward.

Sat. Stay, because wee'l ground our warres
On iustice : Fair *Sibilla*, on thy life,
I charge thee tell me, and dissemble not,
By all the hopes in *Saturne* thou hast stor'd,
Our nuptiall pleasures, and affaires of loue,
As thou esteem'st our grace, or vengeance fear'st,
Resolue me truly. Hast thou sonnes aliue ?

Sibilla kneeles.

These teares, and that deiection on thy knee,
Accompanied with dumbnesse, argue guilt.
Arise and speake.

Sib. Let *Saturne* know, I am a Woman then,
And more, I am a Mother : would you haue me
A monster, to exceed in cruelty

The sauadgest of Sauadges ? Beares, Tygers, Wolues,
 All feed their yong : would *Saturne* haue his Queene
 More fierce then these ? Thinke you *Sibilla* dare
 Murder her yong, whom cruell beasts would spare ?
 Let me be held a mother, not a murdresse :
 For *Saturne*, thou hast liuing three braue sonnes.
 But where ? rather then to reueale to thee,
 That thou may'st send, their guiltlesse blood to spill,
 Here ease my life, for them thou shalt not kill.

Sat. Amazement, warre, the threatning Oracle,
 All muster strange perplexions 'bout my braine,
 And robbe me of the true ability
 Of my direct conceiements. Doubt, and warre,
Tytans inuasion, and my ielousie,
 Make me vnfit for answere.

1. *Lord.* Royall *Saturne*,
 'Twas pittie in the Queene so to preferue them.
 Your strictnesse slew them, they are dead in you,
 And in the pittie of your Queene suruiue.

Sat. Diuine assistance plunge me from these troubles,
 Mortality here failes me, I am wrapt
 In millions of confusions.

Enter a Lord.

2. *Lord.* Arme, great *Saturne*,
 Thy Cities burne : a generall massacre
 Threatens thy people. The bigge *Tytanoy*s
 Plow vp thy Land with their inuasiue steele.
 A huge vn-numbred army is at hand,
 To set vpon thy Campe.

Sat. All my disturbances
 Conuert to rage, and make my spleene as high
 As is their topleesse fury, to incounter
 With equall force and vengeance. Go *Sibilla*,
 Conuey my beauteous *Iuno* to the place
 Of our best strength, whil'st we contend in Armes
 For this rich Cretan wreath : the battel done,

And they confin'd, wee'l treat of these affaires.
Perhaps our loue may with this breach dispence,
But first to Armes, to beate th'intruders hence.

Exeunt.

Alarme. Enter Tytan, Lycaon, Enceladus, Egeon.

Tyt. *Saturne* giues backe, and 'gins to leaue the field.

Lica. Pursue him then vnto that place of strength,
Which the proud Cretans hold impregnable.

Encel. This Gigomantichia be eternis'd
For our affright and terror: If they flye,
Tosse rockkes, and toppes of Mountaines after
them

To stumble them, or else entombe them quicke.

Egeon. They haue already got into the towne,
And barricadoed 'gainst vs their Iron gates.
What meanes then shall we finde to startle them?

Ence. What, but to spurn down their offenciue
mures?

To shake in two their Adamantine gates,
Their marble columnes by the ground sylls teare,
And kicke their ruin'd walles as high as heauen?

Tyt. Pursue them to their gates, and 'bout their
Citie

Plant a strong siege. Now *Saturne* all my suffrances
Shall on thy head fall heauy, wee'l not spare
Old man or babe. The Tytans all things dare.

Exeunt.

Alarme. Enter *Saturne*, *Sibilla*, *Iuno*, with other
Lords of Creet.

Sat. The heauens haue for our barbarous cruelty
Done in the murther of our first borne *Ops*,
Powr'd on our head this vengeance. Where, of
where
Shall we finde rescue?

Sib. Patience royall *Saturne*.

Sat. Bid Woolues be milde, and Tygers pittiful,
Command the Libian Lions abstinence,
Teach me to mollifie the Corficke rocke,
Or make the Mount Chymera passable.
What Monarch wrapt in my confusions,
Can tell what patience meanes ?

Iuno. Oh royall Father !

Sat. Oh either teach me rescue from these
troubles,
Or bid me euerlastingly, ey euer
Sinke in despaire and horror.

Syb. Oh my Lord,
You haue from your owne loines issue referued,
That may redeeme all these calamities.

Saturne. Issue from vs ?

Syb. From *Saturne* and *Sybilla*.
That royall Prince King of *Pelagia*,
And famous *Mellifeus* foster-child,
Whom all the world stiles by the noble name
Of *Iupiter*, hee is King *Saturnes* sonne.

Satu. Thou hast *Sybilla* kept that sonne aliue
That onely can redeeme me from this thraldome,
Oh how shall we acquaint yong *Iupiter*,
With this his fathers hard succeffe in Armes.

Syb. My care did euer these euent forefee.
And I haue sent to your suruiuing sonne,
To come vnto your rescue ; Then great *Saturne*
In your wiues pittie seeme to applaude the heauens,
That make me their relentfull minister,
In the repairing of your downe-cast state.

Satu. If royall *Iupiter* be *Saturnes* sonne,
We shall be either rescued or reueng'd,
And now I shall not dread those *Tytanois*,
That threaten fire and Steele.

Syb. Trust your *Sybilla*.

Satu. Thou art my anchor, and the onely co-
lumne

That supports *Saturnes* glory, Oh my *Iupiter*,
On thee the basis of my hopes I erect,
And in thy life King *Saturnes* fame furuiues.
Are messengers dispatch'd to signifie
My sonne of our distresse.

Sib. As farre as *Epire*.

Where as we vnderstand, *Ioue* now remaines.

Satu. Then *Tytan*, and the proud *Enceladus*,
Hyperion and *Ægeon* with the rest,
Of all the earth-bread race we wey you not,
Threaten your worst, let all your eyes sparke
fire,

Your flaming nostrils like *Auernus* smoake,
Your tongues speak thunder, & your armed hands
Fling Trifulke lightning : Be you Gods above,
Or come you with infernall hatred arm'd,
We dread you not : we haue a sonne furuiues,
Shall calme your tempests : beautilous *Iuno* com-
fort,

And cheare *Sybilla*, if he vndertake
Our rescue, we from danger are secure,
Wee in his valour all our liues assure.

Exeunt.

A flourish. Enter *Iupiter* and *Mellifeus* with
attendants.

Mell. Faire Prince, for lesse by your desertes and
honour,

You cannot be : your fortunes and your birth
Are both vnknowne to me : my two faire daughters
As a swath'd infant brought you to my Court,
But whence, or of what parents you proceed
I am meereley ignorant.

Iup. Then am I nothing,
And till I know whence my descent hath bene,
Or from what house deriu'd, I am but aire,
And no essentiall substance of a man.

Enter Calisto pursu'd by her yong sonne Archas.

Cal. Help, help, for heauen fake help, I am
pursu'd,

And by my sonne, that seemes to threate my life.

Iup. Stay that bold lad.

Cal. What's he? false *Iupiter*?

Iup. *Calisto*, or I much deceiue my selfe.

Cal. Oh thou most false, most treacherous, and
vnkind,

Behold *Calisto* by her sonne pursu'd,

Indeed thy sonne : this little sauadge youth

Hath liued 'mongst Tygers, Lyons, Wolues, and
Beares,

And since his birth partakes their cruelty.

Archas his name : since I *Diana* left,

And from her chaste traine was diuorc't, this youth

I childed in a caue remote and silent.

His nurture was amongst the sauadges.

This day I by misfortune mou'd his spleene,

And he pursu'd me with reuenge and fury,

And had I not forooke the shades and Forrests,

And fled for rescue to these walled Townes,

He had slaine me in his fury : saue me then,

Let not the sonne the mother sacrifice

Before the fathers eye.

Iup. *Archas* my sonne,

My yong son *Archas*, *Iupiters* first borne

Oh let me hugge thee, and a thousand times

Embrace thee in myne armes. *Lycaons* grand-
child

Calisto's sonne ; Oh will you beauteous Lady

For sake the Forrests and yet liue with vs ?

Cal. No thou false man, for thy periuious lusts

I haue abandoned humane subtelties :

There take thy sonne, and vse him like a Prince,

Being sonne vnto a Princeesse. Teach him Arts,

And honoured armes. For me : I haue abiur'd

All peopled Citties, and betooke my selfe
To solitary deserts. *Ioue adue.*

Thou prouing false, no mortall can be true. *Exit.*

Arc. Since she will needs be gone, be pleased
then,

Weari'd with beasts, I long to liue 'mongst men.

Iup. Yet stay *Calisto*, why wilt thou out-runne
Thy *Iupiter*? Shee gone, welcome my sonne.
My deere sonne *Archas*, whom if fortune smile,
I will create Lord of a greater stile.

Enter the Clowne with letters.

Clowne. Saue you sir, is your name K. *Mellifeus*?

Melli. We are *Mellifeus*, and the *Epire* King.

Clowne. Then this letter is to you, but is there not
one in your Court, cal'd (let me see) haue you here
neuer a gibbit-maker?

Iup. Sirra, here's one cal'd *Iupiter*.

Clowne. Ey *Iupiter*, that's he that I would speake
with. Here's another letter to you, but ere you reade
it, pray let me aske you one question.

Iup. What's that?

Clowne. Whether you be a wise child or no?

Iup. Your reason?

Clowne. Because I would know whether you know
your own father but if you do not, hoping you are in
good health, as your father scarce was, at the making
hereof, These are to certify you.

Iup. Newes of a father! neuer could such tydings
Haue glutted me with gladnesse. *They reade.*

Clowne. For mine owne part, though I know not
what belongs to the getting of children, yet I know
how to father a child, & because I would be loath to
haue this Parish troubled with you, I bring you newes
where you were borne. I was the man that laid you
at this mans dore, & if you will not go home quietly,
you shall be sent from Constable to Constable, till you

come to the place where you were begot. Reade further and tell me more.

Melli. Is *Iupiter* then mighty *Saturns* sonne?

Iup. Am I the sonne of *Saturne*, King of *Creet*?
My father baffled by the *Tytanoys*?
May all my toward hopes die in my birth,
Nor let me euer worthily inherite
The name of royalty, if by my valour
I proue me not discended royally.

Clowne. I was the man that tooke paines with you,
'twas I that brought you in the hand-basket.

Iup. Should I haue wisht a father through the
world,
It had bene *Saturne*, or a royall mother,
It had bene faire *Sybilla*, Queene of *Creet*.
Great *Epyres* King, peruse these tragicke lines,
And in thy wonted bounty grant supplies
To free my noble father.

Mel. *Iupiter*,
As I am *Mellifeus* Epyres King,
Thou shalt haue free assistance.

Iup. Come then, Arme,
Affemble all the powers that we can leauy.
Archas, we make thee of *Pelagia* King,
As King *Lycaons* Gran-childe, and the sonne
Of faire *Calisto*. Let that Clime henceforth
Be cal'd *Arcadia*, and vsurpe thy name.
Go then and presse th' Arcadians to the rescue
Of royall *Saturne*, this great King and I
Will lead th' Epyrians. Faile me not to meet,
To redeeme *Saturne*, and to rescue *Creet*.

Exeunt. Manet Clown.

Clown. I haue no mind to this buffeting: Ile walke
after faire and softly, in hope that all the buffeting may
be done before I come. Whether had I better go
home by land, or by sea? If I go by land, and mis-
carry, then I go the way of all flesh. If I go by sea
and mis-carry, then I go the way of all fish: I am not
yet resolu'd. But howsoeuer, I haue done my message

fo cleanly, that they cannot fay, the meſſenger is be-
reau'd of any thing that belongs to his meſſage.

Alarme. Enter *Tytan*, *Lycaon*, *Enceladus*, with
Saturne, *Iuno*, and *Sibilla* priſoners.

Tyt. Downe trecherous Lord, and be our foot-pace
now
To aſcend our high tribunall. Wher's that God-
head

With which the people Auee'd thee to heauen ?

Encel. 'Tis funke into the deep Abyſme of hell.
Teare from his head the golden wreath of Creet.
Tread on his captiue bulke, and with thy weight
Great *Tytan*, ſinke him to the infernall ſhades,
So low, that with his trunke, his memory
May be extinct in Lethe.

Sat. More then tyrannous
To triumph or'e the weake, and to oppreſſe
The low deieſted. Let your cruelty
Be the ſad period of my wretchedneſſe :
Onely preferue my louely *Iuno's* life,
And giue *Sibilla* freedome.

Encel. By theſe Gods,
We neither feare nor value, but contend
To equall in our actions : both ſhall dye.
There ſhall no proud Saturnian liue, to braue
The meanest of the high-borne Tytanoyes.

Lyca. Raze from the earth their hatefull memory,
And let the bloud of *Tytan* ſway the earth.
Speake, are the ports and confines ſtrongly arm'd
'Gainſt all inuaſions ?

Tytan. Who dares damadge vs ?
Let all the paſſages be open left,
Vnguarded let our ports and hauens lye.
All danger we deſpiſe, miſchance or dread
We hold in baſe contempt.

Encel. Conqueſt is ours,
Maugre diuine, or baſe terrestrial powers. *Alarme.*

Enter Ægeon.

Æge. Arme royall *Titan*, Arme *Enceladus*,
A pale of brandisht Steele hath girt thy land.
From the earths Cauernes breake infernall fires,
To make thy villages and hamlets burne.
Tempestuous ruin in the shape of warre
Clouds all thy populous kingdome, At my heeles
Confusion dogges me, and the voyce of death
Still thunders in mine eares.

Tyt. Ist possible ? Beare *Saturne* first to prison
Wee'l after parly them.

Ence. Come Angels arm'd, or Diuels clad in
flames,
Our fury shall repel them. Come they girt
With power celestially, or infernall rage,
Wee'l stand their fierce opposure. Royall *Titan*,
Ægeon and *Hyperion*, d'on your armes,
Brauely aduance your strong orbicular shields,
And in your right hands brandish your bright Steele.
Drowne your affrightments in th' amazed founds
Of martiall thunder (*Diapason'd* deep)
Wee'l stand them, be they Gods ; (if men,) expell
Their strengthles force, and stownd them low as hell.

A Florish. *Enter marching K. Melliseus, Iupiter,*
Archas, Drumme and souldiers.

Tit. Whence are you that intrude vpon our con-
fines ?
Or what portend you in these hostile founds
Of clamorous warre ?

Iup. *Tytans* destruction,
With all the ruin of his giant race.

Tit. By what pretence or claime ?

Iup. In right of *Saturne* :
Whom against law the *Tytans* haue depos'd.

Tit. What art thou speak'st it ?

Iup. I am *Iupiter*,
King *Saturnes* sonne, immediate heire to Creet.

Encl. There pause, that word disables all thy
claime,
And proves that *Tytan* feates him in his owne.

Tyt. If *Saturne* (as thou say'st) hath sonnes aliue,
His oath is broken, and we are iustly seiz'd
Of Creta's Crowne by his late forfeiture.

Æge. Thy tongue hath spoke thy owne destruction,
Since whom K. *Saturne* spar'd, our swords must kill,
And he is come to offer vp that life
Which hath so long beene forfeit.

Iup. Tyrants no :
The heauens preferu'd me for a further vse,
To plague your Off-spring that afflict the earth,
And with your threatnings spurne against the Gods.

Lyca. Now shalt thou pay me for *Calisto's* wrong,
Exiling me, and for dishonouring her.

Iup. Are you there Caniball? Man-eating wolfe ?
Lycaon, thou art much beholding to me,
I woman'd first *Calisto*, and made thee
A grand-father. Dost not thanke me for't ?
See heer's the Boy, this is Archadia's King.
No more Pelagia now, since thy exile.

Tyt. To thee that stil'st thy selfe K. *Saturnes*
sonne :

Know thou wast doom'd before thy birth to dye,
Thy claime disabled, and in sauing thee
Thy father hath made forfeit of his Crowne.

Iup. Know *Tytan* I was borne free, as my father,
Nor had he power to take that life away
That the Gods freely gaue me. Tyrants see,
Here is that life you by Indenture claime,
Seize it, and take it : but before I fall,
Death and destruction shall confound you all.

Encl. Destruction is our vassaile, and attends
Vpon the threatning of our stormy browes.
We trifle howers. Arme all your fronts with horror,
Your hearts with fury, and your hands with death.

Thunder meet thunder, tempests stormes descie,
Saturne and all his issue this day dye.

Alarme. *The battels ioine, Tytan is slaine, and his
 party repulst. Enter Ægeon.*

Æge. Wher's now the high and proud *Enceladus*,
 To stop the fury of the Aduerse foe,
 Or stay the bafe flight of our dastard troupes ?
Tytan is slaine, *Hyperion* strowes the earth,
 And thousands by the hand of *Iupiter*
 Are sent into blacke darknesse. All that stand
 Sink in the weight of his high Iouiall hand.
 To shun whose rage, *Ægeon* thou must flye.
 Creet with our hoped conquests all adiew.
 We must propose new quests, since *Saturnes* sonne
 Hath by his puissance all our campe ore-runne. *Exit.*

Alarme. *Enter Enceladus leading his Army, Iupiter
 leading his. They make a stand.*

Ence. None stir, be all your armes cramp't &
 diseas'd
 Your swords vn-vsefull, may your steely glaues
 Command your hands, and not your finewes them,
 Till I by single valor haue subdu'd
 This murderer of my father.

Iup. Here he stands,
 That must for death haue honour at thy hands.
 None interrupt vs, singly wee'l contend,
 And 'twixt vs two giue these rude factions end.

Encel. Two royall armies then on both sides stand,
 To view this strange and dreadfull Monomachy.
 Thy fall, Saturnian, addes to my renoune :
 For by thy death I gaine the Cretan Crowne.

Iup. Death is thy due, I finde it in thy starres,
 Whil'st our high name giues period to these warres.

Alarm. They combat with iauelings first, after with swords and targets. Iupiter kills Enceladus, and enters with victory. Iupiter, Saturne, Sibilla, Iuno, Mellifeus, Archas, with the Lords of Creet.

Sat. Neuer was Saturne deifi'd till now,
Nor found that perfectnesse the Gods enioy.
Heauen can assure no greater happinesse
Then I attaine in sight of *Iupiter*.

Sib. Oh my deare son, borne with my painful
throws,
And with the hazard of my life preferu'd,
How well hast thou acquitted all my trauels,
In this thy last and famous victory?

Iup. This tels me, that yon royall King of *Creet*
My father is: and that renowned Queene
My mother: all which proues by circumstance,
That 'tis but duty, that by me's atchieu'd.
Onely yon beauteous Lady stands apart,
I know not how to stile.

Satu. 'Tis *Iuno*, and thy sister.

Iup. Oh my stars!
You seeke to make immortall, *Iupiter*.

Iuno. *Iuno* is onely happy in the fortunes,
Of her renowned brother.

Iup. Royall *Saturne*,
If euer I deseru'd well as a victor,
Or if my warlike deedes, yet bleeding new,
And perfect both in eyes and memory
May pleade for me: Oh if I may obtaine,
As one that merits, or intreate of you,
As one that owes: being titled now your sonne,
Let me espouse faire *Iuno*: and bright Lady
Let me exchange the name of sister with you
And stile you by a neerer name of wife.
Oh be my spouse faire *Iuno*.

Iuno. 'Tis a name,

I prife 'boue lifter, if thefe grace the fame.

Satu. What is it I'l deny my *Iupiter*?
Shee is thy owne. I'l royallife thy nuptials
With all the folemne triumphes *Creet* can yeeld.

Melli. *Epyre* fhall adde to thefe folemnities,
And with a bounteous hand fupport thefe triumphs.

Archas. So all *Archadia* fhall.

Satu. Then to our Pallace
Paffe on in ftate, let all raryeties
Showre downe from heauen a lardges, that thefe bridals
May exceede mortall pompe. March, March, and
leaue mee

To contemplate thefe ioyes, and to deuife,
How with beft ftate this night to folemnize.

They all march of and leaue Saturne alone.

Satu. *Saturne* at length is happy by his fonne,
Whofe matchleffe and vnriual'd dignities
Are without peere on earth, O ioy, ioy? corfue
Worfe then the throwes of child-birth, or the tor-
tures

Of blacke *Cimmerian* darkenefse. *Saturne*, now
Bethinke thee of the Delphian Oracle :

He fhall his fathers vertue firft excell,
Seife *Creet*, and after driue him downe to hell.

The firft is paff : my vertues are exceeded :

The laft I will preuent, by force or treafon.

I'l worke his ruine 'ere he grow too hygh.

His ftarres haue caft it, and the boy fhall dy.

More fonnes I haue, more crownes I cannot winne,

The Gods fay he muft dy, and tis no finne.

Actus. 4. Scœna 1.

Enter Homer.

Homer. O blind ambition and defire of raine,

What horri'd mischiefe wilt not thou deuise ?
The appetite of rule, and thirst of raigne
Befots the foolish, and corrupts the wise.
Behold a King suspitious of his sonne,
Pursues his innocent life, and without cause.
Oh blind ambition what hast thou not done
Against religion, zeale and natures lawes ?

But men are borne their owne fates to pursue,
Gods will be Gods, and *Saturne* finds it true.

A dumbe shew. Enter Iupiter, Iuno, Mellifeus, Archas, as to reuels. To them Saturne drawes his sword to kill Iupiter, who onely defends himselfe, but beeing hotly pursu'd, drawes his sword, beates away Saturne, seifeth his crowne, and sweares all the Lords of Creet to his obeysance, so Exit.

Saturne against his sonne his force extended,
And would haue slaine him by his tyrannous hand,
Whilst *Iupiter* alone his life defended.
But when no prayers his fury could withstand,
Hee vs'd his force, his father droue from *Creet*,
And as the Oracle before had told
Vsurpt the Crowne, the Lords kneele at his feete,
And *Saturnes* fortunes are to exile fold.
But leauing him, of *Danae* that bright lasse,
How amorous *Ioue* first wrought her to his power,
How shee was closed in a fort of brasse,
And how he skal'd it in a golden showre,
Of these we next must speake, curtiuous and wise,
Help with your hands, for *Homer* wants his eyes.

A flourish. Enter Iupiter, Iuno, the Lords of Creet, Mellifeus, Archas, Neptune, and Pluto.

Iup. Our vnkind father double tyrannous,
To prosecute the vertues of his sonne,
Hath sought his owne Fate, and by his ingratitude
Left to our head th'Imperiall wreath of *Creet* :

Which gladly we receiue. *Neptune* from *Athens*,
 And *Pluto* from the lower *Tartarie*
 Both welcome to the *Cretan Iupiter*.
 Those Starres that gouern'd our natiuity,
 And stript our fortunes from the hand of death,
 Shall guard vs and maintaine vs.

Nept. Noble *Saturne*,
 Famous in all things, and degenerate onely,
 In that inhumaine practise 'gainst his sonnes,
 Is fled vs, whom we came to visite freely,
 And filiall duties to expresse. Great *Athens*
 The nurse and fostresse of my infancy,
 I haue instructed in the sea-mans craft.
 And taught them truely how to faile by starres
 Besides the vnruely Iennet I haue tam'd
 And train'd him to the saddle, for which practise
 The horse to mee is folý consecrate.

Pluto. I from the bounds of lower *Tartarie*
 Haue trauel'd to the fertile plaines of *Creet*.
 Nor am I lesse in lustre of my fame,
 Then *Neptune*, or renowned *Iupiter*.
 Those barren Kingdomes I haue richt with spoiles,
 And not a people trafficks in those worlds,
 For wealth or treasure, but we custome them,
 And they enrich our coffers : our arm'd guards
 Prey on their Camels, and their laden Mules,
 And *Pluto's* through the world renown'd & fear'd.
 And since we haue mist of *Saturne* lately fled,
 It glads me yet, I freely may suruey
 The honours of my brother *Iupiter*.

Nep. And beauteous *Iuno*, Emprise of all hearts
 Whom *Neptune* thus embraceth.

Pluto. So doth *Pluto*.

Iun. All diuine honours crowne the royall temples
 Of my two famous brothers.

Iup. King *Mellifeus* welcome them to *Creet*.
Archas do you the like.

Melli. Princes your hands.

Archas. You are my royall vnckles.

Iup. Nay hand him Lords, he is your kinsman too.

Archas my sonne, of faire *Calisto* borne,
I hope faire *Iuno* it offends not you,
It was before your time.

Iuno. Shee was a strumpet.

Iup. Shee shall be a Starre.

And all the Queenes and beautilous maides on earth
That are renown'd for high perfections,
We'l woe and winne, wee were borne to fway and
rule.

Nor shall the name of wife be curbe to vs,
Or snaffe in our pleasures. Beauteous *Io*,
And faire *Europa*, haue by our transhapes,
And guiles of loue already bene deflour'd,
Nor liues shee that is worthy our desires,
But we can charme with court-ship. Royal brothers
What newes of note is rumor'd in those Realmes,
Through which you made your trauels ?

Nep. Haue you heard
Of great *Acrisius*, the braue *Arges* King,
And of his daughter *Danae*.

Iup. His renowne,
And her faire beauty oft hath peirc't our eares.
Nor can we be at peace, till we behold
That face fame hath so blazond. What of her ?

Nep. Of her inclosure in the Darreine Tower,
Guirt with a triple Mure of shining brasse.
Haue you not heard ?

Iup. But we desire it highly.
What marble wall, or Adamantine gate,
What Fort of fleele, or Castle forg'd from brasse,
Loue cannot scale ? or beauty cannot breake through?
Discourfe the nouell *Neptune*.

Nep. Thus it was.
The Queene of *Arges* going great, the King
Sends (as the custome is) to th'Oracle,
To know what fortunes shall betide the babe.

Answer's return'd by *Phæbus* and his Priests :
 The Queene shall childe a daughter beautifull,
 Who when she growes to yeares, shall then bring
 forth

A valiant Princely boy, yet such a one
 That shall the King his grandfire turne to stone.
Danae is borne, and as she growes to ripenesse,
 So grew her fathers feare : and to preuent
 His ominous fate pronounc'd by th'Oracle,
 He mowlds this brazen Tower, impregnable
 Both for the feat and guard : yet beautifull
 As is the gorgeous palace of the Sunne.

Iup. Ill doth *Acrisius* to contend and warre
 Against th'unchanging Fates, I'le scale that Tower :
 Or raine downe millions in a golden shower.
 I long to be the father of that babe,
 Begot on *Danae*, that shall proue so braue,
 And turne the dotard to his marble graue.
 Tis cast already : Fate be thou my guide,
 Whil'st for this amorous iourney I prouide.

Mel. But is the Lady there immur'd, and clos'd
 From all society and sight of man ?

Nept. So full of iealous feares is King *Acrisius*,
 That, saue himselfe, no man must neere the Fort.
 Only a guard of Beldams past their lusts,
 Vnsensible of loue, or amorous pitty,
 Partly by bribes hir'd, partly curb'd with threats,
 Are guard vnto this bright imprisoned dame.

Plut. Too pittileffe, and too obdur's the King,
 To cloyster beauty from the sight of man.
 But this concernes not vs.

Iup. That fort I'le scale,
 Though in attempting it be death to faile.
 Brothers and Princes, all our Courts rarities
 Lye open to your royal'st entertainment
 Yet pardon me, since vrgence cals me hence
 To an inforced absence. Nay Queene *Iuno*
 You must be pleas'd, the cause imports vs highly.
 Feast with these Princes till our free returne.

Attendance Lords, we must descend in gold,
Or yon imprisoned beauty ne'r behold.

Exit.

Enter foure old Beldams, with other women.

1. *Beld.* Heer's a coyle to keep fire and tow
a funder. I wonder the King should shut his daughter
vp so close: for any thing I see, she hath no minde to
a man.

2. *Beld.* Content your selfe, you speake according
to your age and appetite. We that are full fed may
praise fast. We that in our heate of youth haue drunke
our bellyfuls, may deride those that in the heate of
their blouds are athirst. I measure her by what I was,
not by what I am. Appetite to loue neuer failes an
old woman, till cracking of nuts leaues her. When
Danae hath no more teeth in her head then you and
I, I'll trust a man in her company, and scarce then:
for if we examine our selues, wee haue euen at
these yeares, qualmes, and rhumes, and deuises
comes ouer our stomakes, when we but look on a
proper man.

1. *Beld.* That's no question, I know it by my selfe,
and whil'st I stand centinell, I'll watch her for that I
warrant her.

2. *Bel.* And haue we not reason, considering the
penalty?

1. *Bel.* If any stand centinel in her quarters,
we shall keep quarter here no longer. If the
Princesse miscarry we shall make gun-powder, and
they say an old woman is better for that then
Saltpeter.

The 'larme bell rings.

3. *Beld.* The larme bell rings,
It should be K. *Acrisius* by the found of the
clapper.

4. *Beld.* Then clap close to the gate and let
him in.

Enter Acrisius.

Acri. Ladies well done : I like this prouidence
 And carefull watch ore *Danae*: let me finde you
 Faithlesse, you dye, be faithfull and you liue
 Eterniz'd in our loue. Go call her hither,
 Be that your charge : the rest keep watchfull eye
 On your percullist entrance, which forbids
 All men, faue vs, free passage to this place.
 See ! *Danae* is descended. Faire daughter

Enter Danae.

How do you brook this palace ?

Dan. Like a prison :

What is it else ? you giue me golden fetters,
 As if their value could my bondage lessen.

Acri. The architectur's sumptuous, and the building
 Of cost inualueable, so rich a structure
 For beauty, or for state, the world affoords not.
 Is not thy attendance princely, like a Queenes ?
 Are not all these thy vassails to attend ?
 Are not thy chambers faire, and richly hung ?
 The walkes within this barricadoed mure
 Full of delight and pleasure for thy taste
 And curious palate, all the chiefeest cates
 Are from the furthest verges of the earth
 Fetch't to content thee. What distastes thee then ?

Dan. That which alone is better then all these,
 My liberty. Why am I cloyster'd thus,
 And kept a prisoner from the sight of man ?
 What hath my innocence and infancy
 Deferu'd to be immur'd in brazen walls ?
 Can you accuse my faith, or modesty ?
 Hath any loose demeanour in my carriage
 Bred this distrust ? hath my eye plaid the rioter ?
 Or hath my tongue beene lauish ? haue my fauours
 Vn-virginlike, to any been profuse,
 That it should breed in you such ielousie,
 Or bring me to this durance ?

Acri. None of these.

I loue my *Danae*. But when I record
The Oracle, it breeds such feare in me,
That makes this thy reteinement.

Danae. The Oracle?

Wherein vnto the least of all the Gods
Hath *Danae* beene vnthankfull, or profane,
To bondage me that am a princeffe free,
And votaresse to euery deity?

Acri. I'e tell thee Lady. The vnchanging mouth
Of *Phæbus*, hath this Oracle pronoun'd,
That *Danae* shall in time childe such a sonne
That shall *Acrisius* change into a stone.

Danae. See your vaine feares. What lesse could
Phæbus say?

Or what hath *Danae's* fate deferu'd in this?
To turne you into stone; that's to prepare
Your monument, and marble sepulcher.
The meaning is, that I a sonne shall haue,
That when you dye shall beare you to your graue.
Are you not mortall? would you euer liue?
Your father dy'd, and to his Monument
You like a mourner did attend his herse.
What you did to your father, let my sonne
Performe to you, prepare your sepulcher.
Or shall a stranger beare you to your tombe,
When from your owne blood you may store a
Prince

To do those sacred rights: or shall vaine feares
Cloister my beauty, and consume my yeares?

Acri. Our feares are certaine, and our doome as
fix't

As the decrees of Gods. Thy durance here
Is without limit endlesse. Go attend her *Exit Danae*.
Vnto her chamber, there to liue an Ankresse
And changelesse virgin, to the period
Of her last hower. And you, to whom this charge
Solely belongs, banish all womanish pitty:
Be deafe vnto her prayers, blinde to her teares,

Obdure to her relenting passions.
 Should she (as heauen and th'Oracle forbid)
 By your corrupting loose that precious Gemme
 We haue such care to keepe and locke safe vp :
 Your liues are doom'd. Be faithfull we desire,
 And keepe your bodies from the threatned fire. *Exit.*

1. *Beld.* Heauen be as chary of your Highnesse
 life,
 As we of *Danae's* honour. Now if shee bee a right
 woman, shee will haue a mind onely to loose that,
 which her father hath such care to keepe. There is a
 thing that commonly flickes vnder a womans sto-
 macke.

2. *Beld.* What do we talking of things? there must
 be no meddling with things in this place, come let vs
 set our watch, and take our lodgings before the Princeesse
 chamber. *Exit.*

*Enter Iupiter like a Pedler, the Clowne his man, with
 packs at their backs.*

Iup. Sirrah, now I haue sworne you to secrecy at-
 tend your charge.

Clow. Charge me to the mouth, and till you giue
 fire I'll not of.

Iup. Thou know'st I haue stufte my packe with rich
 iewels, to purchase one iewell worth all these.

Clowne. If your pretious stones were set in that
 Iewell it would be braue wearing.

Iup. If we get entrance, sooth me vp in all things :
 & if I haue recourse to the Princeesse, if at any time
 thou see'st me whisper to her, find some tricke or other
 to blinde the Beldams eyes.

Clow. Shee that hath the best eyes of them all, I
 haue a trick to make her nose stand in her light.

Iup. No more K. *Iupiter* but goodman Pedler,
 remember that.

Clow. I haue my memorandums about mee. As
 I can beare a packe, so I can beare a braine, & now I

talke of a packe, though I know not of the death of any of your freinds, I am sorry for your heauinesse.

Iup. Loue and my hopes doe make my load
feeme light,
This wealth I will vnburthen in the purchase
Of yon rich beauty. Prethee ring the bell.

Clow. Nay do you take the rope in your hand for
lucke fake. The morall is, becaufe you shall ring
all-in.

He rings the bell, Enter the 4 Beldams.

Iup. I care not if I take thy counsell.

1. *Beld.* To the gate, to the gate, and know who
'tis ere you open.

2. *Beld.* I learn't that in my youth, still to know
who knockt before I would open.

Iup. Saue you gentle Matrons: may a man be so
bold as aske what he may call this rich and stately
Tower?

3. *Beld.* Thou seem'st a stranger to aske such a
question,
For where is not the tower of *Darreine* knowne?

Clow. It may be cal'd the tower of Barren for
ought I see, for heere is none but are past children.

4. *Beld.* This is the rich and famous *Darreine*
Tower,
Where King *Acrisus* hath inclof'd his daughter,
The beautious *Danae*, famous through the world
For all perfections.

Iup. Oh then 'tis heere; I here I must vnload.
Comming through *Creet*, the great King *Iupiter*
Intreated me to call here at this Tower,
And to deliuer you some speciall Iewels,
Of high prif'd worth, for he would haue his bounty
Renown'd through all the earth. Downe with your
packe,
For here must wee vnload.

1. *Beld.* Iewels to vs?

2. *Beld.* And from *Iupiter* ?

Iup. Now gold proue thy true vertue. Thou canst all things and therefore this.

3. *Beld.* Comes he with presents, and shall he vnpacke at the gate ? nay come into the Porters lodge good Pedlers.

Clowne. That Lady hath some manners, shee hath bene well brought vp I warrant her.

4. *Beld.* And I can tell thee pedler, thou hast that curtesy that neuer any man found but the King *Acrisius*.

Iup. You shall be well paid for your curtesy, Here's first for you, for you, for, for you, for you.

1. *Beld.* Rare !

2. *Beld.* Admirable !

3. *Beld.* The best that ere I saw !

4. *Beld.* I'll run and shew mine to my Lady.

1. *Beld.* Shut the gate for feare the King come, and if he ring clap the Pedlers into some of yon old rotten corners. And hath K. *Iupiter* bene at all this cost ? hee's a courteous Prince, & bountifull. Keepe you the pedler company, my Lady shall see mine too.

Iup. Meane you the Princeesse *Danae* ? I haue tokens from *Iupiter* to her too.

1. *Bel.* Runne, runne, you that haue the best legges, and tell my Lady. But haue you any more of the same ?

Clowne. Haue we quoth he ? We haue things about vs, wee haue not shewed yet, and that euery one must not see, would make those few teeth in your head to water, I would haue you thinke, I haue ware too as well as my Mayster.

Enter in state Danae with the Beldams, looking vpon three feuerall iewels.

1. *Bel.* Yonder's my Lady. Nay neuer bee abasht Pedler, There's a face will become thy iewels,

as well as any face in *Crete* or *Arges* either. Now your token.

Iup. I haue lost it. Tis my heart, beauty of Angels,

Thou art o're matcht, earth may contend with heauen,
Nature thou hast to make one compleate creature
Cheated euen all mortality. This face
Hath rob'd the morning of her blush, the lilly
Of her blanch't whitnes, and like theft committed
Vpon my soule : thee is all admiration.
But in her eyes I ne're saw perfect lustre.
There is no treasure upon earth but yonder.
Shee is ! (oh I shall loose my selfe)

Clowne. Nay Sir, take heed you be not smelt out.

Iupi. I am my selfe againe.

Dan. Did hee bestow these freely ? *Danae's* guard
Are much indebted to King *Iupiter*.

If he haue store wee'l buy some for our vse,
And wearing. They are wondrous beautifull,
Where's the man that brought them ?

1. *Beld.* Here forsooth Lady, hold vp your head
and blush not, my Lady will not hurt thee, I warrant thee.

Iup. This iewell Madam did King *Iupiter*
Command me to leaue heere for *Danae*.
Are you so sti'd ?

Danae. If sent to *Danae*,
'Tis due to me. And would the King of *Crete*,
Knew with what gratitude we take his gift.

Iup. Madame he shall. Sirrah set ope your pack,
And what the Ladies like let them take freely.

Dan. Much haue I heard of his renowne in
armes,
His generousnesse, his vertues, and his fulnesse
Of all that Nature can bequeath to man.
His bounty I now tast, and I could wish,
Your eare were his, that I might let him know
What interest he hath in me to command.

Iup. His eare is myne, let me command you then.

Behold I am the *Cretan, Iupiter*,
That rate your beauty aboue all these gems,
What cannot loue, what dares not loue attempt?
Despight *Acrisius* and his armed guards,
Hether my loue hath brought me to receiue
Or life or death from you, onely from you.

Dan. We are amaz'd, and the large difference
Betwixt your name and habite, breeds in vs
Feare and distrust. Yet if I censure freely
I needes must thinke that face and personage
Was ne're deriu'd from basenesse. And the spirit
To venture and to dare to court a Queene
I cannot stile lesse then to be a Kings.
Say that we grant you to be *Iupiter*,
What thence inferre you?

Iup. To loue *Iupiter*.

Dan. So far as *Iupiter* lones *Danae's* honour,
So farre will *Danae* loue *Iupiter*.

2. *Beld.* We waight well vpon my Lady.

Iup. Madam you haue not seene a cleere stone,
For colour or for quicknesse. (*sweete your eare.*)

Dan. Beware your ruine, if yon Beldams heare.

Iup. Sirra shew all your wares, and let those Ladies
best please themselues.

Clowne. Not all at these yeares. I spy his
knaury. Now would he haue mee keepe them
busied, whilst he courts the Lady.

3. *Beld.* Doth my Lady want nothing?

Shee lookes backe.

Clown. As for example, heer's a filuer bodkin,
this is to remoue dandriffe, and digge about the roots
of your filuer-hair'd furre. This is a tooth-picker, but
you hauing no teeth, heere is for you a corral to rub
your gums. This is cal'd a Maske,

1. *Beld.* Gramarcy for this, this is good to hide
my wrinkles, I neuer see of these afore.

Clown. Then you haue one wrinkle more behinde.

You that are dim ey'd put this pittiful spectacle vpon
your nose.

Iup. As I am sonne of *Saturne*, you haue wrong
To be coop't vp within a prison strong.
Your father like a miser cloysters you,
But to saue cost : hee's loth to pay your dower,
And therefore keepes you in this brazen Tower.
What are you better to be beautifull,
When no mans eye can come to censure it ?
What are sweet cates vntasted ? gorgeous clothes
Vnworne ? or beauty not beheld ? yon Beldams
With all the furrowes in their wrinkled fronts
May claime with you like worth ; ey and compare.
For eye to censure you none can, none dare.

Dan. All this is true.

Iup. Oh thinke you I would lye
(With any saue *Danae*.) Let me buy
This iewell, your bright loue, though rated higher
Then Gods can giue, or men in prayers desire.

Dan. You couet that, which saue the Prince of

Creet

None dares.

Iup. That shewes how much I loue you (sweet)
I come this beauty, this rare face to saue,
And to redeeme it from this brazen graue.
Oh do not from mans eye this beauty skreene,
These rare perfections, which no earthly Queene
Enioyes saue you : 'twas made to be admir'd.
The Gods, the Fates, and all things haue conspir'd
With *Iupiter*, this prison to inuade,
And bring it forth to that for which 'twas made.
Loue *Iupiter*, whose loue with yours shall meet,
And hauing borne you hence, make at your feet
Kings lay their crownes, & mighty Emperours kneele :
Oh had you but a touch of what I feele,
You would both love and pittie.

Dan. Both I do.

But all things hinder, yet were *Danae* free,
She could affect the *Cretan*.

Iup. Now by thee
 (For what I most affect, by that I fweare)
 I from this prison will bright *Danae* beare,
 And in thy chamber will this night fast feale
 This couenant made.

Dan. Which *Danae* must repeale.

Iup. You shall not, by this kisse.

1. *Beld.* Tis good to haue an eye.

(*She looks backe.*)

Clown. Your nose hath not had these spectacles on yet.

Dan. Oh *Iupiter*.

Iup. Oh *Danae*.

Dan. I must hence :

For if I stay, I yeeld : Il'e hence, no more.

Iup. Expect me for I come.

Dan. Yon is my doore,

Dare not to enter there. I will to rest.

Attendance.

Iup. Come I will.

Dan. You had not best.

Exit Danae.

2. *Beld.* My Lady calls. Wee haue trifled the night till bed-time. Some attend the Princessse : others see the Pedlers pack't out of the gate.

Clown. Will you thrust vs out to seeke our lodging at Midnight. We haue paid for our lodging, a man would thinke, we might haue laine cheaper in any Inne in *Arges* ?

Iup. This castle stands remote, no lodging neere, Spare vs but any corner here below,
 Bee't but the Inner porch, or the least staire-case,
 And we'll begone as early as you please.

2. *Beld.* Consider all things, we haue no reason to deny that. What need we feare ? alas they are but Pedlars, and the greatest Prince that breathes would be aduis'd ere he durst presume to court the princessse *Danae*.

1. *Beld.* He court a princessse ? hee lookes not with the face. Well pedlers, for this night take a nap vpon

some bench or other, and in the morning be ready to take thy yard in thy hand to measure me some stufte, and so to be gone before day. Well, good-night, we must attend our princeffe.

Iup. Gold and reward, thou art mighty, and hast power
O're aged, yong, the foolish, and the wise,
The chaste, and wanton, fowle, and beautifull :
Thou art a God on earth, and canst all things.

Clown. Not all things, by your leaue. All the gold in Creete cannot get one of yon old Crones with childe. But shall we go sleepe?

Iup. Sleep thou, for I must wake for *Danae*.
Hence cloud of baseness, thou hast done enough
To bleare yon Beldams. When I next appeare

Hee puts off his disguise.
To yon bright Goddesse, I will shine in gold,
Deck't in the high Imperiall robes of Creet,
And on my head the wreath of Maiesty :
For Ornament is a preuailing thing,
And you bright Queene I'le now court like a King.
Exit.

Enter the foure old Beldams, drawing out Danae's bed : she in it. They place foure tapers at the foure corners.

Dan. Command our Eunuch's with their pleasing'st tunes
To charme our eyes to rest. Leaue vs all, leaue vs.
The God of dreames hath with his downy fanne
Swept or'e our eye-lids, and sits heauy on them.

1. Bel. Hey-ho, Sleepe may enter in at my mouth,
if he be no bigger then a two-peny-loafe.

Dan. Then to your chambers, & let wakelesse slumbers
Charme you in depth of silence and repose.

All. Good night to thee faire *Danae*.

Dan. Let musick through this brazen fortresse sound
Till all our hearts in depth of sleepe be drown'd.

Enter Iupiter crown'd with his Imperiall Robes.

Iup. Silence that now hath empire through the world
 Expresse thy power and Princedome. Charming
 sleepe
 Deaths yonger brother, shew thy selfe as still-lesse
 As death himselfe. None seeme this night to lue,
 Saue *Ioue* and *Danae*. But that Goddesse wonne
 Giue them new life breath'd with the morning funne,
 Yon is the doore, that in forbidding me
 She bad me enter. Womens tongues and hearts
 Haue different tunes: for where they most desire,
 Their hearts cry on, when their tongues bid retire.
 Al's whist, I heare the snorting Beldams breathe
 Soundnesse of sleepe, none wakes saue Loue and we
 Yon bright imprisoned beauty to set free.
 Oh thou more beauteous in thy nakednesse
 Then ornament can adde to——
 How sweetly doth she breath? how well become
 Imaginary deadnesse? But Il'e wake her
 Vnto new life. This purchase I must win,
 Heauens gates stand ope, and *Iupiter* will in.
Danae? *He lyes vpon her bed.*

Dan. Who's that?

Iup. 'Tis I, K. *Iupiter*.

Dan. What meane you Prince? how dare you
 enter here?

Knowing if I but call, your life is doom'd,
 And all Creetes treasure cannot guard your person.

Iup. You tell me now how much I rate your
 beauty,

Which to attaine, I cast my life behinde me,
 As lou'd much lesse then you.

Dan. Il'e loue you too,
 Would you but leaue me.

Iup. Repentance I'd not buy
 At that high rate, ten thousand times to dye.
 You are mine owne, so all the Fates haue sed.

And by their guidance come I to your bed.
The night, the time, the place, and all conspire
To make me happy in my long desire.
Acisus eyes are charm'd in golden sleepe,
Those Beldams that were plac't your bed to keepe,
All drown'd in Lethe (saue your downy bed,
White shetes, and pillow where you rest your head)
None heares or sees; and what can they deuise,
When they (heauen knowes) haue neither eares nor
eyes.

Dan. Bestrow you fir, that for your amorous
pleasure
Could thus fort all things, person, place, and leasure.
Exclaime I could, and a loud vproare keepe,
But that you say the Crones are all a sleepe :
And to what purpose should I raise such feare,
My voyce being soft, they fast, and cannot heare ?

Iup. They are deafe in rest, then gentle sweet ly
further,
If you should call, I thus your voyce would murther,
And strangle with my kisses.

Dan. Kisses, tush.
I'le sinke into my sheetes, for I shall blush.
I'le diue into my bed.

Iup. And I behind ?
No : wer't the Ocean, such a gemme to find,
I would diue after.

Iupiter puts out the lights and makes vnready.

Dan. Good my Lord forbear
What do you meane ? (oh heauen) is no man neere,
If you will needs, for modesties chaste law,
Before you come to bed, the curtaines draw,
But do not come, you shall not by this light,
If you but offer't, I shall cry out right.
Oh God, how hoarse am I, and cannot ? fie
Danae thus naked and a man so nye.
Pray leaue me fir : he makes vnready still,
Well I'le euen winke, and then do what you will.

The bed is drawne in, and enter the Clowne new wak't.

Clowne. I would I were out of this tower of Basse, & from all these brazen fac't Beldams : if we should fall asleepe, and the King come and take vs napping, where were we ? My Lord staies long, & the night growes short, the thing you wot of hath cost him a simple fort of Iewels. But if after all this cost, the thing you wot of would not do : If the pedler should shew himselfe a pidler, he hath brought his hogs to a faire market. Fye vpon it, what a snorting forward and backward these Beldams keep ? But let them sleepe on, some in the house I am sure are awake, and stirring too, or I misse my aime. Well, here must I sit and waite the good howre, till the gate be open, and suffer my eyes to do that, which I am sure my cloake neuer will, that is, to take nap. *Exit.*

Enter Iupiter and Danae in her night-gowne.

Danae. Alasse my Lord I neuer lou'd till now,
And will you leaue me ?

Iup. Beauteous Queene I must,
But thus condition'd ; to returne againe,
With a strong army to redeeme you hence,
In spight of *Arges*, and *Acrisius*,
That doom's you to this bondage.

Danae. Then fare-well.
No sooner meete but part ? Remember me :
For you great Prince I neuer shall forget !
I feare you haue left too sure a token with me
Of your remembrance.

Iup. *Danae*, be't a sonne,
It shall be ours when we haue *Arges* wonne.

Danae. But should you faile ?

Iup. I sooner should forget
My name, my state, then faile to pay this debt,
The day-starre 'gins t' appeare, the Beldams stir,
Ready t' vnlocke the gate, faire Queene adue.

Dan. All men proue false, if *Ioue* be found vn-true.

Exit.

Iup. My man?

Clown. My Lord.

Iup. Some cloud to couer mee, throw or'e my shoulders

Some shadow for this state, the Crones are vp,

And waite t' vnprison vs, nay quickly fellow.

Clow. Here My Lord, cast your old cloake about you.

Enter the foure Beldams in hast.

1. *Beld.* Where be these Pedlers? nay quickly, for heauen sake: the gate is open, nay when? fare-well my honest friends, and do our humble duties to the great King *Iupiter*.

Iup. King *Iupiter* shall know your gratitude, Fare-well.

2. *Beld.* Nay, when I say fare-well, fare-well.

Clow. Farewell good Miniuers.

Exeunt diuers waies.

ACTUS. 5. Scæn. 1.

Enter Homer.

Hom. Faire *Danae* doth his richest Iewell weare.
That sonne of whom the Oracle foretold
Which cost both mother and the grand-fire deare
Whose fortunes further leasure shall vnfold:
Thinke *Iupiter* return'd to *Creet* in hast,
To leuy armes for *Danaes* free release,
(But hindred) till the time be fully past,
For *Saturne* once more will disturbe his peace.

A dumbe shew. Enter King Troos and Ganimed with attendents, To him, Saturne makes suite for aide, shewes the King his models, his inuentions, his feuerall mettals, at the strangnesse of which King Troos is moued, cals for drum, and collors, and marches with Saturne.

The exil'd *Saturne* by King *Troos* is aided,
Troos that gaue *Troy* her name, and there raigned
 King,
Creet by the helpe of *Ganimed's* inuaded,
 Euen at that time when *Ioue* should succors bring
 To rescue *Danae*, and that warlike power,
 Must now his natie Territories guard,
 Which should haue brought her from the brazen
 tower,
 (For to that end his forces were prepar'd)
 We grow now towards our port and wished bay,
 Gentles your loue, and *Homer* cannot flay.

Enter Neptune and Pluto.

Nep. Whence are these warlike preparations,
 Made by the King our brother.

Plu. 'Tis giuen out,
 To conquer *Arges*. But my sifter *Iuno*
 Suspects some amorous purpose in the King?

Nep. And blame her not, the faire *Europaes* rape,
 Brought from *Aegenor*, and the *Cadmian* rape,
Io the daughter of old *Inachus*,
 Deflour'd by him; the louely *Semele*,
 Faire *Leda* daughter to King *Tyndarus*
 With many more, may breed a iust suspect,
 Nor hath hee spar'd faire *Ceres* Queene of Graine,
 Who bare to him the bright *Proserpina*.
 Such scapes may breed iust feares, & what knowes
 thee
 But these are to surprize faire *Danae*.

Sound. Enter Iupiter, Archas, with drum and
souldiers.

Iup. Arme royall brothers, *Creet's* too small an Ile,
To comprehend our greatnesse, we must adde
Arges and *Greece* to our Dominions.
And all the petty Kingdomes of the earth,
Shall pay their homage vnto *Saturnes* sonne,
This day wee'l take a muster of our forces,
And forward make for *Arges*.

Archas. All *Archadia*
Assemble to this purpose.

Iup. Then set on.
The Eagle in our ensigne wee'l display,
Ioue and his fortunes guide vs in our way.

Enter King Mellifeus.

Melli. Whether intends the King this warlike
march?

Iup. For *Arges* and *Acrisius*.

Melli. Rather guard,
Your native confines, see vpon your Coast,
Saturne with thirty thousand Troians landed
And in his aid King *Troos* and *Ganimed*.

Iup. In neuer worse time could the Tyrant come
Then now, to breake my faith with *Danae*.
Oh beauteous loue, I feare *Acrisius* ire
Will with feuerest censure chastice thee,
And thou wilt deeme me faithlesse and vnkinde
For promise-breach, (but what we must we must)
Come valiant Lords, wee'l first our owne defend
Ere against forreine climes our arme extend.

Sound. Enter with drum and colours, King *Troos*,
Saturne, *Ganimed*, with other Lords and attendants.

Sat. Degenerate boyes, base bastards, not my
sonnes,

Behold the death we threatned in your Cradles
 We come to giue you now. See here King *Troos*
 In pittie of depofed *Saturnes* wrongs,
 Is come in perfon to chaſtice your pride,
 And be the heauens relentleſſe Juſticer.

Iup. Not againſt *Saturne* as a Father, we,
 But as a murderer, liſt our oppoſite hands.
 Nature and heauen giues vs this priuiledge,
 To guard our liues gainſt tyrants and inuaders,
 That claime we, as we're men, we would but liue :
 Then take not from vs, what you cannot giue.

Tro. Where hath not *Saturns* fame abroad bene
 ſpred

For many vſes he hath giuen to man ;
 As Nauigation, Tillage, Archery,
 Weapons and gold ? yet you for all theſe vſes
 Depriue him of his kingdome.

Plut. We but ſaue
 Our Innocent bodies from th' abortiue graue.

Nep. We are his ſonnes, let *Saturne* be content
 To let vs keepe what Heauen and Nature lent.

Gani. Thoſe filiall duties you ſo much forget
 We come to teach you. Royall Kings to armes,
 Giue *Ganimed* the onſet of this battell,
 That being a ſonne knowes how to lecture them,
 And chaſtice their tranſgreſſions.

Sat. *Ganimed*,
 It ſhall be ſo, powre out your ſpleene and rage
 On our proud Iſſue. Let the thirſty ſoyl
 Of barren *Creet* quaffe their degenerate blouds,
 And ſurfeit in their finnes. All *Saturnes* hopes
 And fortunes are ingag'd vpon this day.
 It is our laſt, and all, bee't our endeouour
 To win't for ay, or elſe to looſe it euer.

Alarme. *The battels ioyne, the Troians are repul'd.*

Enter Troos and Saturne.

Tro. Our Troians are repul'd, wher's *Ganimed* ?

Sat. Amid'st the throng of weapons, acting wonders.

Twice did I call alowd to haue him flye,
And twice he swore he had vow'd this day to dye.

Troos. Let's make vp to his rescue.

Sat. Tush, tis vaine.

To seeke to saue him we shall loose our selues.
The day is lost, and *Ganimed* lost too
Without diuine assistance. Hye my Lord
Vnto your shippes, no safety liues a land,
Euen to the Oceans margent we are pursu'd,
Then saue your selfe by sea.

Troos. Creet thou hast wonne
My thirty thousand Souldiers, and my Sonne,
Come, let's to sea.

Exit.

Sat. To sea must *Saturne* too,
To whom all good starres are still opposite.
My Crowne I first bought with my infants bloud,
Not long enioy'd, till *Tytan* wrested it;
Re-purchast, and re-lost by *Iupiter*.
These horrid mischiefes that haue crown'd our brows,
Haue bred in vs such strange distemperature,
That we are growne deiected and forlorne.
Our bloud is chang'd to Inke, our haire to quilts,
Our eyes halfe buried in our quechy plots.
Consumptions and cold agues haue deuour'd
And eate vp all our flesh, leauing behinde
Nought saue the Image of despaire and death:
And *Saturne* shall to after ages be
That starre, that shall infuse dull melancholy.
To Italy I'll flye, and there abide,
Till diuine powers my place aboute prouide.

Exit.

Alarme. Enter *Ganimed* compass in with soldiers, to
them *Iupiter*, *Neptune*, *Pluto*, *Archas*, *Mellifeus*.

Iup. Yeeld noble Troian, ther's not in the field
One of thy Nation lifts a hand saue thee.

Gani. Why that's my honour, when alone I stand

Gainst thee and all the forces of thy land.

Iup. I loue thy valour, and would woo thy friendship,
Go freely where thou wilt, and ransomlesse.

Gan. Why that's no gift : I am no prisoner,
And therefore owe no ransom, hauing breath,
Know I haue vow'd to yeeld to none faue death.

Iup. I wish thee nobly Troian, and since fauour
Cannot attaine thy love, I'll try conclusions,
And see if I can purchase it with blowes.

Gan. Now speak'st thou like the noblest of my
foes.

Iup. Stand all a-part, and Princes girt vs round.

Gan. I loue him best, whose strokes can lowdest
found.

Alarime, they fight, and loosing their weapons embrace.

Iup. I haue thee, and will keep thee.

Gan. Not as prisoner.

Iup. A prisoner to my loue, else thou art free,
My bosome friend, for so I honour thee.

Gan. I am conquer'd both by Armes and
Courtesie.

Nept. The day is ours, *Troos* and *K. Saturn's*
fled,
And *Iupiter* remains sole conquerour.

Plu. Peace with her golden wings hovers ore
Creet,

Frighting hence discord and remorselesse warre :
Will *Iupiter* make up for *Arges* now?

Mell. Winter drawes on, the sea's vn-nauigable,
To transport an Army. There attends without
A Lord of *Arges*.

Iup. Bring him to our presence.

Enter Arges.

How stands it with the beauteous *Danae*?

Arg. L. As one distressed by Fate, and miserable.

Of K. *Acrisius*, and his Fort of brasse,
Danaë's inclosure, and her Beldam guard,
 Who but hath heard? yet through these brazen walles
 Loue hath broke in, and made the maide a mother
 Of a faire sonne, which when *Acrisius* heard,
 Her female guard vnto the fier hee doomes,
 His daughter, and the infant prince her sonne,
 He puts into a mastles boat to sea,
 To proue the rigor of the stormy waues.

Iup. *Acrisius*, *Arges*, and the world shall know
Ioue hath beene wrong'd in this: her further fortunes
 Canst thou relate?

Arges L. I can. As farre as Naples
 The friendly winds her mastlesse boat transports,
 There succourd by a curteous Fisher-man
 Shee's first releeu'd, and after that presented
 To King *Pelonnus*, who at this time reignes:
 Who rauisht with her beauty, crownes her Queene,
 And deckes her with th' Imperiall robes of state.

Iup. What we haue scanted is supply'd by fate.
 Here then cease Armes, and now court amorous
 peace

With solemne triumphes, and deere *Ganimes*,
 Be henceforth cal'd The friend of *Iupiter*.
 And if the Fates hereafter crowne our browes
 With diuine honours, as we hope they shall,
 Wee'l style thee by the name of *Cup-bearer*,
 To fill vs heauenly Nectar, as faire *Hebe*
 Shall do the like to *Iuno* our bright Queene.
 Here end the pride of our mortality.
 Opinion, that makes Gods, must style vs higher.
 The next you see vs, we in state must shine,
 Eternized with honours more diuine. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Homer.

Homer. Of *Danaë* *Perseus* was that night begot,
Perseus that fought with the *Gorgonian* shield,
 Whose fortunes to pursue Time suffers not.

For that, we haue prepar'd an ampler field.
 Likewise how *Ioue* with faire *Alcmena* lay :
 Of *Hercules*, and of his famous deeds ;
 How *Pluto* did faire *Proserpine* betray :
 Of these my Muse (now trauel'd) next proceedes.
 Yet to keepe promise, ere we further wade,
 The ground of ancient Poems you shall see :
 And how these (first borne mortall) Gods were made,
 By vertue of diuineſt Poefie.
 The Fates, to whom the Heathen yeeld all power,
 Whose doomes are writ in marble, to endure,
 Haue ſummon'd *Saturnes* three ſonnes to their Tower,
 To them the three Dominions to aſſure
 Of Heauen, of Sea, of Hell. How theſe are ſcand,
 Let none decide but ſuch as vnderſtand.

*Sound a dumbe ſhew. Enter the three fatall ſiſters,
 with a rocke, a threed, and a paire of ſheeres ;
 bringing in a Gloabe, in which they put three lots.
 Iupiter drawes heauen : at which Iris deſcends
 and preſents him with his Eagle, Crowne and
 Scepter, and his thunder-bolt. Iupiter firſt aſcends
 vpon the Eagle, and after him Ganimed.*

To *Iupiter* doth high *Olimpus* fall,
 Who thunder and the trifulke lightning beares.
 Dreaded of all the reſt in generall :
 He on a Princely Eagle mounts the Spheares.

*Sound. Neptune drawes the Sea, is mounted vpon a
 ſea-horſe, a Roabe and Trident, with a crowne are
 given him by the Fates.*

Neptune is made the Lord of all the Seas,
 His Mace a Trident, and his habite blew.
 Hee can make Tempeſts, or the waues appeaſe,
 And vnto him the Sea-men are ſtill true.

*Sound, Thunder and Tempeſt. Enter at 4 ſeuerrall cor-
 ners the 4 winds : Neptune riſeth diſturb'd : the*

Fates bring the 4 winds in a chaine, & present them to Æolus, as their King.

And for the winds, these brothers that still warre,
Should not disturbe his Empire, the three Fates
Bring them to Æolus, chain'd as they are,
To be inclos'd in caues with brazen gates.

Sound. Pluto drawes hell: the Fates put vpon him a burning Roabe, and present him with a Mace, and burning crowne.

Pluto's made Emperour of the Ghosts below.
Where with his black guard he in darknes raignes,
Commanding hell, where Styx and Lethe flow,
And murderers are hang'd vp in burning chaines.
But leauing these : to your iudiciall spirits
I must appeale, and to your wonted grace,
To know from you what ey-lesse *Homer* merits,
Whom you haue power to banish from this place,
But if you send me hence vncheckt with feare,
Once more I'l dare vpon this Stage t'appeare.

FINIS.



THE
SILVER AGE,

INCLVDING

The loue of *Iupiter* to *Alcmena* :
The birth of *Hercules*.

AND

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

CONCLVDING,

With the Arraignement of the Moone.

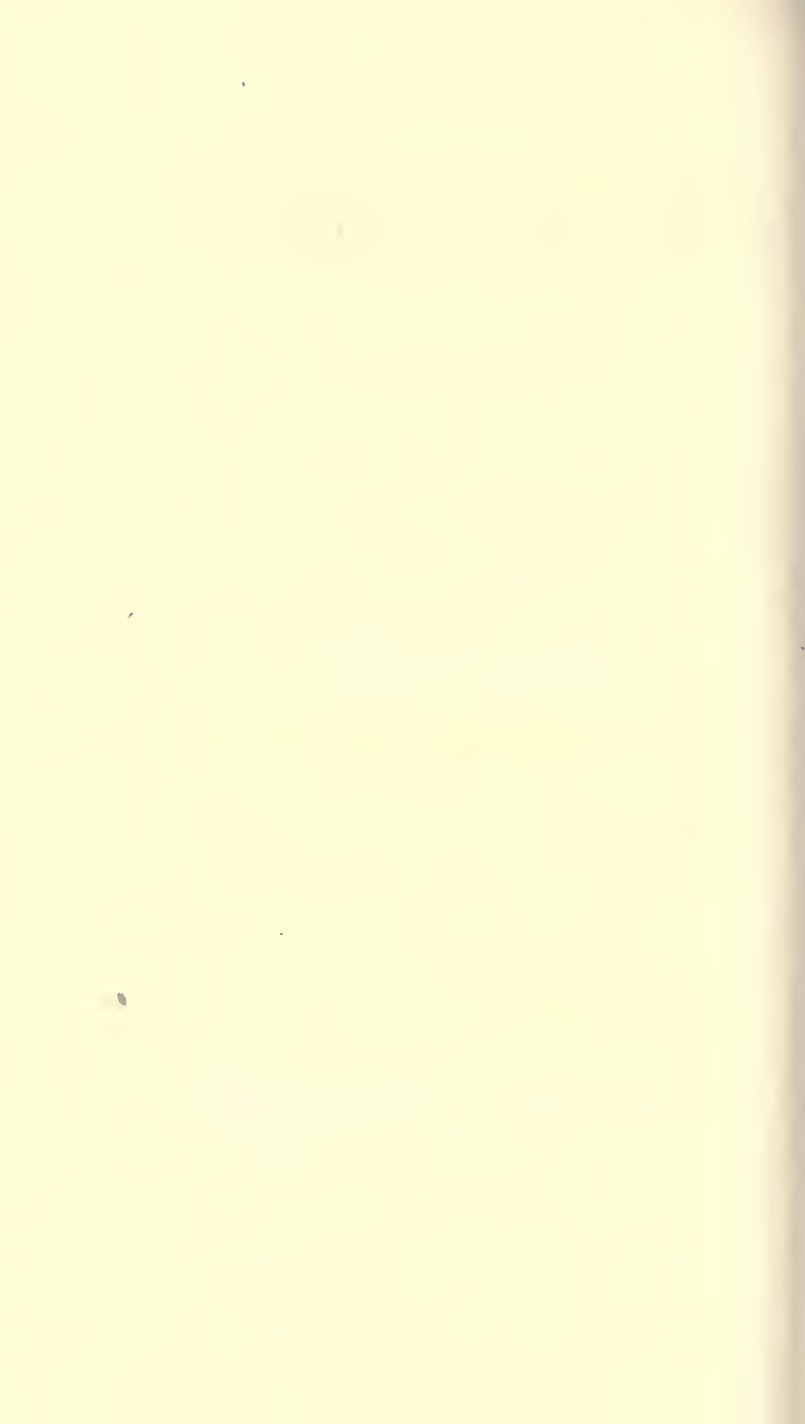
Written by THOMAS HEYVVOOD.

Aut prodesse solent aut delectare.

LONDON,

Printed by *Nicholas Okes*, and are to be folde by
Beniamin Lightfoote at his Shop at the vpper
end of *Graies Inne-lane* in *Holborne*.

1613.





To the Reader.

LET not the Title of this booke I entreate bee any weakening of his worth, in the generall opinion. Though wee begunne with *Gold*, follow with *Siluer*, proceede with *Brasse*, and purpose by Gods grace, to end with *Iron*. I hope the declining Titles shall no whit blemish the reputation of the Workes: but I rather trust that as those Mettals decrease in valew, so è *contrario*, their books shall encrease in substance, weight, and estimation. In this we haue giuen *Hercules* birth and life: In the next wee shall lend him honour and death. Courteous Reader, it hath bene my serious labour, it now onely attends thy charitable censure.

Thine,

T. H.



Dramatis Personæ.

HOMER.

Acrisius.
Pretus.
Bellerophon.
Perseus.
Danaus.
Iupiter.
Ganimed.
Amphitrio.
Socia.
Euristheus.
Hercules.
Theseus.
Perithous.
Philoctetes.
Mercury.
Triton.
Pluto.
Cerberus.
Rhadamantus.
Asculaphus.

Q. Aurea.
Andromeda.
Alcmena.
Iuno.
Iris.
Galantis.
Hypodamia.
Ceres.
Proserpine.
Semele.
Tellus.
Arethusa.
A Guard.
2. Captaines.
6. Centaures.
Servingmen.
Swaines.
Theban Ladies.
The seven Planets.
Furies.



The Siluer Age.

Actus I. Scœna I.

Enter HOMER.



Ince moderne Authors, moderne things
haue trac't,
Serching our Chronicles from end to end,
And all knowne Histories haue long bene
grac't,

Bootlesse it were in them our time to spend
To iterate tales oftentimes told ore,
Or subiects handled by each common pen ;
In which euen they that can but read (no more)
Can poynt before we speake, how, where, and when
We haue no purpose : *Homer* old and blinde,
Of eld, by the best iudgements tearm'd diuine,
That in his former labours found you kinde,
Is come the ruder censures to refine :
And to vnlocke the Casket long time shut,
Of which none but the learned keepe the key,
Where the rich Iewell (*Poesie*) was put.
She that first search't the Heauens, Earth, Ayre, and
Sea.

We therefore begge, that since so many eyes,
And feuerall iudging wits must taste our stile,
The learn'd will grace, the ruder not despise :

Since what we do, we for their vse compile.
 Why should not *Homer*, he that taught in *Greece*,
 Vnto this iudging Nation lend like skill.
 And into *England* bring that golden Fleece,
 For which his country is renowned still.
 The *Golden* past, *The Siluer* age begins
 In *Iupiter*, whose sonne of *Danae* borne,
 We first present, and how *Acrisius* finnes
 Were punish't for his cruelty and sorne.

We enter where we left, and so proceed,
 (Your fauour still, for that must helpe at need)

Alarme. Enter with victory, *K. Pretus*, *Bellerophon*, bringing in *K. Acrisius* prisoner, drum and colours.

Pretus. Now you that trusted to your *Darreine* strength,
 The brazen tower that earst inclos'd thy childe,
 Stand'st at our grace, a captiue, and we now
 Are *Arges* King, where thou vsurp'st so late.

Acrisius. Tis not thy power King *Pretus*, but our rigor
 Against my daughter, and the Prince her sonne,
 (Thus punish't by the heauens) haue made thee victor.

Pretus. Twas by thy valor, braue *Bellerophon*,
 That took'st *Acrisius* prisoner hand to hand.

Beller. The duty of a seruice and a seruant
 I haue exprest to *Pretus*.

Pretus. By thy valor.
 We reigne sole King of *Arges*, where our brother
 Hath tyrannis'd, and now these brazen walles,
 Built to immure a faire and innocent maide,
 Shall be thine owne Iayle. Gyue his legges in Irons,
 Till we determine further of his death.

Acrisius. Oh *Danae*, when I rude and pittileffe
 Threw thee with thy yong infant, to the mercy
 Of the rough billowes, in a maffleffe boat,

I then incur'd this vengeance. *Jupiter*,
Whose father in those blest and happy dayes
I scorn'd to be, or ranke him in my line,
Hath chastis'd me for my harsh cruelty.

Pretus. We are *Ioues* rod, and we will execute
The doome of heauen with all seuerity :
Such mercy as thy guardian Beldams had,
(Who for the loue of *Danae* felt the fire)
Thou shalt receiue from vs. Away with him.

Acrifius is led bound, and enters Q. Aurea.

Aur. Why doth K. *Pretus* lead his brother bound,
And keepe a greater foe in liberty ?
This, this, thou most vnchast *Bellerophon*,
And canst thou blushlesse gaze me in the face ?
Whom thou so lately didst attempt to force,
Or front the Prince thy maister with such impu-
dence,

Whose reuerent bed thou hast practis'd to defile.

Beller. Madame, my Lord.

Aurea. Heare not th'adulterers tongue,
Who though he had not power to charme mine
eares,

Yet may inchaunt thine.

Pretus. Beauteous *Aurea*,
If I can proue by witnesse that rude practise,
His life and tortures Il'e commit to thee.

Aurea. What greater witnesse then *Q. Aurea's*
teares ?

Or why should I hate you *Bellerophon*,
That (saue this practise) neuer did me wrong ?

Beller. Oh woman, when thou art giuen vp to sin
And shamelesse lusts, what brazen impudence,
Hardens thy brow ?

Aurea. Shall I haue right of him ?

Pret. Thou shalt : yet let me tell my *Aurea* :
'This knight hath seru'd me from his infancy,

Beene partner of my breast and secret thoughts :
 His sword hath beene the guardian of my state,
 And by the vertue of his strong right hand,
 I am possesst of *Arges*. I could reade thee
 A Chronicle of his great seruices
 Fresh in my thoughts, then giue me leaue to pause,
 Ere I pronounce sad sentence of his death.

Aurea. Grant me my L. but a few priuate words
 With this dissembling hypocrite : Il'e tell him
 Such instance of his heynous enterprife,
 Shall make him blush, and with efeminate teares,
 Publish his riotous wrongs against your bed.

Pretus. We grant your priuacy.

Aurea. Neare vs *Bellerophon*.

Beller. Oh woman, woman.

Aurea. We are alone, yet wilt thou grant me
 loue,

Put me in hope, and say the time may come,
 And my excuse to *Pretus* shall vnfay,
 These loud exclames, and blanch this *Æthiop* scan-
 dall,

As white as is thy natie innocence :
 Loue mee, oh loue mee, my *Bellerophon*
 I figh for thee, I mourne, I die for thee,
 Giue me an answere swift and peremptory ;
 Gaine by thy grant, life ; thy deniall, death.
 Wilt thou take time and limite mee some hope
 By pointing me an houre ?

Belleroph. Neuer, oh neuer.

First shall the Sun-god in the Ocean quench,
 The daies bright fire, and o're the face of heauen
 Spread euerlasting darknesse.

Aurea. Say no more.

Dogge, deuill, euen before my husbands face
 Darst court me, *Pretus* canst thou suffer this ?
 Iniurious Traytor, think'st thou my chaste innocence,
 Is to bee mou'd with praises, or brib'd by promises ?
 Hath the King hir'd thee to corrupt his bed ?

Or is he of that flauish sufferance,
Before his face to see mee strumpeted?
Pretus, by heauen, and all the Gods I vow,
To abiure thy presence, and confine my selfe
To lasting widdow-hood, vnlesse with rigor
Thou chaſtice this falſe groome.

Pretus. Bellerophon
Thou haſt preſum'd too much vpon our loue,
And made too ſlight account of our high power
In which thy life or death is circumscrib'd.

Beller. My Lord, I ſhould tranſgreſſe a Subiects
duty,
To lay the leaſt groſſe imputation
Vpon the Queene, my beauteous Soueraintefſe,
And rather then to queſtion her chaſte vertues
I laie my ſelfe ope to the ſtrictest doome,
My ſeruice hath bene yours, ſo ſhall my life,
I yeeld it to you freely.

Pretus. Aureas teares,
Contend with thy ſuppoſed innocence
And haue the vpper hand : to ſee thee die
My ſetled loue will not endure : but worſe
Then death can bee, we doome thy inſolence ;
Go hence an exile, and returne no more
Vpon thy Knight-hood, but expoſe thy ſelfe
Vnto to that monſtrous beaſt of *Cicily*,
Cal'd the *Chimera*, t'hath a Lyons head,
Goats belly, and a poyſonous Dragons traine.
Fight with that beaſt, whom Hoaſts cannot with-
ſtand,
And feede, what Armies cannot ſatiſſie.
My doom's irreuocable.

Beller. For all my ſeruice
A faire reward, but by my innocence,
Vertues, and all my honours attributes,
That ſauadge Monſter I will feede, or ſoile,
Die by his iawes, or bring home honoured ſpoile.

Aurca. Yet, yet, thy body meedes a better graue,
And kill not mee too, whom thy grant may ſaue.

Beller. A thousand fierce *Chimerae's* first I'll
feede,

Ere stain mine honour with that damned deed.

Aurea. Again to tempt me, hence base traitor
flie,

And as thy guilt's meede, by that monster die.

Pretus. Away with him, 'tis our milde sufferance
Begets this impudence, come beauteous *Aurea*
Thou shalt bee full reuenged, I know him honourable
In this, and will performe that enterprife
Which in one death brings many ; let vs now
Inioy our conquests, hee shall soone bee dead,
That with base sleights fought to corrupt our bed.

Enter Perseus, Andromeda, and Danaus.

Perseus. There stay our swift and winged Pegasus,
And on the flowers of this faire Meadow grafe,
Thou that first flewst out of the *Gorgons* bloud,
Whose head wee by *Mineruaes* aide par'd off,
And since haue fixt it on our Christall sheild.
This head that had the power to change to stone,
All that durst gaze vpon't ; and being plac't here
Retaines that power to whom it is vncac'd :
Hath changed great *Atlas* to a Mount so high,
That with his shoulders hee supports the skie.

Dana. *Perseus*, great sonne of *Ioue* and *Danae*,
Famous for your atchieuements through the world
Mineruaes fauorite, Goddesse of Wifedome,
And husband of the sweete *Andromeda*.
Whom you so late from the Sea-monster freed,
After so many deedes of Fame and Honour,
Shall we returne to see our mother *Danae* ?

Perseus. Deere brother *Danaus*, the renowned
issue
Of King *Pellonus* that in *Naples* raignes,
Where beauteous *Danae* is created Queene,
Thither I'll beare the faire *Andromeda*
To see our Princely mother.

Andro. Royall *Perseus*,
Truely descended from the line of Gods,
Since by the slaughter of that monstrous Whale,
You freed me from that rocke where I was fixt
To be deuoured and made the Monsters prey,
And after wonne me from a thousand hands
By *Phineus* arme, that was my first betroathed,
Ingrate were I your fellowship to shunne
Whom by the force of Armes you twice haue won.

Enter Bellerophon.

Perseus. Towards *Naples* then, but soft, what
Knight's that
So passionately deiect? Let vs salute him,
Whence are you gentle Knight?

Beller. I am of *Arges*.

Perseus. But your aduenture?

Beller. The infernall Monster,
Cal'd the *Chimera* bred in *Cicily*.

Perseus. Thou canst not stake thy life against such
oddes,
And not be generously deriu'd, I *Perseus*
The sonne of *Ioue* and *Danae*, offer thee
Assistance to this noble enterprife.

Beller. Are you the noble *Perseus* whom the
world
Crownes with such praise and royall hardinesse?
Fam'd for your winged speed, and your *Gorgons*
sheild,
And for release of faire *Andromeda*?

Perf. Wee *Perseus* are, and this *Andromeda*,
King *Cepheus* daughter, rescued by our sword,
The keene-edged harpe.

Beller. Let me do you honours
Worthy your State, and tell such newes withall
As shall disturbe the quiet of your thoughts,
I am of *Arges* where *Acrisus* raigned.

Perf. Our Grand-fire, and raignes still.

Beller. His brother *Pretus*
 Hath cast him both of stile and kingdome too,
 Nor let *Bellerophon* himselfe belie,
 It was by vertue of this strong right arme
 Which he hath thus requited, to expose me
 Vnto this strange aduenture, the full circumstance
 I shall relate at leasure.

Perf. Dares King *Pretus*
 Depose *Acrisius*, knowing *Perseus* liues?
 Guide me faire Knight vnto my place of birth,
 Where the great King of *Arges* liues captiu'd,
 That I may glaze my harpe in the bloud
 Of Tyrant *Pretus*.

Beller. I am sworne by oath
 To dare the rude *Cycilian* Monster first,
 Whom hauing slaine, I'll guide you to the rescue
 Of K. *Acrisius*.

Perseus. Thou hast fir'd our bloud,
 And startled all our spirits *Bellerophon*,
 Wee'll mount our *Pegasus*, and through the ayre
 Beare thee, vnto that fell *Chimeraes* den :
 And in the slaughter of that monstrous beast
 Assist thy valour. Thence to *Arges* flye,
 Where by our sword th'vsurper next must dye.

Beller. We are proud of your assistance, and
 withall
 Assur'd of Conquest.

Perseus. Faire *Andromeda*,
Danaus shall be your guardian towards *Arges*,
 Where after this atchieuement we will meet,
 To giue our grand-fire freedome. Come, lets part,
 We through the ayre, you towards *Darreine* towre,
 Where Tragicke ruine *Pretus* shall deuoure. *Exeunt.*

Enter K. Pretus, and Q. Aurea.

Pretus. *Aurea*, we were too hasty in our doome,
 To loofe that knight, whose arme protected vs,
 Whose fame kept all our neighbour Kings in awe :

Nor was our state confirm'd, but in his life.

Aurea. Let Traitors perish, and their plots decay,

And we still by diuine assistance fway.

Pretus. But say some Prince should plot *Acrifius* rescue,

Inuade great *Arges*, or siege *Darreine* tower,
Then should we with *Bellerophon* againe,
To expose their fury, and their pride restraine.

Aurea. To cut off all these feares, cut off *Acrifius*,

Appeare to him a brother full as mercilesse
As he a cruell father to his childe,
The beauteous *Danae* and her infant sonne.

Pretus. Onely his ruine must secure our state,
And he shall dye to cut off future claime
Vnto this populous kingdome we enioy.
Our guard, command our captiue brother hither,
Whom we this day must sentence. Oh *Bellerophon* !
Thy wrongs I halfe suspect thy doome : Repent,
Since all thy acts proclaime thee innocent.

Acrifius brought in by the guard.

Guar. Behold the King your brother.

Pretus. We thus sentence
Thy life *Acrifius*, thou that hadst the heart
To thrust thy childe into a mastlesse boate ;
With a faire hopefull Prince, vnto the fury
And rage of the remorselesse windes and waues :
To doome these innocent Ladies to the fire,
That were her faultlesse guardians, the like sentence
Receiue from vs : We doome thee imminent death
Without delay or pause. Beare to the blocke
The tyrant, he that could not vse his raigne
With clemency, we thus his rage restraine.

Acrif. Thou shew'st thy selfe in rigor pittifull,
And full of mercy in thy cruelty,
To take away that life, which to enioy
Were many deaths, hauing my *Danae* lost

With her sonne *Perseus* : hauing lost my kingdome,
 All through the vaine feares of Prophetike spelles :
 Why should I wish a wretched life to saue,
 That may rest happy in a peacefull graue ?

A flourish and a shout. Enter a gentleman.

Pre. What shout is that ? the proiect ?

Gentl. Strange and admirable.

Bellerophon and a braue stranger knight,
 Both crownd in blood in the *Chimeraes* spoyle,
 Haue cleft the ayre on a swift winged steede,
 And in your Court alighted ; both their swords
 Bath'd in the Serpents blood, they brandish still,
 As if they yet some monster had to kill.

Pretus. *Bellerophon* return'd ? Thou hast amaz'd
 vs.

Enter Perseus, Danaus, and Bellerophon, with Andromeda. Kill Pretus and Aurea, beat away the rest of the guard.

Perseus. One monster (then the rude *Chimere*
 more fell)

That's *Pretus*, *Danaes* sonne must send to hell.

Pretus. Treason. Our guard.

Perseus. Liues there a man, the tyrant *Pretus*
 dead,

Saith that the Crowne shall not inuest his head ?

All. We all stand for the King *Acrisius*.

Perf. Then by this generall suffrage once more
 raigne,

Since by our hand th'vfurper here lyes flaine.

Acrisius. Our hopelesse life, and new inuested
 state,

Strikes not so deepe into *Acrisius* ioyes,

As when he heares the name of *Danaes* sonne.

Liues *Danae* ?

Perseus. Grand-fire, thy faire daughter liues
A potent Queene : we *Perseus* are her sonne,
This *Danaus* your hopefull grand-childe too :
Nor let me quite forget *Andromeda*,
By *Perseus* sword freed from the huge Sea-whale,
And now ingraft into your royall line.

Acrif. Diuide my soule amongst you, and impart
My life, my state, my kingdome, and my heart.
Oh had I *Danae* here, my ioyes to fill,
I truely then should be immortalis'd.
Renowned *Perseus*, *Danaus* inly deere,
And you bright Lady, faire *Andromeda*,
You are to me a stronger sort of ioy
Then *Darreines* brasse, which no siege can destroy.

Dana. My gran-fires fight doth promise as much
blisse,
As can *Elisium*, or those pleasant fields,
Where the blest soules inhabite.

Andro. You are to me
As life on earth, in death eternity.

Acrifus. Let none presume our purpose to con-
trowle :
For our decree is like the doome of Gods
Fixt and vnchanging : *Perseus* we create
Great *Arges* King, crown'd with this wreath of state.

Perseus. With like applause, and suffrage shall be
seene,
The faire *Andromeda* crown'd *Arges* Queene.

Acrifus. Onely the *Darrene* tower I still referue
In that to pennance me a life retir'd,
And I in that shall proue the Oracle.
Faire *Danaes* sonne instated in my throne,
Shall thus confine me to an Arch of stone.
There will I liue, attended by my guard,
And leaue to thee the manadge of my Realme.
Our will is law, which none that beares vs well,
Will striue by word or action to refell.

Perf. The Gods behest with your resolute agree
To increase in vs this growing maiesty.

Bellerophon, we make thee next our selfe
 Of state in *Arges* : *Danaus* you shall hence,
 To cheere our mother in these glad reports,
 And to succeed *Pelonnus* : but first slay,
 Rights due to vs ere we the state can sway.

ACTUS 2. SCœna. 1.

H O M E R.

*Alacke ! earths joyes are but short-liu'd, and last
 But like a puffe of breath which (thus) is past.
 Acrisius in his fortresse liues retir'd,
 Kept with a strong guard : Perseus reignes sole King,
 Who in himselfe one sad night long desir'd
 To see his grand-fire some glad newes to bring,
 Whom the stearne warders (in the night) vnknowne
 Seeke to keepe backe, whence all his griefe is growne.*

A dumbe shew.

Enter 6 warders, to them Perseus, Danaus, Bellerophon and Andromeda. Perseus takes his leaue of them to go towards the tower : the warders repulse him, he drawes his fword. In the tumult enter Acrisius to pacifie them, and in the hurly-burly is slaine by Perseus, who laments his death. To them Bellerophon and the rest : Perseus makes Bellerophon King of Arges, and with Danaus and Andromeda departs.

H O M E R.

*Perseus repulst, the sturdy Warder strikes,
 This breeds a tumult, out their weapons flye,
 Acrisius heares their clamours and their shrikes,*

*And downe descends this broyle to pacifie;
 Not knowing whence it growes; and in this brall,
 Acrisius by his grand-childes hand doth fall.
 The Oracle's fulfil'd, hee's turn'd to stone,
 That's to his marble graue, by Danaes sonne;
 Which in the Prince breeds such lament and mone,
 That longer there to reigne hee'l not be wonne:
 But first Bellerophon he will inuest,
 And after makes his trauels towards the East.
 Of Iupiter now deifi'd and made
 Supreme of all the Gods, we next proceed:
 Your suppositions now must lend vs ayd,
 That he can all things (as a God indeed.)
 Our sceane is Thebes: here faire Alcmena dwels,
 Her husband in his warfare thrives abroad,
 And by his chivalry his foes expels.
 He absent, now descends th' Olimpicke God,
 Innamored of Alcmena, and trans-shapes
 Himselfe into her husband: Ganimed
 He makes assistant in his amorous rapes,
 Whilst he preferres the earth 'fore Iunoes bed.
 Lend vs your wonted patience without scorne,
 To finde how Hercules was got and borne.*

*Enter Amphotrio with two Captaines and Socia with
 drum and colours: hee brings in the head of a
 crowned King, sweares the Lords to the obeyfance
 of Thebes. They present him with a standing
 bowle, which hee lockes in a Casket, and sending
 his man with a letter before to his wife, with news
 of his victory. He with his followers, and Ble-
 pharo the maister of the ship, marcheth after.*

H O M E R.

*Creon that now reignes here, the Theban King,
 Alcmenaes husband great Amphotrio made
 His Generall, who to his Lord doth bring*

*His enimies head that did his land inuade.
 Thinke him returning home, but fends before
 By letters to acquaint his beauteous wife
 Of his successe, himselfe in sight of shore
 Must land this night : where many a doubtfull strife
 Amongst them growes, but Ioue himselfe discends,
 Cuts off my speech, and heere my Chorus ends.*

Thunder and lightning. Iupiter discends in a cloude.

Iup. Earth before heauen, we once more haue
 preferd :

Beauty that workes into the hearts of Gods :
 As it hath power to mad the thoughts of men,
 So euen in vs it hath attraction.
 The faire *Alcmena* like the Sea-mans Starre
 Shooting her glistering beauty vp to heauen,
 Hath puld from thence the olimpick *Iupiter*
 By vertue of thy raies, let *Iuno* skold,
 And with her clamours fill the eares of heauen,
 Let her bee like a Bachinall in rage,
 And through our christall pallace breath exclaimes,
 With her quicke feete the galaxia weare,
 And with inquisitiue voice search through the
 Spheares.

Shee shall not finde vs here, or should shee see vs,
 Can shee distinguish vs being thus transhapt ?
 Where's *Ganimed* ? we sent him to suruey
*Amphitrio*es Pallace, where we meane to lodge

Enter Ganimed shapt like Socia.

In happy time return'd : now *Socia*.

Gani. Indeed that's my name, as sure
 As your's is *Amphitrio*.

Iup. Three nights I haue put in one to take
 our fill

Of daliance with this beauteous *Theban* dame.
 A powerfull charme is cast or'e *Phoebus* eies :
 Who sleepest this night within the euxine sea,

And till the third day shall forget his charge
To mount the golden chariot of the Sunne,
The Antipodes to vs, shall haue a day
Of three daies length. Now at this houre is fought
By *Iofua* Duke vnto the Hebrew Nation,
(Who are indeede the Antipodes to vs)
His famous battle 'gainst the *Cananites*,
And at his orison the Sunne stands still,
That he may haue there slaughter, *Ganimed*
Go knocke and get vs entrance. *Exit Iupiter.*

Gani. Before I knocke, let mee a little determine
with my selfe, If I be accessary to *Iupiter* in his amorous
purpose, I am little better then a parcell guilt baud,
but must excuse my selfe thus, *Ganimed* is now not
Ganimed, And if this imputation be put vpon mee, let
it light vpon *Socia*, whom I am now to personate ; but
I am too long in the Prologue of this merry play we
are to act, I will knocke, and the Seruingmen shall
enter.

1. *Seruing.* Who knocks so late ?

Gani. Hee that must in, open for *Socia*,
Who brings you newes home of the *Theban* warres.

2. *Ser.* *Socia* returned.

Enter 3. Seruingmen.

3. *Ser.* Vnhurt, vnslaine ?

Gani. Euen as you see, and how, and how ?

1. *Ser.* *Socia* ? let me haue an armefull of thee.

Gani. Armefuls, and handfuls too, my boyes.

2. *Ser.* The news, the news, how doth my Lord
Amphitrio ?

Gani. Nay, how doth my Lady *Alcmena*, some of
you cary her word my Lord will be heere presently.

1. *Ser.* I'll be the messenger of these glad
newes.

2. *Ser.* I'll haue a hand in't too.

3. *Ser.* I'll not be last. *Exeunt Seruingmen.*

Gani. They are gone to informe their Lady, who
will bee ready to intertaine a counterfeite Lord, *Iupiter*

is preparing himfelfe to meet *Alcmena*, *Alcmena*, ſhe to encounter *Iupiter*, her beauty hath enchanted him, his metamorphoſis muſt beguile her: al's put to prooſe, I'll in to furniſh my Lord whiſt my fellow ſeruants attend their Lady: they come.

Enter at one dore Alcmena, Theſſala, 4. Seruingmen; at the other Iupiter ſhaſt like Amphytrio to Ganimed.

Alcm. But are you ſure you ſpake with *Socia*? And did he tell you of *Amphytrioes* health?

1. *Ser.* Madam, I aſſure you, wee ſpake with *Socia*, and my L. *Amphytrio* will be here inſtantly.

Alcm. Viſher me in a coſtly banquet ſtraight To entertaine my Lord, let all the windowes Glifter with lights like ſtarres, caſt ſweete perfumes To breath to heauen their odoriferous aires, And tell the Gods my husband's ſafe return'd, If you be ſure 'twas *Socia*.

2. *Ser.* Madam take my life, if it be not true.

Alcm. Then praife be to the higheſt *Iupiter*, Whoſe powerfull arme gaue ſtrength vnto my Lord To worſte his ſafety through theſe dangerous warres, Hang with our richeſt workes our chambers round, And let the roome wherein we reſt to night, Flow with no leſſe delight, then *Iuno's* bed When in her armes ſhe claſpeth *Iupiter*.

Iup. I'll fill thy bed with more delightfull ſweetes, Then when with *Mars* the *Ciprian Venus* meetes.

Alcm. See how you ſtir for odours, lights, choiſe cates, Spices, and wines, is not *Amphytrio* comming With honour from the warres? where's your attendance?

Sweete waters, coſtly ointments, pretious bathes, Let me haue all, for taſt, touch, ſmell, and ſight, All his ſiue ſenſes wee will feaſt this night.

Iup. 'Tis time to appeare, *Alcmena*:

Alcm. My deere Lord.

Gani. It workes, it workes, now for *Juno* to fet a Skold betweene them.

A banquet brought in.

Alcm. O may theſe armes that guarded *Thebes*
and vs,

Be euer thus my girdle, that in them
I may liue euer fafe, welcome *Amphitrio*
A banquet, lights, attendance ; good my Lord
Tell mee your warres diſcourſe.

Iup. Sit faire *Alcmena*.

Alcm. Procede my deareſt loue.

Iup. I as great Generall to the *Theban* King,
March't gainſt the *Teleboans* : who make head
And offer vs encounter : both our Armies
Are caſt in forme, well fronted, fleu'd and wing'd
Wee throw our vowes to heauen, the Trumpets
ſound,
The battels ſignall, now beginnes the incurſions,
The earth beneath our armed burdens groanes,
Shootes from each ſide reuerberat gainſt heauen,
With Arrowes and with Darts the aire growes
darke

And now confuſion ruffles, Heere the ſhoutes
Of Victors ſound, there groanes of death are
heard,

Slaughter on all ſides ; ſtill our eminent hand
Towers in the aire a victor, whiſt the enemy
Haue their deſpoyled helmets crown'd in duſt.
Wee ſtand, they fall, yet ſtill King *Ptelera*
Striues to make head, and with a freſh ſupply
Takes vp the mid-field : him *Amphitrio* fronts
With equall armes, wee the two Generals
Fight hand to hand, but *Ioue* omnipotent
Gaue me his life and head, which we to morrow
Muſt giue to King *Creon*.

Alcm. All my oriſons
Fought on your ſide, and with their powerfull weight,

Added vnto the ponder of your sword,
To make it heauy on the Burgonet
Of slaughtered *Ptelera*.

Iup. I for my reward,
Had by the Subiects of that conquered King
A golden cup presented, the choice boule
In which the slaughtered Tyrant vs'd to quaffe.
Socia.

Gan. My Lord.

Iup. The cup, see faire *Alcmena*.

Gani. This cup *Mercury* stole out of *Amphitrio*s
casket, but al's one as long as it is truely deliuered.

Alcm. In this rich boule I'le onely quaffe your
health,

Or vse, when to the Gods I sacrifice.
Is our chamber ready?

Iup. Gladly I'de to bed,
Where I will mix with kisses my discourse,
And tell the whole proiect.

Alcm. Mirth abound,
Through all these golden roofes let musicke sound,
To charme my Lord to soft and downy rest.

Iup. Come light vs to our sheetes.

Alcm. *Amphitrio*s head
Shall heere be pillowed, light's then and to bed.

Exeunt with Torches.

Gani. Alas poore *Amphitrio* I pittie thee that art
to be made cuckold against thy wiues will, she is
honest in her worst dishonesty and chaste in the super-
latiue degree of in chastity: but I am fet heere to
keepe the gate: now to my office.

Enter Socia with a letter.

Socia. Heere's a night of nights, I thinke the
Moone stands stil and all the Stars are a sleepe, he
that driues *Charles* wayne is taking a nap in his cart,
for they are all at a stand, this night hath bene as
long as two nights already, and I thinke 'tis now

entring on the third ; I am glad yet that out of this vtter darkenes I am come to see lights in my Ladies Pallace : there will be simple newes for her when I shall tell her my Lord is comming home.

Gani. 'Tis *Socia* and *Amphitrioes* man, sent before to tell his Lady of her husband, I must preuent him.

Socia. This night will neuer haue an end, he that hath hired a wench to lie with him all this night, hath time enough I thinke to take his peny worths, but I'll knocke.

Gan. I charge thee not to knock here least thou be knocked.

Socia. What not at my Maisters gate.

Gani. I charge thee once more, tell mee whose thou art ? whether thou goest, and wherefore thou comest ?

Socia. Hither I go, I serue my Maister, and come to speake with my Lady, what art thou the wiser ? nay, if thou beest a good fellow let me passe by thee.

Gani. Whom dost thou serue ?

Socia. I serue my Lord *Amphitrio*, and am sent in hast to my Lady *Alcmena*.

Gani. Thy name ?

Socia. *Socia*.

Gani. Base counterfeit take that, can you not be content to come sneaking to one's house in the night, to rob it, but you must likewise rob me of my name ?

Socia. Thy name, why, what's thy name ?

Gani. *Socia*.

Socia. *Socia*, and whom dost thou serue ?

Gani. My Lord *Amphitrio* chiefe of the *Theban* Legions, and my Lady *Alcmena*, but what's that to thee ?

Socia. Ha, ha, That's a good iest, but do you heare, If you be *Socia* my Lord *Amphitrioes* man, and my Lady *Alcmenaes*, Where dost thou lie.

Gani. Where do I lie? why in the Porters Lodge.

Socia. You are deceiu'd, you lie in your throate, there's but one *Socia* belongs to this house, and that am I.

Gani. Lie flaue, and wilt out-face mee from my name?

I'll use you like a your selfe a counterfeit, *Beats him.*
What art thou? speake?

Socia. I cannot tell.

Gani. Whom dost thou serue?

Socia. The time.

Gani. Thy name?

Socia. Nothing.

Gani. Thy businesse?

Socia. To bee beaten.

Gani. And what am I?

Socia. What you will.

Gani. Am not I *Socia*?

Socia. If you be not, I would you were so, to be beaten in my place.

Gani. I knew my L. had no seruant of that name but me.

Socia. Shall I speake a few coole words, and bar buffeting.

Gani. Speake freely.

Socia. You will not strike.

Gani. Say on.

Socia. I am the party you wot off, I am *Socia*, you may strike if you will, but in beating me (if you be *Socia*) I assure you, you shall but beate your selfe.

Gani. The fellowes mad.

Socia. Mad, am I not newly landed? sent hither by my Maister? Is not this our house? Do I not speake? Am I not awake? Am I not newly beaten? Do I not feele it still? And shall I doubt I am not my selfe? come, come, I'll in and doe my message.

Gani. Sirrah, I haue indured you with much impatience,

Wilt thou make me beleeeue I am not *Socia* ?
Was not our ships launcht out of the Perficke hauen ?
Did I not land this night ?

Haue we not won the Towne where K. *Ptelera*
raign'd ?

Haue we not orethrowne the *Teleboans* ?
Did not my Lord *Amphitrio* kill the King hand to
hand ?

And did hee not fend mee this night with a letter to
certify my Lady *Alcmena* of all these newes.

Socia. I beginne to mistrust my felfe, all this is as
true as if I had told it my felfe ; but Il'e try him
further : What did the *Teleboans* present my Lord with
after the victory.

Gani. With a golden cuppe in which the King
himselſe vs'd to quaffe.

Socia. Where did I put it.

Gani. That I know not, but I put it into a casket,
sign'd by my Lords Signet.

Socia. And what's the Signet ?

Gani. The Sun rising from the East in his Chariot,
But do you come to vndermine me you ſlaue ?

Socia. I muſt go ſeeke ſome other name, I am
halfe hang'd already, for my good name is loſt ; once
more reſolue me, if thou canſt tell me what I did
alone I will reſigne thee my name : if thou bee'ſt
Socia, when the battles began to ioine, as ſoone as
they beganne to skirmiſh, what didſt thou ?

Gani. As ſoone as they began to fight I began to
runne.

Socia. Whither ?

Gani. Into my Lords tent, and there hid mee
vnder a bed.

Socia. I am gone, I am gone, ſomebody for
charity ſake either lend mee or giue me a name, for
this I haue loſt by the way, and now I looke better
on he, me ; or I, hee ; as he hath got my name, hee
hath got my ſhape, countenance, ſtature, and euery
thing ſo right, that he can bee no other then I my

owne selfe ; but when I thinke that I am I, the same I euer was, know my Maister, his house, haue fence, feeling, and vnderstanding, know my message, my businesse, why should I not in to deliuer my letter to my Lady.

Gani. That letter is deliuered by my hand.
My Lady knowes all, and expects her Lord,
And I her seruant *Socia* am set heere
To keepe such idle raskals from the gate,
Then leaue mee, and by faire meanes, or I'll fend thee
leglesse, or armelesse hence.

Socia. Nay, thou hast rob'd me of enough already.
I would bee loath to loose my name and limbes both
in one night : where haue I miscaried ? where bene
chang'd ? Did I not leaue my selfe behind in the
ship when I came away, I'll euen backe to my
Maister and see if hee know mee, if hee know mee, if
he call me *Socia*, and will beare me out in't, I'll come
backe and do my message, spight of him saies nay,
Farewell selfe. *Exit.*

Gani. This obstacle, the father of more troubles
I haue put off, and kept him from disturbance
In their adulterate pastimes, faire *Alcmena*
Is great already by *Amphitrio*
And neere her time, and if shee proue by *Iupiter*
He by his power and God-hood will contract
Both births in one, to make her throwes the lesse :
And at one instant shee shall child two issues,
Begot by *Ioue* and by *Amphitrio*.
The house by this long charm'd by *Hermes* rod
Are stirring and *Ioue* glutt'd with delights,
Ready to take his leaue, through satiate
With amorous dalliance : parting's not so sweet
Betweene our louers, as when first they meet.

Enter Iupiter, Alcmena, and the seruants.

Iupit. My deereft loue fare-well, we Generals
Cannot be absent from our charges long :

I stole from th' Army to repose with thee,
And must before the Sunne mount to his Chariot,
Be there againe.

Alcm. My Lord, you come at midnight,
And you make haste too, to be gone ere morne,
You rise before your bed be throughly warme.

Iup. Fairest of our *Theban* Dames, accuse me not,
I left the charge of Souldiers to report
The fortune of our battailes first to thee :
Which should the camp know, they would lay on me
A grievous imputation, that the beauty
Of my faire wife, can with *Amphitrio* more
Then can the charge of legions. As my comming
Was secret and conceal'd, so my returne,
Which shall be short and sudden.

Alc. That I feare,
Better I had to keepe you beeing here.

Iup. Nay part we must sweet Lady, dry your
teares.

Alc. You'll make my minuts months, & daies
seeme yeares.

Iup. Your busineffe ere we part ?

Alc. Onely to pray
You will make haste, not be too long away.
Farewell.

Iup. Fare-well. Come *Ganimes*, 'tis done,
And faire *Alcmena* sped with a yong sonne. *Exit.*

Enter Amphitrio, Socia, two Captaines with attendants.

Amph. Oh Gentlemen, was euer man thus crost ?
So strangely flowted by an abiect groome ?
That either dreames, or's mad: one that speakes
nothing

Sauing impossibilities, and meerely
False and absurd. Thus thou art here, and there,
With me, at home, and at one instant both,
In vaine are these delirements, and to me
Most deeply incredible.

Socia. I am your owne, you may vse me as you please : One would thinke I had lost inough already, to loose my name, and shape, and now to loose your fauour too. Oh !

1. *Capt.* Fye *Socia*, you too much forget your selfe,
And 'tis beyond all sufferance in your Lord,
To vse no violent hand.

Socia. You may say what you will, but a truth is a truth.

2. *Capt.* But this is neither true nor probable,
That this one body can deuide it selfe,
And be in two set places. Fie, *Socia*. fie.

Socia. I tell you as it is.

Amph. Slaue of all slaues the basest : vrge me not,
Perfist in these absurdities, and I vow
To cut thy tongue out, haue thee scourg'd and
beaten,
Il'e haue thee flay'd.

Socia. You may so, you may as well take my skin
as another take my name and phifnomy : all goes one
way.

Amph. Tell ore thy tale againe, make it more
plaine.

Pray gentlemen your eares.

Socia. Then as I sayd before, so I say still : I am
at home ; do you heare ? I am heare : do you see ? I
spake with my Lady at home ; yet could not come in
at the gate to see her : I deliuered her your letter, and
yet haue it still in my hand. Is not this plaine ? do
you vnderstand me ? I am neither mad nor drunke,
but what I speake is in sober sadnesse.

1. *Cap.* Fie *Socia*, fie, thou art much, too much too
blame.

2. *Cap.* How dare you tempt your maisters patience
thus ?

Amph. Thinke not to scape thus : yet once more
resolue me

And faithfully : Do'st thou thinke it possible

Thou canst be here and there? Be sencible,
And tell me *Socia*.

Socia. 'Tis possible; nor blame I you to wonder:
for it maruels me as much as any heere: Nor did I
beleue that Hee, my owne selfe, that is at home, till
hee did conuince me with arguments, told me euery
thing I did at the siege, remembred my arrand better
than my selfe: Nor is water more like to water, nor
milke to milke, then that He and I are to me and
him: For when you sent me home about mid-
night——

Amph. What then?

Socia. I stood there to keepe the gate a great while
before I came at it.

Capt. The fellow's mad.

Socia. I am as you see.

Amph. He hath been strooke by some malevolent
hand.

Socia. Nay that's certaine: for I haue been soundly
beaten.

Amph. Who beat thee.

Socia. I my owne selfe that am at home, how oft
shall I tell you?

Amph. Sirrah, wee'l owe you this. Now gentle-
men

You that haue beene co-partners in our warres,
Shall now co-part our welcome: we will visite
Our beauteous wife; with whom (our businesse ended)
We haue leasure to conferre.

Enter Alcmena with her seruants and Mayd.

Alc. Haue you took down those hangings that
were plac'd
To entertaine my Lord?

1. *Seru*. Madame they are.

Alc. And is our priuate bed-chamber dis-roab'd
Of all her beauty? to looke ruinous,
Till my Lords presence shall repair't againe.

2. *Seru.* 'Tis done as you directed.

Alc. Euery chamber,
Office and roome, shall in his absence looke,
As if they mist their maister, and beare part
With mee in my resembled widow-hood.

3. *Seru.* That needs not madame : See my Lord's
return'd.

Alc. And made such haste to leaue me : I mis-
doubt
Some tricke in this : Is it distrust or feare
Of my prou'd vertue : value it at best,
'T can be no lesse then idle ieaiousie.

Amph. See bright *Alcmena*, with my suddenn greet-
ing,
Il'e rap her foule to heauen, and make her surfet
With ioyes abundance. Beauteous Lady see
Amphitrio return'd a Conquerour,
Glad to vnfold in his victorious armes
Thy nine-moneth absent body, whose ripe birth
Swels with such beauty in thy constant wombe.
How cheeres my Lady ?

Alc. So, so, wee'l do to her your kinde commends,
You may make bold to play vpon your friends.

Amph. Ha, what language call you this, that
seemes to me
Past vnderstanding ? I conceiue it not,
I reioyce to see you wife.

Alc. Yet shals haue more ?
You do but now, as you haue done before.
Pray flowt me still, and do your selfe that right,
To tell that ore you told me yester-night.

Amph. What yesternight ? *Alcmena* this your
greeting
Distastes me. I but now, now, with these gentlemen,
Landed at *Thebes*, and came to do my loue
To thee, before my duty to my King.
This strangeness much amazeth me.

Socia. We haue found one *Socia*, but we are like
to loose an *Amphitrio*.

Alc. Shall I be plaine my Lord? I take it ill,
That you, whom I receiu'd late yester-night,
Gauē you my freeſt welcome, feaſted you,
Lodg'd you, and but this morning, two houres ſince
Tooke leaue of you with teares, that your returne
So ſudden, ſhould be furniſht with ſuch ſcorne.

Amph. Gentlemen, I feare the madneſſe of my
man

Is fled into her braine, be theſe my witneſſe,
I am but newly landed : witneſſe theſe
With whom I haue not parted.

1. *Capt.* In this we needs muſt take our Generals
part,

And witneſſe of his ſide.

Alc. And bring you witneſſe to ſuggeſt your
wrongs,

Againſt you two I can oppoſe all theſe.

Receiu'd I not *Amphitrio* yester-night?

1. *Serv.* I aſſure you my Lord remember your
ſelfe, you were here yester-night.

All. 'Tis moſt certaine.

Amph. Theſe villaines all are by my wife ſuborn'd,
To ſeeke to mad me. Gentlemen pray liſt,

Wee'l giue this errour ſcope : Pray at what time

Gauē you me entertainement the laſt night?

Alc. As though you know not? Well, Il'e fit your
humor,

And tell you what you better know then I.

At mid-night.

Amph. At mid-night : Pray obſerue that Gentle-
men,

At mid-night we were in diſcourſe a boord

Of my Commiſſion.

2. *Capt.* I remember't well.

Amph. What did we then at mid-night?

Alc. Sate to banquet.

1. *Serv.* Where I waited.

2. *Serv.* So did we all.

Amph. And I was there at banquet.

3. *Scru.* Your Lordship's merry : do you make a question of that ?

Alc. At banquet you discourst the Inter-view
Betweene the *Theleboans* and your hoast.

Amph. 'Belike then you can tell vs our successe,
Ere we that are the first to bring these newes
Can vtter it.

Alc. Your Lordship's pleasant still.
The battailes ioynd, cries past on either side,
Long was the skirmish doubtfull, till the *Thebans*
Opprest the *Theleboans* : but the battaile
Was by the King renewed : who face to face
And hand to hand, met with *Amphitrio* :
You fought, and arme to arme in single combat,
Trod on his head a Victor.

Amph. How came you by this ?

Alc. As though you told it not.

Amph. Well then, after banquet ?

Alc. We kist, embrac'd, our chamber was made
ready.

Amph. And then ?

Alc. To bed we went.

Amph. And there ?

Alc. You slept in these my armes.

Amph. Strumpet, no more.
Madnesse and impudence contend in thee,
Which shall afflict me most.

Alc. Your iealousie
And this imposterous wrong, heapes on me iniuries
More then my sex can beare : you had best deny
The gift you gaue me too.

Amph. Oh heauen ! what gift ?

Alc. The golden Cup the *Theleboans* King
Vs'd still to quaffe in.

Amph. Indeed I had such purpose,
But that I keepe safe lock't. Shew me the bowle.

Alc. *Theffala* the standing cup *Amphitrio* gaue
me
Last night at banquet, ther's the key.

Theſſal. I ſhall.

1. *Capt.* My Lord, ther's much amazement in the opening of theſe ſtrange doubts, the more you ſeek to vnfold them, the more they puſle vs.

2. *Capt.* How came ſhe by the notice
And true recitall of the battailes fortune ?

Amph. That hath this villaine told her, on my life.

Soc. Not I, I diſclaime it, vnleſſe it were my tother ſelfe, I haue no hand in it.

Enter Theſſala with the cup.

Theſſal. Madame, the bowle.

Alc. Reſtor't *Amphitrio*,
I am not worthy to be truſted with it.

Amph. The forme, the mettall, and the grauing too.

'Tis ſomewhat ſtrange, *Socia*, the caſket ſtreight.

Socia. Here ſir.

Amph. What, is my ſignet ſafe ?

Soc. Vntouch't.

Amph. Then will I ſhew her ſtreight that bowle
The *Theleboans* gaue me. Wher's my key ?

Soc. Here ſir. This is the ſtrangeſt that ere I heard, I *Socia* haue begot another *Socia*, my Lord *Amphitrio* hath begot another *Amphitrio*. Now, if this golden bowle haue begot another golden bowle, we ſhall be all twin'd and doubled.

Amph. Behold an empty caſket.

Alc. This notwithstanding you deny your gift,
Our meeting, banquet and our ſportfull night,
Your mornings parting.

Amph. All theſe I deny
As falſe, and paſt all nature, yet this goblet
Breeds in me wonder, with the true report
Of our warres proiect : But I am my ſelfe
New landed with theſe Captaines, and my men,

Deny all banquets and affaires of bed,
Which thou shalt deerely anfwere.

Alc. Aske your seruants
If I mis-fay in ought.

1. *Seru.* My Lord, there is nothing said by my
Lady, but we are eye-witnesse of, and will iustifie on
our oathes.

Amph. And will you tempt me still ?
Socia, run to the ship, bring me the maister,
And he shall with these Captaines iustifie
On my behalfe, whilst I reuenge my selfe
On these falce seruants, that support their Lady
In her adulterous practise. Villaines, dogges.

1. *Capt.* Patience my Lord.

Amphitrio beats in his men. Exit.

Alc. Nay let him still proceed,
That hauing kild them, I may likewise bleed.
His frensie is my death, life I despise.
These are the fruits of idle iealousies.

Enter Iupiter.

Yonder he comes againe, so soon appeas'd,
And from his fury : I shall nere forget
This iniury, till I haue paid his debt.

Iupiter. What sad *Alcmena* ? Pre'thee pardon me,
'Twas but my humour, and I now am forry.
Nay whither turn'st thou ?

Alc. All the wit I haue,
I must expresse : borne to be made a slaue ;
I wonder you can hold your hands, not strike,
If I a strumpet be, and wrong your bed,
Why doth not your rude hand assault this head ?

Iup. Oh my sweet wife, of what I did in sport,
Condemne me not : If needs, then chide me for't.

Alc. Was it because I was last night to free
Of courteous dalliance, that you iniure me ?
Was I too lauish of my loue ? Next night

Feare not, Il'e keepe you short of your delight :
Il'e learne to keepe you off, and seeme more coy,
You shall no more swim in excesse of ioy,
Looke for't hereafter.

Iup. Punish me I pray.

Alc. Giue me my dower and Il'e be gone away :
Leaue you to your harsh humors, and base strife,
Onely the honour of a vertuous wife
Il'e beare along ; my other substance keepe :
For in a widowed bed Il'e henceforth sleepe.

Iup. By this right hand, which you *Amphitrio* owe,
My wrongs henceforth shall nere afflict you fo.
Speake, are we friends ? By this soft kisse I sweare,
No Lady liuing is to me like deare.
These nuptiall brawles oft-times more loue beget :
The rauishing pleasures, when last night we met
We will redouble. These hands shall not part
Till we be reconcil'd.

Alc. You haue my heart ;
Nor can my anger last.

Iup. Faire loue then smile,

Enter Blepharo and Socia.

And let our lips our hearts thus reconcile.

Bleph. Thou tel'st me wonders.

Socia. I assure you there are two *Socia's*, and for
ought I can heare, there are two *Amphitrio's* : we
were in hope to haue two golden bowles. Now if
your ship can get two maisters, you will be simply fur-
nish't to sea. But see my Lord and my Lady are
friends ; let vs be partakers of their reconciliation.

Bleph. Haile to the generall : you sent to me my
Lord.

Iup. True *Blepharo* :

But things are well made euen, and we attoned,
Your chiefeft businesse is to feast with vs.

Attend vs *Socia*. Faire *Alcmena* now

We are both one, combin'd by oath and vow. *Exeunt.*

Socia. Ther's musicke in this : If they feast Ile feast with them, and make my belly amends for all the blowes receiu'd vpon my backe.

Enter Ganimed.

Gan. *Iupiter* and *Alcmena* are entred at the backe gate, whil'st *Amphitrio* is beating his seruants out at the foregate. Als in vp-rore : I do but watch to see him out in the street, to shut the gates against him. But yonder is *Socia*, I'll passe by him without speaking.

Socia. I should haue seene your face when I haue look't my selfe in a glasse, your sweet phisnomy, should be of my acquaintance : I will not passe him without Conge. *They passe with many strange Conges.*

Enter Amphitrio, beating before him his seruants, the two Captaines, they meet with Ganimed.

Amph. Villaines, dogges, diuels.

1. *Capt.* Noble Generall.

Amph. These two wrongs are to indigne. *Socia* return'd ?

Where's *Blepharo* ?

Gan. I haue fought him aboard ; but he is in the City to see some of his friends, and will not returne till dinner. Now for a tricke to shut the gates vpon him. *Exit.*

Amph. Patience, if thou hast any power on earth,
Infuse it here, or I these hypocrites,
These base suggesters of their Ladies wrongs,
Shall to the death pursue.

2. *Capt.* Finde for their punishment
Some more deliberate season : sleepe vpon't,
And by an order more direct and plaine
Void of this strange confusion, censure them.

Amphi. Sir, you aduise well, I will qualify

This heate of rage : now I haue beate them forth
Let's in and see my wife, *Socia* stolne hence
And the gates shut, let's knocke.

Knockes, enter Ganimed aboue.

Gani. What Ruffin's that that knocks ? you thinke
belike the nailes of our dores are as sawcy as your
felfe, that they neede beating.

Amphi. *Socia* I am thy Lord *Amphitrio*.

Gani. You are a fooles head of your owne, are
you not ?

Amphi. Ruffin and foole.

Gani. Take coxcombe and asse along, if you bee
not satished.

Amphi. Do you condemne me now, pray Gentle-
men

Do me but right, haue I iust cause to rage ?
Can you that haue perfwaded mee to peace
Brooke this ? oh for some battering engine heere
To race my Pallace walles, or some iron Ramme
To plant against these gates.

Gani. Sirrah, I'll make you eate these words, stay
but till I come downe, I'll fend you thence with a
vengeance, I am now comming, looke to it, I'll
tickle you with your counterfeit companions there.

Exit.

1. *Cap.* This is too much, 'tis not to be indured.

Amphi. I wish of heauen to haue no longer life
then once more to behold him, hee shall pay for all
the rest.

2. *Bapt.* He promist to come downe.

Enter Socia and Blepharo.

1. *Capt.* And I thinke hee will, for harke, I heare
the gates open.

Amphi. Forbeare a little, note the villaines
humor.

Socia. Al's quiet within, I'll go helpe to fetch my

Lords stufte from ship, but fee, hee's out of the gates
before vs, which way came hee?

Bleph. Hee hath made hast.

Socia. I thinke he hath crept through the key-hole.

Amph. Nay, I'll be patient feare not, note my humor: *Socia.*

Socia. My Lord.

Amphi. My honest *Blepharo* I'll talke with you anone, my faithfull seruant, who past this house to you, that you haue power to keepe the Maister out? tell me, what know you by your faire Mistresse, that you call your Lord coxcombe and asse, (nay I am patient still) *Amphitrio*'s name is heere forgot, foole, ruffin are nothing, them I pardon, now you are downe, when do you beate me head-long from the gate, and these my counterfeit companions hence.

Socia. Who I, I, is your Lordship as wise as God might haue made you, I.

Amphi. You see we are here still, when doe you strike, what? not: Then I'll beginne with you.

Bleph. *Amphitrio.*

Socia. My Lord's mad, helpe Gentlemen.

Bleph. If you be Gentlemen and loue *Amphitrio*,
Or if you know me to be *Blepharo*
Your Maister that transported you by sea
Giue not this madnesse scope, vpon my credit
Socia is guiltlesse of this falce surmise.

Amphi. Is *Blepharo* turn'd mad too.

Bleph. Generall no,
It pitties me that left you late so milde
And in such peacefull conference with your wife
So suddenly to finde you lunaticke,
Pray helpe to bind him Gentlemen.

Amphi. So, so, am I abus'd or no, speake fellow
fouldiers.

1. *Cap.* Insufferable, and yet forbear your rage,
Breath, breath, vpon't and find some other leasure
These errors to determine.

Amphi. Well, I will.

*Enter Jupiter, Alcmena, Ganimed before all the
servants running fearefully.*

Socia. Yonder's my brother, my same selfe.

Bleph. Two *Socia's*, two *Amphitrio*es.

1. *Capt.* Coniuring, witch-craft.

Iup. Friends and my fellow souldiers, you haue
dealt

Vnfriendly with mee, to besiedge my house
With these exclames, to bring Imposters hither.
Is there no law in *Thebes*? will *Creon* suffer me
For all my seruice, to be iniur'd thus?

Amph. Bee'st thou infernall hagge, or fiend in-
carnate,
I coniure thee.

Iup. Friends, I appeale to you:
When haue you knowne me mad? when rage and
raue?

Shall my humanity and mildnesse thus
Be recompens't? to be out-brau'd, out-fac'd
By some deluding Fairy? To haue my seruants
Beat from my gates? my Generall house disturb'd,
My wife full growne, and groaning, ready now
To inuoke *Lucina*, to be check't and scorn'd?
Examine all my deedr, *Amphitrio*es mildnesse
Had neuer reference to this Iuglers rage.

1. *Capt.* Sure this is is the Generall, he was euer a
milde Gentleman: I'll follow him.

2. *Capt.* There can be but one *Amphitrio*, and this
appeares to be he by his noble carriage.

Bleph. This is that *Amphitrio* I conducted by
sea:

1. *Seru.* My Lord was neuer mad-man, This shall
be my maister.

All. And mine.

Alc. This is my husband.

Soc. Il'e euen make bold to go with the best.

Gan. Soft sir, the true *Socia* must goe with the true
Amphitrio.

Amph. Oh thou omnipotent thunder ! strike *Amphitrio*,
And free me from this labyrinth.

Iup. Gentlemen,
My house is free to you ; onely debar'd
These Counterfets : These gates that them exclude,
Stand open to you : Enter and taste our bounty,
Attend vs. 'Lasse poore *Amphitrio*,
I must confesse I do thee too much wrong,
To keep thee in these maze of doubts so long ;
Which here shall end : For *Iuno* I espy,
Who all our amorous pastimes fees from hye :
As she descends, so must I mount the spheares
To stop her, lest she thunder in our eares.

Exeunt all but Amphitrio and Socia.

Amph. What art thou ?

Soc. Nay, what art thou ?

Amph. I am not my selfe.

Soc. You would not beleeeue me when I sayd I was
not my selfe : why should I beleeeue you ?

Amph. Art thou *Socia* ?

Soc. That's more then I can resolue you : for the
world is growne so dangerous, a man dares scarce
make bold with his owne name ; but I am he was sent
with a letter to my Lady.

Amph. And I am he that sent thee with that
letter,

Yet dare not say I am *Amphitrio* ;
My wife, house, friends, my seruants all deny me.

Soc. You haue reason to loue me the better, since
none stickes to you but I.

Amph. Let all yon starry structure from his baffes
Shrinke to the earth, that the whole face of heauen
Falling vpon forlorne *Amphitrio*,
May like a marble monumentall stone,
Lye on me in my graue. Eternall sleepe
Cast a nocturnall filme before these eyes,
That they may nere more gaze vpon yon heauens,
That haue beheld my shame : or sleepe, or death

Command me shut these opticke windowes in :
My braine is coffin'd in a bed of lead,
'Tis cold and heauy ; be my pillow *Socia* :
For I must sleepe.

Soc. And so must I, pray make no noyse, for waking
me or my maister. *They sleepe.*

Iuno and Iris descend from the heauens.

Iuno. *Iris* away, I haue found th' adulterer now :
Since *Mercury* faire *Ioë's* keeper slew,
The hundred-eyed *Argus*, I haue none
To dogge and watch him when he leaues the
heauens.

No sooner did I misse him, but I fought
Heauen, sea, and earth : I brib'd the funne by day,
And starres by night ; but all their iealous eyes
He with thicke mists hath blinded, and so scap't.

Iris my Raine-bow threw her circle round,
If he had beene on earth, to haue clasp't him in,
And kept him in the circle of her armes
Till she had cal'd for *Iuno* : But her search
He soone deluded in his flye transf-shapes.
And till I saw here two *Amphitrioes*,
I had not once suspected him in *Thebes*.
Roab'd all in wrath, and clad in scarlet fury,
I come to be aueng'd vpon that strumpet
That durst presume to adulterate *Iunoës* bed.
Pull me from heauen (faire *Iris*) a blacke cloud,
From which Il'e fashion me a beldams shape,
And such a powerfull charme Il'e cast on her,
As that her bastard-brats shall nere be borne ;
But make her wombe their Tombes. *Iris* away.

Iris. I flye Madame.

Exit Iris.

Iuno. No, these are mortals, and not them I
seeke.

I feare me if he heare of me in *Thebes*,
He (with his Minion) streight will mount the heauens.
But let him seat him on the loftiest spire

Heauen hath : or place me in the lowest of hell,
 Il'e reach him with my clamours.

Socia. Hey-ho, now am I dream'd of a scold.

Enter Iris with a habit.

Iuno. But *Iris* is return'd : Rage, feast thy fill,
 Till I the mother fley, the bastards kill. *Exit Iuno.*

Thunder and lightning. All the seruants run out of the house affrighted, the two Captains and Blepharo, Amphitrio and Socia amazedly awake : Iupiter appeares in his glory vnder a Raine-bow, to whom they all kneele.

Iup. The Thunderer thunders, and the Lord of feare,
 Bids thee not feare at all *Amphitrio*.
Ioue, that against the *Theleboans* gaue thee
 The palme of Conquest, and hath crown'd thy browes
 With a victorious wreath, commands thy peace
 With faire *Alcmena*, she that neuer bosom'd
 Mortall, faue thee ; The errours of thy seruants
 Forbeare to punish, as forgot by vs,
 And finde vs to thy prayers propitious.
 Thy wife full growne, inuokes *Lucinaes* ayd :
 Send in to cheare her in her painefull throwes.
 Hers, and thy Orisons wee'l beare to heauen ;
 And they in all your greatest doubts and feares,
 Shall haue acceffe to our immortall eares.

Amph. *Ioue* is our patron, and his power our
 awe,
 His maiefty our wonder : will, our law.

Iup. Our Act thus ends, we would haue all things
 euen,
 Smile you on earth whilst we reioyce in heauen.

Actus 3.

Enter Homer one way, Iuno another.

Homer. Behold where Iuno comes, and with a spell
Shuts vp the wombe by which Ioues sonne must passe :
For whilst shee Crosse-leg'd sits (as old wiues tell,
And with clutch't hands) there is no way alas
For faire Alcmena's childing. All those wiues
That heare her painfull throwes, are in dispaire :
Yet in her wombe the Ioue-bred Issue strines :
Three dayes are past, her paines still greater are.
But note a womans wit, though Iuno smile.
A Beldams braine the Goddesse shall beguile.

Iuno. Ha, ha ! Now Ioue with thy omnipotence,
Make (if thou canst) way for thy bastards birth,
Whose passage I thus binde, and in this knot
Which till their deaths, shall neuer be dissolu'd,
I haue power to strangle all the charmes of hell.
Nor powers of heauen shall streight me, till the
deaths
Of yon adulteresse and her mechall brats.
Laugh Gods and men, sea, earth, and ayre make ioy,
That Iuno thus Alcmena can destroy.

Enter the Midwife, Galantis, with two or three other aged women.

Galan. Haue you obseru'd her to sit crosse-leg'd
euer since my Lady began her trauell ? I suspect witch-
craft, Il'e haue a tricke to rouze her.

Mid. No doubt but did she open her knees and
fingers, my Lady should haue safe deliuiery.

Gal. Trust to my wit, Il'e in & find a meanes to
startle her.

Beld. Note how the Beldame smiles, and in her
clutches

Strangles my Ladies birth : some friend remoue her.

Iuno. Ha, ha, he, their teares my griefes recure,
Thus I reuenge me of their deeds impure.

Enter Galantis merry.

Gal. Now *Ioue* be prais'd, and Ladies dry your
teares,
And gentle Madame come reioyce with vs.

Iuno. Why, what's the matter?

Gal. I cannot hold my ioy : thanks faire *Lucina*
Goddeffe of child-birth, *Ioue* and all be prais'd,
Alcmena is deliuered, brought to bed

Of a fine chopping boy. *Iuno riseth.*

Iuno. Is my spell faild ? how could I curse and
teare ?

Mid. The witch is rouz'd, in and see what
newes.

Gal. Stay, stay, Il'e go see what comfort's within :
for when I came out I left my poore Lady in midst of
all her torment.

Iuno. What edge of Steele, or Adamantine chaine,
Hath forc'd in two the vertue of my charme ?

Which Gods and diuels gaue vnite consent

To be infract ? Oh powerfull *Iupiter* !

I feare thy hand's in this.

Enter Galantis extreamely laughing.

Beld. How the witch stormes !

Iuno. What meanes the wretch to hold her sides
& laugh,
And still to point at me ? How now *Galantis* ?

Gal. That's my name indeed : (hold heart, hold)
you are a witch, are you ? you fat crosse-leg'd, did
you ? my Lady could not bee brought to bed, could
she ? And now *Gallantis* hath gul'd you, hath she ?

Iuno. The morrall.

Gal. Il'e tell thee ; I suspecing thy trechery to

my Lady, brought in counterfet newes she was brought to bed, which you (gooddy witch) no sooner heard, but rose vp ; & no sooner had you cast your armes abroad, but my Lady was deliuered of two goodly boyes, one like my Lord *Amphitrio*, but the other the braueſt chopping lad—laugh the beldam out of her skin, and then returne to comfort my Lady.

Excunt.

Iuno. Oh that we should be ſubieſt to the Fates !
And though being Gods, yet by their power be croſt.
Galantis, Il'e be firſt reueng'd on thee
For this deriſion, and tranſ-forme thy ſhape
To ſome fowle monſter, that ſhall beare thy name.
And are the baſtards borne? They haue paſt the
wombe,
They ſhall not paſſe the cradle. *Iris* Ho.

Enter Iris.

Iris. Madame.

Iuno. Fly into *Affricke*, from the mountaines
there

Chuſe me two venemous ſerpents, of the blood
That *Perſeus* dropt out of the Gorgons head
When on his winged horſe, with that new ſpoyle
He croſt the *Affricke* climate ; thou ſhalt know them
By their fell poyſon, and their fierce aſpect. When

Iris ?

Iris. I am gone.

Iuno. Haſte *Iris*, flye with expeditions wings,
Theſe brats ſhall dye by their inuenomed ſtings.

H O M E R.

*The iealous Goddeſſe in the Chamber throwes
The poyſonous ſerpents, who ſoone wound and kill
Yong Ipeſtetes, whom Amphitrio owes.
But Hercules, whom Ioue with power doth fill,
You firſt ſhall in his infant-cradle ſee,
Ere growne a man, famous for chiuallrie.*

The Nurfes bring yong Hercules in his Cradle, and leaue him. Enter Iuno and Iris with two fnakes, put them to the childe and depart : Hercules ftangles them : to them Amphitrio, admiring the accident.

*Hom. He that could in his cradle ferpents kill,
Will (being growne) the world with wonders fill.
Imagine him full growne, and nobly train'd
By King Eurifteus, the bold youth proclaimes
Paftimes of exercife, where he hath gain'd
Chiefe praife and palme in thefe Olimpicke games.
Them we muft next, as his firft grace prefent
With Iuno, to his fame maleuolent.*

Enter, after great fhouts and flourifhes, Iuno aud King Eurifteus.

Iuno. Harke, harke *Eurifteus*, how the yelling throats
Of the rude rabble, deifie his praife :
Their lofty clamours, and their shrill applaufes
Strike 'gainft the cleare and azure floores of heauen,
And thence againft the earth reuerberate,
That *Iuno* can nor refte aboue nor here,
But ftill his honours clangor ftrikes mine eare.

Eurift. Patience celeftiall Goddeffe, as I wifh
Your powerfull aidance when I need it moft,
So for your fake I will impofe him dangers,
Such and fo great, that without *Ioues* owne hand,
He fhall not haue the power to fcatteer them.

Iuno. If neither tyrants, monfters, fauages,
Giants nor hell-hounds, can the baftard quell ;
Let him be pafht, ftab'd, ftangled, poisoned,
Or murdered fleeping. Harke *Eurifteus* ftill

fhouts within.
How their wide throates his high applaufes shrill.

Eur. Th' earth fhall not breed a monfter, nor the heauens

Threaten a danger shall not taske his life.

Iuno. Thou chim'st me spheare-like musicke, I
haue rouz'd

A monstrous Lyon, that doth range these woods :
My deere *Euristeus*, make him tugge with him. *shouts.*
Still doth his praise make the heauen resound ;
Farewell *Euristeus*, Il'e not see him crown'd.

Exit Iuno.

*Enter the Kings of Greece to Euristeus, with Garlands,
Hercules, Theseus, Perithous, Philoctetes, with
others from the games of Olimpus.*

1. *King.* These honoured pastimes on *Olimpus*
mount,

Begun by thee the *Theban Hercules*,
Shall last beyond all time and memory.
Thou art vnpeer'd, all *Greece* resounds thy praise,
And crowne thy worth with these greene wreaths of
Baies.

Herc. More deere to me then the best golden
Arch

That ere crown'd Monarkes brow, we haue begun
In pastimes, wee'le proceed to acts more dreadfull,
To expresse our power and hardiment :
Though by your sufferage, we haue best deseru'd ;
Yet merit we not all, these *Grecian* Princes,
Although degree'd below vs, did excell,
Though not as best, receiue as those did well.

Theseus, Perithous, Philoctetes, take
Your valours meeds, your praises lowd did sound,
Then each one take from *Hercules* a crowne.

Thef. Braue *Theban* youth, no lesse then *Ioues*
owne son,

Giue *Theseus* leaue both to admire and loue thee :
Lets henceforth haue one foule.

Herc. *Theseus* commands the heart of *Hercules*,
And all my deeds, next *Ioue* omnipotent,
Il'e consecrate to thee and to thy loue.

Perith. Though all vnworthy to be stil'd the friend
Of great *Alcides*, giue *Perithous* leaue
To do thee honour, and admire thy worth.

Philost. That *Philoctetes* begges of *Hercules*.
Thy curtesie equals thy actiue power :
And thou in both art chiefe and patterneleffe.

Herc. We prize you as the deereft gemmes of
Greece,
And all the honours of *Alcmenaes* sonne
You shall partake, whil't these braue *Argiue* Kings,
That rang vs plaudits for the *Olimpique* games,
Shall clap our triumphes 'gainst the dreadful't mon-
sters
Heauen can fend downe, or deepe *Auerne* belch
forth.

As for the earth-bred monsters, we haue power
Infus'd by *Ioue*, to calme their insolence.
Nor will we cease, till we haue purchas'd vs
The name of *Tyrant-tamer* through the world.

Eurist. It glads *Euristeus* to be made so happy
As to be Tutor to this noble youth.
Thou hast (witnesse *Olimpus*) prou'd thy selfe
The swiftest, actiu'st, ablest, strongest, conning'st
In shaft or dart ; which when thy step-dame *Iuno*
Shall vnderstand how much thou do'st excell,
As 'twill please *Ioue*, it will content her well.

Herc. May we renowne *Euristeus* by our fame,
As we shall striue to please that heauenly dame.

Eur. Set on then Princes to the further honours
Of this bold *Theban* : may he still proceed
To crowne great *Greece* with many a noble deed.

Enter a Herdsman wounded.

Thef. Stay Lords : what meanes this Tragicke
spectacle ?

Herdsf. If *Greece*, that whilome was esteem'd the
spring

Of valor, and the well of chivalry,
Can yeeld an army of resolu'd spirits,
Must'ring them all against one dreadfull beast,
That keeps the forrests and the woods in awe :
Commands the Cleonean continent,
Vnpeoples townes ; And if not interdicted,
In time will make all *Greece* a wildernesse.

Herc. Heardsman, thou hast exprest a monstrous
beast,

Worthy the taske of *Ioue-borne Hercules*.

What is the fauadge ? speake.

Herd. Whether some God,
With *Greece* offended, sends him as a murreine,
To strike our heards ; or as a worser plague,
Your people to destroy : But a fierce Lyon
Liues in the neighbour forrest, preying there
On man and beast, not satisfied with both.
Ten Heardsmen of my traine at once he slew,
And me thus wounded ; yet his maw vnstaunch't,
He still the thicke *Nemean* groues doth stray,
As if the world were not sufficient pray.

Eurist. This Lyon were a taske worthy *Ioues*
sonne,

Oh free vs from this feare great *Hercules*.

Herc. If he be den'd, Il'e rouze the monstrous
beast ;

If seeking prey, Il'e chace him through the groues,
And hauing ouer-run the fugitiue,
Dare him to single warre : It fits *Ioues* sonne
Wrestle with Lyons, and to tugge with Beares,
Grapple with Dragons, and incounter Whales.
Be he (as *Ioues* owne shield) invulnerable,
Or be his breast hoop't in with ribbes of brasse,
Be his teeth raser'd, and his talions keene,
Sending at euery blow, fire from his bones,
Yet I ere night will case me in his skin.

'This is a sport——

About th' *Olimpiads* ; we will hunt to day
Yon fierce *Nemean* terror, as a game

Becomming *Hercules*. Winde hornes, away :
 For now a generall hunting we proclaime,
 Follow vs Princes, you that loue the game. *Exeunt.*

Wind hornes. Enter Iuno and Iris aboue in a cloud.

Iuno. Yon cheerefull noyse of hunting tels mine
 eare
 Hee's in the Chace : Redouble Ire on Ire,
 And teare the bastard *Theban* limbe from limbe.
 Where art thou *Iris* ? tell me from the cloud,
 Where I haue plac'd thee to behold the Chace.

Iris aloft. Great *Hercules*
 Pursues him through the medowes, mountaines, rockes.

Iuno. And flies the fauadge ? will he not turne
 head,
 Knowing his skin (faue by *Ioues* Thunderbolt)
 Not to be pierc'd ? base trembling coward beast.

Iris. Now doth the Lyon turne 'gainst *Hercules*
 With violent fury : 'lasse poore *Hercules*.

Iuno. Gramercy *Iris*, I will crowne thy brow
 With a new case of starres, for these good newes.

shouts within.

Iris. Oh ! well done *Hercules*.
 He shakes him from his shoulders like a feather.
 And hurles the Lyon flat : The beast againe
 Leaps to his throat ; *Alcides* grapples with him.
 The Lyon now : Now *Hercules* againe.
 And now the beast ; me thinkes the combat's euen.

Iuno. Not yet destroyd ? *shouts within.*

Iris. Well wraffled *Hercules* :
 He gaue the monstrous Lyon such a fall,
 As if a mountaine should ore-whelme withall.
 Aboue him still : he chokes him with his gripes,
 And with his ponderous buffets stownds the beast.

Iuno. Thus is my sorrow, and his fame increast.

Iris. Now he hath strangled him.

Iuno. *Iris* discend.
 But though this faile, Il'e other dangers store,

My Lyon slaine, I will prouide a Boare.

Enter to them at one doore, Euristeus, and the Kings of Greece: at the other Hercules, with the Lyons head and skinne, Theseus, Perithous, Philoctetes.

Herc. Thus *Hercules* begins his *Iouiall* taskes:
The horrid beast I haue torne out of his skin,
And the *Nemean* terror naked lyes,
Despoyl'd of his inuinc'd coat of Armes.

Iuno. This head (O wer't the head of *Hercules*)
Doth grace *Alcides* shoulders, and me thinkes,
Deck'd in these spoiles, thou dar'st the God of
Armes.

Herc. To you great *Iuno*, doth *Alcmena's* sonne
His high laborious valour dedicate.
You might haue heard the Lyon roare to heauen;
Euen to the high tribunall in the Spheares,
Where you sit crown'd in starres. We fac'd the
beast,
And when he fixt his tallons in our flesh,
We catch't the monster in our manly gripes,
And made him thrice breake hold. Long did we
tugge
For eminence: but when we prou'd his skin
To be wound-free, not to be pierc'd with Steele,
We tooke the sauadge monster by the throat,
And with our sinowy puissance strangled him.

Eurist. *Alcides* honours *Thebes*, and fames whole
Greece.

Herc. There shall not breath a monster here
vnawed,
We shall the world affoord a wonderment,
Vnparalel'd by *Theban Hercules*.
This Lyons case shall on our shoulders hang,
Wee'l arme our body with th'vnvulner'd skin;
And with this massy Club all monsters dare:
And these shall like a bloody meteor shew

More dreadfull then *Orions* flaming lockes,
T'affright the Gyants that oppresse the earth.

Eur. Let *Hercules* meane time abide with vs,
Till King *Euristeus* mew atchieuements finde,
Worthy his valour.

Thef. Honour me great Prince,
To grace my friend *Perithous*, and his ayd,
To be at their high spowfals.

Perith. *Avpodamia*.
Shall in this suit assist *Perithous*,
With vs the *Lapithes*, the *Centaurs* meete,
Those whom *Ixion* got vpon a cloud.
They liue amongst the groues of *Theffaly*,
And in their double shapes will grace our feast.

Herc. *Perithous*, we will meet the *Centaurs* there,
And quaffe with them to *Hypodamia's* health.
But wherefore stands bright *Iuno* discontent?

Iuno. Oh blame me not, an vncoth fauadge
Boare

Deuasts the fertill plaines of *Theffaly*:
And when the people come to implore our ayd,
Their liues no mortall that dare vndertake
To combat him; The rough *Nemean* Lyon
Was milde to this: he plowes the forrests vp,
His snowy foame he scatters ore the hils,
And in his course or-turnes the *Dordan* okes:
Oh let him dye by mighty *Hercules*.

Herc. Eternall Goddesse, were his sharpned
teeth

More dreadfull then the phangs of *Cerberus*,
Or were his bristled-hide *Ioues* Thunder prooffe,
Were his head brasfe, or his breast doubly plated
With'best *Vulcanian* armour *Lemnos* yeelds;
Yet shall his braines rattle beneath my Club.
The *Eremanthian* forrest where he den's,
Shall quake with terrour when we beat the beast:
And when we cast his backe against the earth,
The ground shall groane and reele with as much
terror

As when the Gyant *Typhon* shakes the earth.

Juno. Oh may'st thou liue the *Theban* Conquerour.
(Dye by the fury of that fauadge fwine,
And with thy carkasse glut his rauenuous maw).

Herc. *Perithous*, I will bring thee to thy Bridals
This huge wilde fwine, to feaft the Centaurs with,
Diana's wrath shall be *Alcides* dish,
Which hee'l present to *Hypodamia*.
Theseus and *Philoctetes*, you comfort
Perithous, and assist the *Laypthes*
In these high preparations: We will take
The *Eremanthian* forrest in our way.
Let's part, and sacred Goddesse wish vs well
In our atchieuements.

Juno. To be damn'd in hell.

Exeunt.

*Enter Ceres and Proserpine attired like the Moone, with
a company of Swaines, and country Wenches:*

They sing.

Song. With faire Ceres Queene of graine
The reaped fields we rome, rome, rome,
Each Countrey Peasant, Nymph and Swaine
Sing their haruest home, home, home:
Whilst the Queene of plenty hallowes
Growing fields as well as fallowes.

Eccho double all our Layes,
Make the Champions found, found, found
To the Queene of haruest praise,
That sowes and reapes our ground, ground,
ground.
Ceres Queene of plenty hallowes
Growing fields as well as fallowes.

Ceres. As we are Ceres, Queene of all fertility,
The earthes sister, Aunt to highest *Jupiter*,

And mother to this beauteous childe the Moone,
 So will we bleſſe your harueſts, crowne your fields
 With plenty and increaſe : your bearded eares
 Shall make their golden ſtalkeſ of wheat to bend
 Below their laden riches : with full ſickles
 You ſhall receiue the vſury of their ſeeds.
 Your fallowes and your gleabes our ſelfe will till
 From euery furrow that your plow-ſhares raze
 Vpon the plenteous earth, our ſiſters breaſt,
 You ſhall caſt vp aboundance for your gratitude
 To *Ceres* and the chaſte *Proſerpina*.

Prof. Whil'ſt with theſe ſwaines my mother merry-
 makes,
 And from their hands eates cakes of neweſt wheate,
 The firſtlings of their vowed ſacrifice,
 Leaue me behinde to make me various garlands
 Of all the choyceſt flowers theſe medowes yeeld,
 To decke my browes, and keepe my face from
 ſcorches
 Of *Phœbus* raies.

Ceres. That done returne to vs,
 Vnto our Temple, where wee'le feaſt theſe ſwaines.

Proſerp. No ſooner ſhall faire *Flora* crowme my
 temples,
 But I your offerings will participate.

Ceres. Now that the heauens and earth are both
 appeas'd
 And the huge Giants that aſſaulted *Ioue*,
 Are ſlaughtered by the hand of *Iupiter* ;
 We haue leaſure to attend our harmeleſſe ſwaines :
 Set on then to our Rurall ceremonies. *Exeunt ſinging.*

*Tempeſts hence, hence winds and hailes,
 Tares, cockle, rotten ſhowers, ſhowers, ſhowers,
 Our ſong ſhall keep time with our ſlailes,
 When Ceres ſings, none lowers, lowers,
 lowers.*

*She it is whoſe God-hood hallowes
 Growing fields as well as fallowes.*

Profer. Oh! may these medowes euer barren be,
 That yeeld of flowers no more variety.
 Here neither is the white nor sanguine Rose,
 The Straw-berry flower, the Paunce nor Violet:
 Me thinkes I haue too poore a medow chose,
 Going to begge, I am with a begger met
 That wants as much as I: I should do ill
 To take from them that need. Here grow no more,
 Then serue thine owne despoyled breast to fill,
 The meades I rob, shall yeeld me greater store.
 Thy flowers thou canst not spare, thy bosome lend,
 On which to rest whil'st *Phæbus* doth transcend.
She lyes downe.

Thunder. Enter Pluto, his Chariot drawne in by
Diuels.

Pluto. What hurly-burly hath beene late in heauen
 Against our brother *Ioue* omnipotent?
 The Gyants haue made warre: great *Briareus*
 Whose hundred hands, a hundred swords at once
 Haue brandish't against heauen, is topsie turn'd,
 And tumbled headlong from th'Olimpicke Towers.
 But big-limb'd *Typhon*, that assaulted most,
 And hurl'd huge mountaines 'gainst heauens christall
 gates
 To shatter them, wraffled with *Ioue* himselfe:
 Whose heeles tript vp, kick't 'gainst the firmament,
 And falling on his backe, spread thousand acres
 Of the affrighted earth, astonish't *Iupiter*,
 Lest he should rise to make new vp-rores there,
 On his right hand the mount *Pelorus* hurle:
 Vpon his left spacious *Pachinne* lyes,
 And on his legges, the land of *Liliby*:
 His head the ponderous mountaine *Ætna* crownes,
 From which the Gyant breathes infernall fires:
 And struggling to be freed from all these weights,
 Makes (as he moues) huge earth-quakes that shake
 th'earth

And make our kingdoms tremble. Frighted thence,
 We haue made ascent to take a free suruey
 Whether the worlds foundations be still firme ;
 Lest being cranied, through these concaue cliffes,
 The Sunne and starres may shine, to lighten hell.
 Al's found, we haue strooke th'earths baffes with our
 mace,

And found the Center firme : Our Iron Chariot
 That from his shod wheelles rusty darknesse flings,
 Hath with our weight, prou'd mountaines, dales and
 rocks,

And found them no where hollow ; All being well,
 Wee'l cleaue the earth, and sinke againe to hell.

Profer. *Ceres*, oh helpe me father *Iupiter*,
 Yon vgly shape affrights me.

Pluto. Ha, what's the matter ?
 Who breath'd that well-tun'd shriek, sweet shape,
 bright beauty, *Pluto's* heart was neuer soft till now.
 Faire mortall.

Profer. Hence foule fiend.

Pluto. By *Lethe*, *Styx*, *Cocytus*, *Acheron*,
 And all the terrors our blacke Region yeelds,
 I see and loue, and at one instant both.
 Kisse me.

Profer. Out on thee Hell-hound.

Pluto. What are you, beauteous Goddesse ?

Profer. Nothing. Oh !
 Helpe mother, father, *Ceres*, *Iupiter*.

Pluto. Be what thou canst, thou now art *Pluto's*
 rape,
 And shalt with me to *Orcus*.

Profer. Clawes off *Diuell*.

Pluto. Fetch from my sifter *Night* a cloud of dark-
 nesse

To roabe me in, in that Il'e hide this beauty
 From Gods and mortals, till I sinke to hell.
 Nay, you shall mount my Chariot.

Prof. *Ceres*, *Ioue*.

Pluto. *Ceres* nor *Ioue*, nor all the Gods aboue

Shall rob me this rich purchase. Yoake my stallions
That from their nostrils breath infernall fumes :
And when they gallop through these vpper worlds,
With fogges choake *Phæbus*, chace the starres from
heauen,

And while my Ebon Chariot ore the rocks,
Clatters his Iron wheelles, make a noyse more
hideous

Then *Panompheus* thunder.

Prof. Helpe heauen, helpe earth.

Pluto. Cleaue earth, and when I flampe vpon thy
breast

Sinke me, my brasse-shod wagon, and my selfe,
My Coach-steeds, and their traces altogether
Ore head and eares in Styx.

Profer. You Gods, you men.

Pluto. Eternall darkenesse claspe me where I dwell
Sauing these eyes, wee'le haue no light in hell. *Exit.*

Enter Ceres.

Ceres. Where is my faire and louely *Proserpine* ?
The feast is done, and she not yet return'd :
Speake *Ioues* faire daughter, whither art thou straid ?
I haue fought the medowes, gleabes, and new-reap't
fields,

Yet cannot finde my childe. Her scattered flowers,
And garland halfe made vp, I haue light vpon,
But her I cannot spy. Behold the trace
Of some strange wagon, that hath scotch't the fields,
And sing'd the grasse : these routes the funne nere
fear'd.

Where art thou loue ? where art thou *Proserpine* ?
Hath not thy father *Ioue* snatch't thee to heauen
Vpon his Eagle ? I will search the spheares
But I will finde thee out : swift *Mercury*,
Ioues sonne, and *Mayas* ; speake, speake from the
clouds,

And tell me if my daughter be aboue.

Mercury flies from aboue.

Mer. Thy clamours (*Ceres*) haue ascent through
 heauen ;
 Which when I heard, as swift as lightning
 I search't the regions of the vpper world,
 And euery place aboue the firmament.
 I haue past the planets, soar'd quite through the
 spheares ;
 I haue crost the Articke and Antarkicke poles.
 Hot *Cancer*, and cold *Arctos* I haue search't,
 Past th' Hyperboreans, and th' Solsticies,
 The Tropiques, Zones, Signes, Zeniths, Circles, Lines,
 Yet no where can I finde faire *Proserpine*.

Exit Mercury.

Ceres. If not in heauen, Il'e next inquire the
 earth,
 And to the place where old *Oceanus*
 Layes his hoare head in *Amphitrites* lap :
 Il'e trauell till I finde my girle.
 Assist me gracious *Neptune* in my search ;
 And *Tryton*, thou that on thy shelly Trumpet,
 Summons the Sea-gods, answer from the depth,
 If thou hast seene or heard of *Proserpine*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tryton with his Trumpe, as from the sea.

Tryt. On *Neptunes* Sea-horse with my concaue
 Trumpe,
 Through all th' Abyffe, I haue shril'd thy daughters
 losse.
 The channels cloath'd in waters, the low citties,
 In which the water-Nymphes, and Sea-gods dwell,
 I haue perus'd ; fought through whole woods and
 forrests
 Of leauelesse Corrall planted in the deepes,
 Toft vp the beds of Pearle, rous'd vp huge Whales,
 And sterne Sea-monsters from their rocky dennes,
 Those bottomes, bottomlesse shallowes and shelues :

And all those currents where th' earths springs breake
in,

Those plaines where *Neptune* feeds his Porpoſes,
Sea-morſes, Seales, and all his cattell else.

Through all our ebbes and Tides my Trump hath
blaz'd her,

Yet can no cauerne ſhew me *Proſerpine*. *Exit Tryton.*

Ceres. If heauen nor ſea, then ſearch thy boſome
earth,

Faire ſiſter *Earth*, for all theſe beauteous fields
Spread ore thy breſt ; for all theſe fertill croppes,
With which my plenty hath enrich't thy boſome,
For all thoſe rich and pleaſant wreathes of graine
With which ſo oft thy Temples I haue crown'd :
For all the yearely liueries and freſh robes
Vpon thy ſommer beauty I beſlow,
Shew me my childe.

Earth riſeth from vnder the ſlage.

Earth. Not in reuenge faire *Ceres*
That your remorſleſſe plowes haue rak't my breſt,
Nor that your Iron-tooth'd harrowes print my face
So full of wrinkles, that you digge my ſides
For marle and ſoyle, and make me bleed my ſprings
Through all my open'd veines, to weaken me ;
Do I conceale your daughter : I haue ſpread
My armes from ſea to ſea, look't ore my mountaines,
Examin'd all my paſtures, groues, and plaines,
Marſhes and wowlds, my woods and Champian fields,
My dennes and caues ; and yet from foot to head
I haue no place on which the Moone doth tread.

Earth ſinkes.

Ceres. Then *Earth* thou haſt loſt her : and for

Proſerpine

Il'e ſtrike thee with a laſting barrenneſſe.
No more ſhall plenty crowne thy fertill browes,
Il'e breake thy plowes, thy Oxen murren-ſtrike :
With Idle agues Il'e conſume thy ſwaines,

Sow tares and cockles in thy lands of wheat,
 Whose spykes the weed and cooch-graffe shall out-
 grow,
 And choke it in the blade. The rotten showers
 Shall drowne thy feed, which the hote funne shall
 parch,
 Or mill-dewes rot ; and what remains shall be
 A prey to rauenous birds. Oh *Proserpine* !
 You Gods that dwell aboue, and you below,
 Both of the woods and gardens, riuers, brookes,
 Fountaines and wels, some one among you all
 Shew me her selfe or graue, to you I call.

The riuier Arethusa riseth from the flage.

Areth. That can the riuier *Arethusa* do,
 My streames you know faire Goddesse, issue forth
 From Tartary, by the Tenarian Isles :
 My head's in Hell, where Stygian *Pluto* reignes,
 There did I see the louely *Proserpine*,
 Whom *Pluto* hath rap't hence ; behold her girdle,
 Which by the way dropt from her beauteous waste,
 And scattered in my streames. Faire Queene adue,
 Crowne you my banks with flowers, as I tell true.

Exit Are.

Ceres. Hath that infernall monster stolne my
 childe ?

Il'e mount the spheares, and there solicite *Ioue*,
 To inuade the Stygian kingdomes, to redeeme
 My rauish't daughter. If the Gods deny
 That grace to *Ceres*, Il'e inuoke the helpe
 Of some bold mortall : noble *Hercules*,
 Who with his Club shall rouze th' infernall King,
 Dragge out the furies with their fnaky lockes,
 Strangle hels Iudges in their scarlet robes,
 And bring a double terrour to the damn'd.
 Of Gods and Men I will inuoke the aides
 To free my childe from those infernall shades.

Enter Hercules, Theseus, Perithous, Philoctetes, Hypodamia, the Centaurs, Neffus, Euritus, Chiron, Cillarus, Antimachus, Hippafus. At a banquet.

Herc. To grace thy feast faire *Hypodamia*,
The Eremanthian forrest we haue rob'd
Of that huge Boare : you Centaurs doubly shap't,
Feed with *Alcides* on that monstrous swine,
That hath deuour'd so many Swaynes and Heard.

Thes. Take *Theseus* welcome for *Perithous* sake,
And sit with vs faire Princes, take your place
Next you *Alcides* ; then the Centaurs round.

Antimac. Now by *Ixion*, that our grand-fire was,
That dar'd to kisse the mighty thunderers wife,
And did not feare to cuckold *Iupiter*,
Thou dost the Centaur's honour.

Neff. Let's quaffe the brides health in the bloud of
grapes,

Wine begets mirth, and mirth becomes a bridall.

Perith. Fill then for *Neffus* and *Antimachus*,
Let *Euritus* and *Chiron* pledge it round.

Eur. Fill to vs all, euen till these empty bowles
Turne vp their bottomes 'gainst the face of heauen.

Chi. Off shall all this to *Hypodamia's* health,
The beauteous bride : wil't pledge it *Hercules*?

Herc. Yes, were it deeper then the golden cup
Ioue quaffes in from the hand of *Ganimed*.

Silanthus, Hippafus, and Cillarus,
To the faire Princeesse of the *Lapythes*.

Anti. Shee's faire indeed, I loue her : wine and
loue

Adde fire to fire. To *Philoctetes* this.

Phi. 'Tis welcome *Hippafus*. Here *Cillarus*.

Cil. Faire *Hypodamia's* of the Centaurs brood,
Great *Bistus* daughter, neere ally'd to vs,
Il'e take her health.

Perith. Gramercy *Cillarus* :
Il'e do the like to faire *Philonome*,
Thy sweet She-Centaur.

Cil. Double this to her.

Hyp. Crowne all your healths with mirth, let ioyes abound

And to *Philonome* let this go round.

Anti. Gramercies, 'lasse my braine begins to fwim,
I haue an appetite to kisse the bride,
I and I will.

Theff. What meanes *Antimachus* ?

Anti. Kisse *Hypodamia*, I and——

Thef. That's too much,

And more then any of the Centaurs dare.

Cil. Why ? who should hinder him ?

Thef. That *Theseus* will.

Anti. Ha, ha, haue I from the fierce Lyon torne
her whelp ?

Brought from the forrests she-Beaes in my armes ?
And dandled them like infants ? plaid with them,
And shall I not then dare to kisse the bride ?

Herc. Audacious Centaur, do but touch her
skirt,

Prophane that garment *Hymen* hath put on ;
Or with thy hideous shape once neere her cheekes,
Il'e lay so huge a ponder on thy skull,
As if the basses of the heauen should shrinke,
And whelme ore thee the marble firmament.

Anti. That will I try.

Cil. Assist *Antimachus*.

*A confused fray with stooles, cups & bowles,
the Centaurs are beaten.*

Peri. Rescue for *Hypodamia*.

Chi. Downe with the *Lapythes*.

Neff. Downe with *Hercules*.

Herc. You cloud-bred race, *Alcides* here will stand
To plague you all with his high *Iouiall* hand.

Alarme. Enter *Iuno*, with all the Centaurs.

Iuno. And shrinkes *Ixions* race ? durst he aspire
To our celestiall bed ? though for his boldnesse

He now be tortured with the wheele in hell ?
 And dare not you withstand base *Hercules* ?
 Currage braue *Hyppo-Centaurs*, let the bastard
 Be hew'd and mangled with our conquering arme.
 Renue the fight, make the Theſſalian fields
 Thunder beneath your hoofes, whiſt they imprint
 Vpon the earth, deepe ſemi-circled moones.
 Let all your arm'd race gallop from the hils,
 To inure the faint deieſted *Lapithes*.
 Tis *Iuno*, whom your tortur'd grand-fire lou'd,
 Bids you to Armes : liſt vp your weapons hye
 And in their fall may great *Alcides* dye.

Antimac. Our grand-fires wheelles cracke all that
 Centaurs bones,
 That flies when *Iuno* giues incouragement.
Chirus, Latreus, Neſſus, Euritus,
 And all our race firſt tumbled in the clouds
 That crown'd the mountaine toppes of *Theſſaly*,
 Make head againe, follow *Antimachus*,
 Whoſe braine through heated with the fumes of wine
 Burnes with the loue of *Hypodamia*.
Theſeus, Perithous, and Alcides, all
 Shall in this fury by the Centaurs fall.

Alarme. Enter to them *Hercules, Theſeus, Perithous,*
and Philoctetes.

Herc. Behold the luſt-burn'd and wine-heated
 monſters
 Once more make head ; wee'l paſh them with our
 club.
 This Centaure-match, it ſhall in ages,
 And times to come, renowne great *Hercules*.
 Vpon them, when we parlee with our foes :
 Tongues peace : for we breake ſilence with our blowes.

Alarme. They fight, the Centaurs are all diſperſt and
 ſlaine. Enter with victory, *Hercules, Theſeus,*
Perithous, Philoctetes, Hypodamia, and others.

Herc. Let *Theſſaly* reſound *Alcides* praiſe,

And all the two-shap't Centaurs that suruiue,
 Quake when they heare the name of *Hercules*.
 Were these *Theffalian* monsters bred at first
 By *Saturne* and *Philiris*, as some say,
 When in equinall shape she was deflour'd ?
 Or when *Ixion*, snatcht to heauen by *Ioue*,
 And feasted in the hye Olympicke hall,
 He sought to strumpet *Iuno* ? The heauens Queene
 Transform'd a cloud to her celestiaall shape,
 Of which he got the Centaurs. Be they bred
 Of earth or vapour, their hote fiery braines
 Are now dispurpled by *Alcides* Club,
 And in their deaths renowne the *Lapythes*.

Thef. *Ioues* sonne was borne a terrour to the
 world,

To awe the tyrants that oppresse and sway.

Perith. But most indebt to thee *Perithous* is,
 That hast restor'd a virgin and a bride,
 Pure and vntouch't to sleep in these my armes.

Hypoda. My tongue shall found the praise of *Hercules*.

My heart imbrace his loue.

Herc. Oh had bright *Iuno*

My louing step-dame, seated in the clouds,
 Beheld me pass the Centaurs with my club,
 It would haue fild her with celestiaall ioyes ;
 Knowing that all my deeds of fame and honour
 I consecrate to her and *Iupiter*.

Of these proud Centaurs *Nessus* is escapt,
 The rest all strew the fields of *Theffaly*.

Enter Ceres.

Ceres. Referues the noble *Theban* all his valour
 For th'ingrate *Iuno*, and hath stor'd no deed
 Of honour for deiected *Ceres* here ?

Ceres forlorne, forsaken and despis'd,
 Whom neither obdure heauen, relentlesse sea,
 Nor the rude earth will pittie.

Herc. Queene of plenty,
Lye it within the strength of mortall arme,
The power of man, or worke of demi-god,
I am thy Champion.

Ceres. From heauen, earth and sea,
Then *Ceres* must appeale to *Hercules*.
Know then I am rob'd of beauteous *Proserpine*,
Tartarian Dis hath rap't my daughter hence ;
Which when I heard, I skal'd the thunderers throne,
And made my plaints to him, who answered me,
His power was onely circumscrib'd in heauen,
And *Pluto* was as absolute in hell
As he in heauen ; nor would he muster Gods
Against the fiends, ore which his brother reign'd.
Next made I suit to haue *Neptune* call his waters,
And with his billowes drowne the lower world :
Who answered, the firme channell bounds his waues,
Nor is there passage betweene sea and hell,
The earth beneath her center cannot sinke,
Nor haue I hope from thence ; onely great *Hercules*.

Herc. Will vndertake what neither *Iupiter*,
Neptune, nor all the Gods dare make their taske :
The Stygian *Pluto* shall restore the moone,
Or feele the masse of this my ponderous club.
Comfort faire Queene, Il'e passe the poole of Styx,
And if leane *Charon* wastage shall deny,
The Ferry-man Il'e buffet in his barge.
Three-throated *Cerberus* that keepes hell-gates,
Shall (when we come to knocke) not dare to howle :
The ghosts already dead, and doom'd, shall feare
To dye againe at sight of *Hercules*.
Sterne *Mynos*, *Æachus*, and *Rhadamant*,
Shall from the dreadfull sessions kept in hell,
Be rouz'd by vs : wee'l quake them at that barre
Where all soules stand for sentence : the three sisters
Shall crowch to vs. *Ceres*, wee'l ransacke hell,
And *Pluto* from th' infernall vaults expell.

Thes. *Theseus* in this will ayd great *Hercules*.

Peri. And so *Perithous* shall.

Herc. Comfort Queene *Ceres*,
Whom neither *Harpies*, *Boares* or *Buls* can tame,
The darke *Cimerians* must next found his fame.
Aduē bright *Hypodamia* lately freed
From the adulterous *Centaurs*: Our renowne
That yet 'twene heauen and earth doth onely shine,
Hell shall next blaze for beauteous *Proserpine*.

H O M E R.

*Ere Hercules the Stygian pooles innade
A taske which none but he durst vndertake,
Without both earthy and immortall ayde,
We Ioue present: who once more doth forsake
Heauen, for a mortall beauty; one more rare
Earth yeelded not, then Semele the faire.
Whilst Iuno, Hercules with hate pursues,
Neglecting Ioue, he from the spheares espyes
This bright Cadmeian, and the groues doth chuse
To court her in: How, and in what disguise
You next shall see, they meet first in the Chace,
Where they discourse, acquaint, kisse, and im-
brace.*

Dumbe shew. Enter *Semele* like a huntresse, with her
trainē, *Iupiter* like a wood-man in greene: he woos
her, and winnes her.

*What cannot Ioue, infus'd with power diuine?
He woos and winnes, enioyes the beauteous dame;
The iealous Iuno spyes their loue in fine,
Leaues off her enuy to Alcides fame,
And 'gainst this beauteous Lady armes her spleene,
Quite to destroy the bright Cadmeian Queene.
Your fauours still: some here no doubt will wonder,
To see the Thunderers loue perish by thunder.*

Enter Iuno and Iris.

Iuno. Hast thou found him *Iris*?

Iris. Madame I haue.

Iuno. Where?

Iris. In the house of *Cadmus*, courting there
The fairest of the race, yong *Semele*.

Iuno. What am I better to be *Queene of heauen*,
To be the sister and the wife of *Ioue*,
When euery strumpet braues my Deity?
Whilst I am busied to lay traps and traines
For proud *Alcmena's* bastard, he takes time
For his adulterous rapes. *Europa* liues
Sainted on earth, *Calisto* shines a starre,
Iust in mine eye, by name of *Lesser Beare*,
Io in *Aegypt* is ador'd a Goddesse:
And of my seruant *Argus* (slaine by *Mercury*)
There liues no note; saue that his hundred eyes
I haue transported to my peacockes traine.
Thus fall the friends of *Iuno*, whilst his strumpets
Front me on earth, or braue mine eye in heauen:
But *Semele* shall pay for't. In what shape
Saw'st thou him court that strumpet?

Iris. Like a wood-man.

Iuno. I met him on the mountaine *Erecine*,
And tooke him for the yong *Hyppolitus*.

Iris I hau't; 'tis plotted in my braine,
To haue the strumpet by her louer slaine.
Of her nurse *Beroe* Il'e assume the shape,
And by that meanes auenge me on this rape.

Exeunt.

Enter Semele with her seruants and attendants.

Semel. Oh *Iupiter*! thy loue makes me immor-
tall,

The high Cadmeian is in my grace,
To that great God exalted, and my issue,
When it takes life, shall be the seed of Gods;

And I shall now be ranck't in equipage
 With *Danae*, *Io*, *Leda*, and the rest,
 That in his amours pleas'd the thunderer best.
 Me-thinkes since his imbraces fil'd my wombe,
 There is no earth in me, I am all diuine :
 Ther's in me nothing mortall, faue this shape,
 Whose beauty hath cal'd *Ioue* himselfe from heauen,
 The rest all pure, corruptlesse and refin'd,
 That hath daz'd men, and made th' immortall blinde.
 Leaue vs, oh you vnworthy to attend
 Or wait vpon Cadmeian *Semele* :
Hebe shall be my hand-mayd, and my wine
 The hand of *Ioues* owne cup-bearer shall fill,
 Il'e begge of him the Troian *Ganimed*
 To be my page ; and when I please to ride,
 Borrow his Eagle through the ayre to glide.
 Go call me hither my Nurse *Beroe*,
 Whom I will make free-partner in my ioyes.

Enter Iuno in the shape of old Beroe.

Scru. *Beroe* attends your grace.

Sem. Oh my deere nurse ! liues there on earth a
 Princeffe

Equally lou'd and grac'd by *Ioue* himselfe ?

Iuno. Out on thee strumpet, I could teare those
 eyes,

Whose beauty drew my husband from the skyes.

Sem. I am not happy *Beroe* ?

Iuno. Were you fure

'Twere *Ioue* himselfe this gladnesse did procure.

Madame, there many fowle imposters be,
 That blinde the world with their inchaftity :
 And in the name of Gods, being scarce good men,
 Iuggle with Ladyes, and corrupt their honors.
 Think you yon stripling that goes clad in greene,
 Is *Iupiter* ?

Sem. I know him for heauens King,
 Whose issue in my wombe I feele to spring.

Iuno. I thinke it not ; but Lady this I know,
That Gods are so lasciuious growne of late,
That men contend their lusts to imitate.

Sem. Not *Iupiter*.

Iuno. Things truly reconcile,
You'l iumpe with me : how haue you beene the while,
Since you were breeding, now well, sometimes ill,
Subiect to eury imperfection still,
Apt to all chances other women be.
When were you lou'd of the high Deity,
That hath the guift of strength, power, health, and
ioy,
The least of these could not your state annoy.

Sem. Thou puttst me in mistrust, and halfe perswad'st
me
He is no more then mortall whom I loue.
How shall I proue him nurse ?

Iuno. Il'e tell you madame ; When you see him
next,
Seeme with some strange and vncoth passion vext,
And beg of him a boone, which till he grant,
Swear he no more your fauours shall inchant.

Sem. *Beroe*, what boone ?

Iuno. To hugge you in that state
In which faire *Iuno* he imbrac'd so late.
To descend armed with celestiall fire,
And in that maiesty glut his desire.
His right hand arm'd with lightning, on his head
Heauens massy crowne ; and so to mount your bed.
So are you sure he is a God indeed,
Obtaine this boone, and fairely may you speed.

Sem. Thou hast fir'd me *Beroe*.

Iuno. Thou shalt be on flame,
So great, the Ocean shall not quench the fame.

Sem. *Beroe* away, my chamber ready make,
Tosse downe on downe : for we this night must
tumble

Within the armes of mighty *Iupiter*.
Of whom Il'e begge th' immortall sweets of loue,

Such as from *Ioue* Imperiall *Iuno* tastes.
Begone without reply, my loue's at hand.

Iuno. Thy death's vpon thy boone : this *Iuno*
cheares,
That my reuenge shall mount aboue the spheares.

exit Iuno.

Sem. I will not smile on him, lend him a looke,
As the least grace, till he giue free ascent
To fill me with celestiall wonderment.

Enter Iupiter like a wood-man.

Iup. Oh thou that mak'st earth heauen, & turn'st
th'immortal
Into this shape terrestriall, thou bright issue
Of old *Ægenor*, and the Cadmeian line,
For whom, these stony buildings we preferre
Before our Christall structures : that mak'st *Ioue*
Abandon the high counsels of the Gods
To treat with thee of loues faire blandishments :
Diuineft of thy race, faire *Semele*
Fold in thine armes Olimpicke *Iupiter*.

Sem. *Iupiter* !

Iup. That *Iupiter* that with a powerfull nod
Shakes the heauens arches, ore the vniuerse
Spreads dreads & awe ; and when we arme our selfe
With maiesty, make th' earths foundation tremble,
And all mortality flye like a smoake
Before our presence vanish't and consum'd.

Sem. Did *Semele* behold such Maiesty,
She could beleue this were the thunderers voyce,
Thou hee ?

Iup. What meanes this strangeneffe *Semele* ?
Haue I preferd thy beauty before hers
Whose state fils heauen, whose food's *Ambrosia*,
Vpon whose cup the louely *Hebe* waits
When she quaffes *Nectar* ? whose bright Chariot
Is drawn with painted peacocks through the clouds
And am I thus receiu'd ?

Sem. Thou bed with *Iuno*?

Base groome, thou art no better then thou seem'st,
And thy impostures haue deceiued a Princeesse
Greater then ere descended from thy line.
Hence from my sight thou earth, that hast profan'd
The dreadfull thunderers name : what see I in thee
More then a man, to proue thy selfe a God ?
Thou deif'd ? thy prefence groome is poore,
Thy 'hauour sleight, thy courtship triuiall,
Thou hast not a good face, what's in thee worth
The fauour and the grace of *Semele* ?
A God ? alasse ! thou art scarce a proper man.

Iup. Ha, fails my shape, is he that awes the Gods,
Now valued lesse then man ? why *Semele*
Proue me and what I can : wouldst thou haue gold ?
Il'e raine a richer shower in thy bosome
Then ere I powr'd on *Danae*.

Sem. Gold ? what's that ?
Which euery mortall Prince can giue his loue.

Iup. Wouldst thou increase thy beauty or thy
strength ?

Sem. I am nor fowle nor sicke.

Iup. Wouldst thou haue God-hood ?
I will translate this beauty to the spheares,
Where thou shalt shine the brightest starre in heauen :
Il'e lift thy body from this terrene drosse,
And on two eagles, swift as *Pegasus*,
Wee'l take our daily progresse through the clouds.
Il'e shew thee all the planets in their ranke,
The monstrous signes, the Lyon, Ramme and Bull,
The blacke-scald Scorpion, and the Cancers clawes.
Aske what thou wilt to proue my Deity,
And take it as thine owne faire *Semele*.

Sem. Grant me one boone, lesse then the least of
these,

My armes shall spread thus wide to imbrace my loue,
In my warme bosome I will gloue thy hand,
And seale a thousand kisses on thy lippes.
My fingers Il'e intangle in these curles,

And scarfe my Iuory arme about thy necke ;
 And lay my felfe as prostrate to thy loue,
 As th' earth her grasse-greene apron spreads for raine.
 Speake, shall I aske ? or haue you power to grant ?

Iup. By dreadfull Styx, an oath I cannot change,
 But aske and haue.

Sem. Then bed with me to night,
 Arm'd with the felfe-same God-hood, state and power
 You *Iuno* meet.

Iup. Blacke day, accursed houre,
 Thou hast ask't too much, thy weake mortality
 Cannot indure the scorching fires of heauen.

Sem. Either you cannot doo't, as wanting might,
 Or loath you are to breed me such delight.
 Is this your loue ?

Iup. Thy death is in thy boone :
 But 'tis thy fate, she can it not recall,
 Nor I vnswear : the infant in her wombe
 Not yet full growne and ripe, torments me most :
 For in this rash demand they both are lost.

Sem. Il'e stand it at all dangers, and prepare
 For this nights sport.

Iup. Aboue my thunders are,
 Thither I must, and beeing arm'd, descend
 To giue this beauty (in her rashnesse) end.

Sem. Remember by this kisse you keep your oath.

Iup. Neuer did *Ioue* to heauen ascend so loath ;
 Expect me this sad night.

Sem. With double ioy.
 Celestiall sweets shall surfet me, and cloy
 My appetite ; the Gods are loath to impart
 Their pleasures to vs mortalls. Dance my hart,
 And swim in free delights, my pleasures crowne,
 This *Iouiall* night shall *Semele* renowe. *Exit Semele.*

Iuno and Iris plac'd in a cloud aboue.

Iuno. Come *Iris*, ore the loftiest pinnacles
 Of this high pallace, let vs mount our felues,

To see this noble pastime : Is't not braue ?

Iris. Hath her suit tooke effect ? 'lasse *Semele* !

Iuno. Hang, burne her witch, be all such strumpets fir'd

With no lesse heat then wanton *Semele*.

Oh 'twill be gallant sport, wil't not *Iris* ?

To see these golden roofes daunce in the aire.

These pinnacles shall pricke the floores of heauen,

These spires confused, tumble in the clouds ;

And all flye vp and shatter at the approach

Of his great God-hood. Oh 'twould please me *Iris*

To see this wanton with her bastard, blowne

And hang'd vpon the high hornes of the moone.

The howre drawes on, we may from hence espy

Th'adultresse sprall, the pallace vpwads fly.

Enter two maids of Semeles chamber.

1. *Maid.* Questionlesse my Lady lookes for some great guests, that she makes all this preparation.

2. *Maid.* 'Tis not like she expects them at supper, because she herselfe is preparing to bed.

1. *Maid.* Did you note how she made vs tumble & tosse the bed before the making of it would please her ?

2. *Maid.* There hath beene tumbling and tossing on that bed hath pleas'd her better ; you know the youth in greene, he hath made my Lady looke red ere now.

1. *Maid.* You know shee is naturally pale ; hee did but wrastle with her to get her a colour.

2. *Maid.* The youth in greene hath giuen her a medicine for the greene sicknesse, I warrant her : I am deceiued, if (when they meet) it go not two to one of her side.

1. *Maid.* Why do you thinke her with childe.

2. *Maid.* 'Tis past thinking, I dare sweare. But let's attend my Lady.

Enter Semele drawne out in her bed.

Sem. Away, we will haue none partake our pleasures,
Or be eye-witnesse of these prodigall sweets
Which we this night shall in aboundance taste.
This is the houre shall deifie my earth,
And make this droffe immortall : thanks my *Beroe*,
That thou hast made me begge my happinesse,
Shew'd me the way to immortallity,
And taught me how to emulate the Gods.
Descend great *Ioue* in thy full maiesty,
And crowne my pleasures : here behold me spred,
To taste the sweets of thy immortall bed.

Thunder, lightnings, Iupiter descends in his maiesty, his Thunderbolt burning.

Iup. Thus wrapt in stormes and black tempestuous clouds,
Lightning and showers, we sit vpon the rooves
And trembling Tarrasses of this high house
That is not able to containe our power.
Yet come we not with those sharpe thunders arm'd
With which the sturdy giants we ore-threw,
When we the mighty *Typhon* funke beneath
Foure populous kingdomes : these are not so fiery,
The *Cyclopes* that vs'd to forge our bolts,
Haue qualifi'd their feruour, yet their violence
Is 'boue the strength of mortals. Beauteous *Semele*
In steed of thee I shall imbrace thy smoake,
And claspe a fummy vapour left in place

Thunder and lightning.

Of thy bright beauty, Stormy tempests cease,
The more I frowne, the more their breathes increafe.

Sem. What terror's this ? oh thou immortall
speake !

My eyes are for thy maiesty too weake.

*As he toucheth the bed it fires, and all flyes vp,
Iupiter from thence takes an abortiue infant.*

Iup. Receiue thy boone, now take thy free desire
In thunder, tempest, smoake, and heauenly fire.

Iuno. Ha, ha, ha.
Faire *Semele's* consum'd, 'twas acted well :
Come, next wee'l follow *Hercules* to hell.

*Iupiter taking vp the Infant speaks as he ascends in
his cloud.*

Iup. For *Semele* (thus flaine) the heauens shall
mourne
In pitchy clouds, the earth in barrenesse ;
The Ocean (for her slaughter) shall weepe brine,
And hell resound her losse. Faire *Semele*
Nothing but ashes now ; yet this remainder,
That cannot dye, being borne of heauenly seed,
I will conferue till his full time of birth :
His name Il'e *Bachus* call, and being growne,
Stile him, *The God of Grapes* ; his *Bachenals*
Shall be renown'd at feasts, when their light braines
Swim in the fumes of wine. This all that's left
Of *Semele*, vnto the heauens Il'e beare,
Whose death this *Motto* to all mortals lends :
He by the Gods dyes, that 'boue man contends.

H O M E R.

*Let none the secrets of the Gods inquire,
Lest they (like her) be strooke with heauenly fire.
But we againe to Hercules returne,
Now on his iourney to the vaults below,
Where discontented Proserpine doth mourne,
Ther's made to cheere her an infernall show.
Hels Iudges, Fates and Furies summond beene
To giue free wilcome to the Stygian Queene.*

*A dumbe shew of Pluto and all his Diuels, presenting
seuerall gifts and shewes to cheere, but she continues
in her discontent.*

*All this and more (the beauteous Queene to cheare)
Pluto deu's'd, but still her griefe remaines :
No food she tastes within the gloomy spheare,
Saue of a ripe Pomegranat some few graines.
The next thing we present (fit faire and well)
You shall behold a Holy-day in hell.*

Enter Theseus, Perithous, and Philoctetes armed.

Thes. Saw you not *Hercules* ?

Perith. Noble *Theseus* no.

I left him in the Forrest, chacing there
Dianaes Hart, and struing to out-run
The swift-foot beast.

Thes. His actiue nimbleness
Out-flies the winged bird, out-strips the steed,
Catcheth the hare, & the swift grey-hound tires
Out-paceth the wilde Leopard, and exceeds
Beasts of most actiue chace.

Phi. We haue arriu'd
At *Tenaros* ; this is the mouth of hell,
Which by my counsell, wee'l not seeke to enter
Till *Hercules* approach.

Thes. Not enter *Philoctetes* ?
Our spirits may compare with *Hercules*.
Though he exceed our strength, I with my sword
Will beat against blacke *Tartarus* Ebon gates,
And dare the triple-headed dogge to armes,
Hels tri-shap't porter.

Phi. Not by my perswasion.

Peri. *Perithous* will assist his noble friend,
And in this worke preuent great *Hercules*.
Let's rouse the hell-hound, call him from his lodge,
And (maugre *Cerberus*) enter hels-mouth,

And thence redeeme the rauish't *Proserpine*.

Thef. Had *Orpheus* power by musicke of his harpe,

To charme the curre, pierce *Orcus*, *Pluto* please,

And at his hands begge faire *Euridice* :

And shall not we as much dare with our swords,

As he with fingring of his golden strings.

Come, let our ioynt assistance rouze the fiend,

Thunder against the rusty gates of hell,

And make the Stygian kingdomes quake with feare.

They beate against the gates. Enter Cerberus.

Cerb. What mortall wretch, that feares to dye
about

Hath trauel'd thus farre to enquire out death?

Thef. We that haue blaz'd the world with deeds of
praise

Must fill the Stygian Empire with our fame ;

Then rouze thee thou three-throated curre, and taste

The strength of *Theseus*.

Cerb. These my three empty throats you three
shall gorge,

And when my nailes haue torne you limbe from
limbe,

I'll fit and feast my hunger with your flesh.

These phangs shall gnaw vpon your cruded bones,

And with your bloods I'll smeare my triple chaps,

Your number fits my heads, and your three bodies

Shall all my three-throats set a worke at once.

I'll worry you ; and hauing made you bleed,

First sucke your iuice, then on your entrails feed.

Perithous fights with Cerberus, and is slaine.

Thef. Hold bloody fiend, and spare my noble
friend,

The honour of the worthy *Lapythes*

Lyes breathlesse here before the gates of hell :

Cease monster, cease to prey vpon his body,

And feed on *Thefeus* here.

Cerb. Il'e eate you all.

Thefeus is wounded. Enter Hercules.

Herc. Stay and forbear your vp-roare, till our club

Stickle amongst you : whil't we in the chace
Haue catch't the swift and golden-headed flagge,
Thefe valiant *Greekes* haue funke themfelues beneath
The vpper world, as low as *Erebus*.

Whom see we ? *Thefeus* wounded, yong *Perithous*,
Torne by the rauinous phangs of *Cerberus*.

My grieve conuert to rage, and sterne reuenge.

Come, guard thee well infernall *Caniball*,

At euery froke that lights vpon thy skull,

Il'e make thee thinke the weight of all the world

And the earths huge maffe shall crowne thee.

Cerb. Welcome mortall,

Thou com'st to mend my breake-fast, thou wilt yeeld
me

Many a fat bit.

Herc. Il'e make thee eate my club,
And swallow this fell mastiffe downe thy panch.

At euery weighty cuffe I'le make thee howle,

And fet all hell in vp-roare : when thou roarest,

Thy barking groanes shall make the brafen Towers
Where ghosts are tortur'd, eccho with thy found.

Plutoes blacke guard at euery deadly yell,

Shall frighted run through all the nookes of hell.

Hercules beats Cerberus, and binds him in chaines.

Herc. Keep thou this rauinous hell-hound gy'd &
bound,

Hels bowels I must pierce, and rouze blacke *Dis*,

Breake (with my fists) thefe Adamantine gates,

The Iron percullis teare, and with my club

Worke my free passage (maugre all the fiends)

Through thefe infernals. Lo, I sinke myfelfe

In *Charons* barge, Il'e ferry burning *Styx*,

Ranfacke the pallace where grim *Pluto* reignes,
Mount his tribunall, made of fable Iet,
Despight his blacke guard, stownd him in his chaire,
And from his arme snatch beauteous *Proserpine*.
Ghosts, Furies, Fiends shall all before vs flye,
Or once more perish, and so doubly dye.

*Hercules sinks himselfe: Flashes of fire; the Diuels
appeare at euery corner of the stage with seuerall
fire-workes. The Iudges of hell, and the three
sisters run ouer the stage, Hercules after them:
fire-workes all ouer the house. Enter Hercules.*

Herc. Hence rauenous vulture, thou no more shalt
tire

On poore *Prometheus*, *Danae* spare your tubs,
Stand still thou rowling stone of *Sisiphus*,
Feed *Tantalus* with apples, glut thy panch,
And with the shrinking waues quench thy hote thirst.
Thy bones *Ixion*, shall no more be broke
Vpon the torturing wheele: the Eagles beake
Shall *Titius* spare at sight of *Hercules*,
And all the horrid tortures of the damn'd
Shall at the wauing of our club disolue.

*Enter Pluto with a club of fire, a burning crowne,
Proserpine, the Iudges, the Fates, and a guard of
Diuels, all with burning weapons.*

Pluto. Wer't thou Imperiall *Ioue*, that swaies the
heauens,
And in the starry structure dwel'st aboue,
Thou canst not reuell here: my flaming Crowne
Shall scorch thy damn'd soule with infernall fires.
My vassaile Furies with their wieri strings,
Shall lash thee hence, and with my Ebon club
I'll ding thee to the lowest *Barathrum*.

Herc. First shall this engine arm'd with spikes of
steel,

That fore the gates of hell strooke flat thy curre,
 Fall with no lesse power on thy burning sconce,
 Then should great *Ioue* the massy center hurle,
 And turne the worlds huge frame vpon thy head.

Pluto. Vpon him Diuels.

Herc. Ayd me powers Diuine,
 From these blacke fiends to rescue *Proserpine*.

*Hercules fels Pluto, beats off the Diuels with all their
 fire-workes, rescues Proserpine.*

Now are we King of *Orcus, Acheron,*
Cocytus, Styx, and fiery *Phlegeton*.

Prof. Long liue *Alcides*, crown'd with Godlike
 honours,

For rescuing me out of the armes of *Dis*,
 The vnder-world, and fiery iawes of hell.

All the ghosts. Long liue eterniz'd noble *Hercules*,
 That hath dissolu'd our torments.

Rha. *Hercules*,

Attend th' vnchanging doome of *Rhadamant*,
 And if the Gods be subiect to the Fates,
 Needs must thou (noble *Greeke*) obey their doome,
 Lo, in their name, and in the awfull voyce
 Of vs the reuerend Iudges, to whose doome
 Thou once must stand : I charge thee stir not hence,
 Till we haue censur'd thee and *Proserpine*.
 Is not the power of *Ioue* confin'd aboue ?
 And are not we as absolute in state
 Here in the vaults below ? To alter this
 The heauens must faile, the funne melt in his heat,
 The elements dissolue, Chaos againe
 Confuse the triple Masse, all turne to nothing :
 Now there is order : Gods there are, and Diuels :
 These reward vertue ; the other punish vice.
 Alter this course you mingle bad with good,
 Murder with pittie, hate with clemency.
 Ther's for the best no merit, for the offender
 No iust infliction.

Herc. *Rhadamant* speakes well.

Pluto. To whom will *Hercules* commit this busi-
ness?

Herc. I will appeale to *Ioue*, and to the Planets,
Whose powers, though boundd, yet infuse their
might
In euery mortall.

Æacus. Them the Fates shall summon,
Of whom this beauteous mayd, the *Moone*, is one,
The lowest of the seuen : you reuerend sisters,
Who all things that are past, be, and to come,
Keepe registred in brasse, assemble there.

Herc. Be *Ceres* pleas'd, *Alcides* is content :
Nor can she stand to better Iustices
Then to the Gods and Planets.

Sownd. Enter *Saturne*, *Iupiter*, *Iuno*, *Mars*, *Phœbus*,
Venus, and *Mercury* : they take their place as they
are in height. *Ceres.*

Satur. I know this place, why haue you sum-
mon'd *Saturne*
To hell, where he hath beene to arraigne the *Moone* ?
These vncoth cauernes better suit my sadnesse
Then my high spheare aboue, whence to all mortals
I shoot my thicke and troubled melancholy.
Say, what's the businesse ? say.

Iup. *Ceres*, thy prefence
Tels me thy suit is 'bout thy daughters rape.

Ceres. Is she not thine ? and canst thou suffer her
To be intoomb'd in hell before her time ?

Iuno. Cannot hell swallow your ambitious bastard
But (maugre all these monsters) liues he still ?

Phœb. I saw grim *Pluto* in my daily progresse
Hurry her in his chariot ore the earth.

Venus. What could he lesse do if he lou'd the
Lady ?

Mars. *Venus* is all for loue.

Mercu. And *Mars* for warre,
Sometimes he runnes a tilt at *Venus* lippes,

You haue many amorous bickerings.

Mars. Well spoke *Mercury*.

Saturne. Come we hither

To trifle, or to censure? what would *Pluto*?

Pluto. Keepe whom I haue.

Ceres. Canst suffer't *Iupiter*?

Herc. I won her from the armes of Stygian *Pluto*,
And being mine, restore her to her mother.

Ceres. And shall not *Ceres* keepe her? speake great
Ioue.

Iup. Thy censure *Rhadamant*.

Rhad. The Fates, by whom your powers are all
conscrib'd,

Pronounce this doome: If since her first arriue
She hath tasted any food, she must of force
Be euerlastingly confin'd to hell.

Pluto. *Asculaphus*, thou didst attend my Queene,
Hath she yet tasted of our Stygian fruits?
That we may keepe her still?

Afci. I saw her in her mouth chaw the moist
graines

Of a Pomegranate.

Ceres. Curst *Asculaphus*,

Il'e adde vnto thy vglynesse, and make thee
A monster, of all monsters most abhor'd.

Pluto. Your censures, oh you Gods, is she not
Pluto's?

Giue your free censures vp.

All. She must be *Pluto's*.

Ceres. The Gods are partiall all.

Pluto. Welcome my Queene.

Herc. What can *Alcides* more for *Ceres* loue,³
Then ranfacke hell, and rescue *Proserpine*?
Needs must our further conquests here take end,
When Gods and Fates against our force contend.

Ceres. Justice, oh iustice, thou Omnipotent.
Rob not thy *Ceres* of her beauteous childe,
Either restore my daughter to the earth,
Or banish me to hell.

Saturne. *Ceres* you are fond,
Th'earth cannot want your plenty : your fertility
Will worfe become hell scortched barrenesse.
Let's breake this Sessions vp, I am dull.

Iup. You Gods aboue
And powers below, attend the Thunderers voyce,
And to our moderation lend an eare
Of reuerence. *Ceres*, the Fates haue doom'd her
The Bride of *Pluto* ; nor is she disparaged
To be the sister of Olimpicke *Ioue*.
The rape that you call force, we tittle Loue :
Nor is he lesse degree'd saue in his lot,
To vs that sway the heauens. So much for *Pluto*.
Now beauteous *Ceres* we returne to you,
Such is your care to fill the earth with plenty,
To cherish all these fruits, from which the mortals
Ostend their gratitude to vs the Gods
In sacrifice and offrings, that we now
Thus by our dread power, mittigate the strictnesse
Of the Fates doome : we haue not (oh you Gods)
Purpose to do our Stygian brother wrong.
Nor rob the heauens the Planet of the Moone,
By whom the seas are sway'd : Be she confin'd
Below the earth, where be the ebbes and tides ?
Where is her power infus'd in hearbes and plants ?
In trees for buildings ? simples phisicall ?
Or minerall mines ? Therefore indifferent *Ioue*
Thus arbitrates : the yeare we part in twelue,
Cal'd *Moneths of the Moone* : twelue times a yeare
She in full splendor shall supply her orbe,
And shine in heauen : twelue times fill *Pluto's*
armes

Below in hell. When *Ceres* on the earth
Shall want her brightnesse, *Pluto* shall enioy it,
When heauen contains her, she shall light the earth
From her bright spheare aboue. Parted so cuen,
We neither fauour hell, nor gloze with heauen.

Plu. *Pluto* is pleas'd.

Ceres. *Ceres* at length agreed.

Profer. Ioue is all iustice, and hath well decreed.

Iup. Say all the planets thus ?

All. We do.

Iup. Our Sessions we dissolue then. *Hercules,*
We limit you to dragge hence *Cerberus*
To the vpper world, and leaue thee to the vniuerse
Where thou shalt finish all thy *Iouiall* tasks ;
Proceed and thriue. You that to earth belong,
Ascend to your mortality with honors,
The Gods to heauen : *Pluto* and his keepe hell,
The Moone in both by euen attonement dwell.

Excunt three wayes Ceres, Theseus, Philoctetes, and
Hercules dragging Cerberus one way : Pluto, hels
Iudges, the Fates and Furies downe to hell : Iupi,
ter, the Gods and Planets ascend to heauen.

Enter HOMER.

Our full Sceane's wane, the Moones arraignment ends,
Ioue and his mount, Pluto with his descends.
Poore HOMER'S left blinde, and hath lost his way,
And knowes not if he wander or go right,
Vnlesse your fauours their cleare beames display.
But if you daine to guide me through this night,
The acts of Hercules I shall pursue,
And bring him to the thrice-raz'd wals of Troy :
His labours and his death I'll shew to you.
But if what's past your riper iudgements cloy,
Here I haue done : if ill, too much : if well,
Pray with your hands guide HOMER out of hell.

FINIS.

THE
BRAZEN AGE

The first Act containing,
The death of the Centaure *Nessus,*

THE SECOND,
The Tragedy of *Meleager* :

THE THIRD
The Tragedy of *Iason* and *Medea*.

THE FOURTH.
VULCANS NET.

THE FIFTH.
The Labours and death of
HERCVLES :

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

LONDON,
Printed by *Nicholas Okes*, for *Samuel Rand*, dwelling
neere *Holborne-Bridge*. 1613.



To the Reader.

THough a third brother should not inherite whilst the two elder liue, by the laws of the Land, & therefore it might breed in mee a discouragement, to commit him without any hereditary means, to shift for it selfe in a world so detractiue & calumnious, yet rather presuming vpon the ingenuous, then affraid of the enuious, I have expos'd him to the fortunes of a yonger brother, which is, most commonly, brauely to liue, or desperately to hazard: yet this is my comfort, that what imperfection soeuer it haue, hauing a brazen face it cannot blush; much like a Pedant about this Towne, who, when all trades fail'd, turn'd *Pedagogue*, & once insinuating with me, borrowed from me certaine Translations of *Ouid*, as his three books *De Arte Amandi*, & two *De Remedio Amoris*, which since, his most brazen face hath most impudently challenged as his own, wherefore I must needs proclaime it as

far as *Ham*, where he now keeps schoole, *Hos ego versiculos feci tulit alter honores*, they were things which out of my iuniority and want of iudgement, I committed to the view of some priuate friends, but with no purpose of publishing, or further communicating them. Therefore I wold entreate that *Anstin*, for so his name is, to acknowledge his wrong to me in shewing them, & his owne impudence, & ignorance in challenging them. But courteous Reader, I can onely excuse him in this, that this is the *Brazen Age*.



Drammatis Personæ.

HOMER.

Oeneus K. of Calidon.
Althea, &
Her two brothers.
Deyaneira.
Meleager.
Hercules.
Achelous.
Nessus.
Iason.
Atreus.
Tellamon.
Nestor.
Medea.
Oetes.
Abfyrtus.
Adonis.
Atlanta.
Apollo.
Aurora.
Jupiter.

Mercury.
Iuno.
Mars.
Venus.
Gallus.
Vulcan.
Lychas.
Omphale,
Her maids.
Æneas.
Anchises.
Laomedon.
Hesione.
Priam.
Philoctetes.
Water Nymphes.
Castor.
Pollux.
Pyragmon.



The Brazen Age,

CONTAINING

The labours and death of Hercules.

Enter HOMER.



*S the world growes in yeares ('tis the Heauens
curse
Mens finnes increase ; the pristine times were
best :*

*The Ages in their growth wax worse & worse.
The first was pretious, full of golden rest.
Siluer succeeded ; good, but not so pure :
Then loue and harmelesse lusts might currant passe :
The third that followes we finde more obdure,
And that we tittle by the Age of Brasse.
In this more grosse and courser mettall'd Age,
Tyrants and fierce oppressors we present.
Nephewes that 'gainst their Vnckles wreake their rage,
Mothers against their children discontent,
A sister with her brother at fierce warre,
(Things in our former times not seene or knowne)
But vice with vertue now begins to iarre,*

*And finnes (though not at height) yet great are growne.
 Still with our history we shall proceed,
 And Hercules victorious acts relate :
 His marriage first, next many a noble deed
 Perform'd by him : last how he yeelds to Fate.
 And these, I hope, may (with some mixtures) passe,
 So you sit pleas'd in this our Age of Brasse.*

ACTUS I. SCœNA I.

Enter Oeneus, King of Calidon, Queene Althea, Meleager, Deianeira, Plexippus, and Toxeus, brothers to the Queene.

K. Oen. Thus midst our brothers, daughter,
 Queene and sonne,
 Sits *Oeneus* crown'd in fertill *Calidon*
 Whose age and weakenesse is supported only,
 In those ripe ioyes that I receiue from you.

Plex. May we long stand supporters of your royalties,
 And glad spectators of your age and peace.

Tox. The like I wish.

K. Oen. We haue found you brothers royall,
 And subiects loyall.

Althea. They are of our line,
 Of which no branch did euer perish yet,
 By Cankers, blastings, or dry barrenesse.
 But *Meleager* let me turne to thee,
 Whose birth the Fates themselues did calculate.

Mel. Pray mother how was that ? I haue heard
 you say
 Somewhat about my birth miraculous,
 But neuer yet knew the true circumstance.

Althea. 'Twas thus : the very instant thou wast
 borne,
 The sisters, that draw, spinne, and clip our liues,

Entred my chamber with a fatall brand,
Which hurling in the fire, thus said: *One day, one*
date,

Betide this brand and childe, euen be their fate.

So parted they, the brand begins to burne :
And as it wasted, so didst thou consume ;
Which I perceiuing, leap't vnto the flame,
And quenching that, stayd thy consumption.
The brand I (as a iewell) haue referu'd,
And keepe it in a casket, lock't as safe
As in thy bofome thou maintainst thy heart.

Melea. Pray keepe it well : for if not with my
mother,

With whom dare *Meleager* trust his life ?

But sister *Deianeira*, now to you.

Two worthy Champions must this day contend,

And try their eminence in Armes for you,

Great *Achelous*, and strong *Hercules*.

Deia. We know it : my loue must be bought with
blowes,

Not Oratory wins me, but the sword :

He that can braueliest in the lists contend,

Must *Deianeira's* nuptiall bed ascend.

Oen. Brothers, conduct these Champions to the
lists,

Meane time *Althea* state thee on that hand,

On this side *Deianeira* the rich prize

Of their contention.

Melea. Clamors from a farre,
Tell vs these Champions are adrest for warre.

*Enter at one doore the river Achelous, his weapons
borne in by Water-Nymphes. At the other Her-
cules.*

K. Oen. Stand forth you warlike Champions, and
expresse

Your loues to *Deianeira*, in your valours.

As we are *Oeneus* the *Ætolians* King,

And vnder vs command whole *Calidon*,
 So we contest we make her here the prize
 Of the proud victor.

Ache. Dares the *Theban* bastard
 Contend with vs, as we are eldest sonne
 Vnto the graue and old *Oceanus*,
 And the Nymph *Nais*, borne on *Pindus* mount,
 From whence our broad and spacious currents rise
 So are we proud to coape with *Hercules*.
 Nere let my streames wash *Acarmania's* banks,
 Or we confin'de in *Thous*, our grand feat,
 Till (by the ruine of *Alcmena's* sonne)
 We lodge bright *Deianeira* in our armes.

Herc. Haue we the *Cleonean* Lyons torne ?
 And deck't our shoulders in their honored spoyles ?
 The *Calidonian* Boare crusht with our Club ?
 The rude *Theffalian* Centaurs funke beneath
 Our *Iouiall* hand ? pierc'd hell ? bound *Cerberus* ?
 And buffeted so long, till from the fume
 The dogge belch't forth strong *Aconitum* spring ?
 And shall a petty riuer make our way
 To *Deianeira's* bed impassable ?
 Know then the pettiest streame that flowes through
Greece,

Il'e make thee run thy head below thy banks,
 Make red thy waters with thy vitall blood,
 And spill thy waues in droppes as small as teares,
 If thou presum'st to coape with *Hercules*.

Ache. What's *Hercules* that I should dread his
 name ?
 Or what's he greater then *Amphitrio's* sonne ?
 When we assume the name of Demi-god
 Not *Proteus* can trans-shape himselfe like vs,
 For we command our figure when we please.
 Sometimes we like a serpent run along
 Our medowy banks : and sometimes like a Bull
 Graze on these strands we water with our streames.
 We can translate our fury to a fire,
 And when we swell, in our fierce torrents swallow

The Champian plaines, and flow about the hils,
Drowne all the continents by which we run ;
Yea *Hercules* himselfe.

Herc. Me *Achelous* !

I can do more then this : loue *Deianeira*,
Swim with her on my shoulders through thy streames,
And with my huge Club beat thy torrents backe,
With thine owne waters quench th' infernall fires
Thy figure serpentine, flat on the earth :
And when th' art Bull, catch fast hold by thy hornes,
And whirle thee 'bout my head thus into ayre.
Thou faire *Aetolian* dame, I cannot wooe,
Nor paint my passions in smooth Oratory,
But fight for thee I can, 'gainst *Achelous*,
Or all the horrid monsters of the earth.

Melea. When 'gins your proud and hostile en-
mity ?

Behold the prize propos'd, the victors meed,
Champions your spirits inkindle at her eyes.

Ache. It is for her this bastard I despise.

Prepare thee *Theban*.

Herc. See, I am adrest

With this to thunder on thy captiue crest.
I cannot bellow in thy bombast phrase
Now deafe these free spectators with my braues.
I cut off words with deeds, and now behold
For me, the eccho of my blowes thus scold.

Alarme. *Achelous is beaten in, and immediatly enters
in the shape of a Dragon.*

Herc. Bee'st thou a God or hell-hound thus tran-
shap't,

Thy terrour frights not me, serpent or diuell I'll pass
thee.

Alarme. *He beats away the dragon. Enter a Fury
all fire-workes.*

Herc. Fright vs with fire ? our Club shall quench
thy flame,

And beat it downe to hell, from whence it came.

When the Fury sinkes, a Bulls head appeares.

Herc. What, yet more monsters? Serpent, Bull,
and Fire,
Shall all alike taste great *Alcides* ire.

He tugs with the Bull, and pluckes off one of his horns.
Enter from the same place Achelous with his fore-
head all bloody.

Ache. No more, I am thy Captiue, thou my Con-
queror :

I fee, no Magicke, or enchanting spell
Haue power on vertue and true fortitude.
No sleight Illusion can deceiue the eyes
Of him that is diuinely resolute.

I lay me at thy feet, a lowly vassaile,
Since thou hast rest me of that precious horne,
Which tearing from my head in shape of Bull,
Thus wounded me. Take *Deianeira* freely,
Onely restore me that rich spoyle thou hast wonne,
Which all the Nymphes and graces dwelling neere,
Shall fill with redolent flowers, and delicate fruits,
And call it *Cornucopiæ*, plenties horne,
In memory of *Achelous* losse,
And this high conquest won by *Hercules*.

Hercu. Hadst thou not floopt thy horrid Taurine
shape

I would haue peece-meale rent, and thy tough hide
Torne into rags as thicke as Autumn leaues :
Take thee thy life, and with thy life that spoile
Pluckt from thy mangled front, giue me my loue,
I'le stoare no hornes at winning of a wife.
Giue me bright *Deyaneira*, take that horne,
So late from thy disfigured Temples torne.

Deyan. I haue my prayers, *Alcides* his desires,
Both meete in loue.

Oen. Receiue her *Hercules*,

The conquest of thy warlike fortitude.

Herc. Wee take but what our valour purchast vs,
And beauteous Queene thou shalt assure his loue,
Whose puissant arme shall awe the triple world,
And make the greatest Monarches of the earth
To thy diuineſt beauty tributary.

Meleag. Will *Hercules* ſtay heere in *Calidon*,
To ſolemnize the nuptials of our ſiſter?
I *Meleager*, rich *Ætolia's* heire,
Whose large dominions ſtretch to *Oeta* Mount,
And to the bounds of fertile *Theſſaly*
Will grace thy Bridals with the greateſt pompe
Greece can afford, nor is't my meanest honour
To be the brother to great *Hercules*.

Herc. Thanks *Meleager*, ſoiourne heere we cannot,
My ſtep-dame *Iuno* tasks me to more dangers:
Wee take thy beauteous ſiſter in our guard,
Whom by *Ioues* aide wee ſtraight will beare to
Thebes.

Oen. A fathers wiſhes crowne the happineſſe
Of his faire daughter.

Mel. And a brothers loue
Comfort thee where thou goeſt: If not with *Hercules*
Whom dare we truſt thy ſafety.

Herc. Not *Ioues* guard
Can circle her with more ſecurity.
Time calſ vs hence, *Ætolian* Lords farewell.

Oen. Adiew braue ſonne, and daughter, onely
happy
In being thus beſtowed, come *Achelous*,
With you we'll feaſt, nor let your foyle deieſt you,
Or *Deyaniræ's* loſſe; he's more then man,
And needes muſt he do this, that all things can.

Excunt.

Herc. Dares *Deyaneira* truſt her perſons ſafety
With vs a ſtranger, onely knowne by Fame.

Deyn. Wer't gainſt the Lyons in *Chimera* bred,
Or thoſe rude Beares that breed in *Caucasus*:

The *Hyrcean* Tigers or the *Syrian* Wolues,
 Nay gainst the Giants that assaulted heauen
 And with their shoulders made those bafes shake
 That prop *Olimpus* : liu'd *Enceladus*
 With whom *Ioue* wrestled, euen against those monsters,
 I'de thinke me safe incircled in these armes.

Herc. Thou art as safe as if immur'd in heauen,
 Pal'd with that Christall wall that girts *Ioues* house,
 Where all the Gods inhabite, built by fate,
 Stay, I should know that Centaure.

Enter Neffus.

Neff. That's *Hercules* I know him by his Club,
 Whose ponderous weight I felt vpon my Skull
 At the great Bridall of the *Lapithes*.
 What louely Ladie's shee that in her beauty
 So much exceedes faire *Hypodamia*?

Herc. Oh *Neffus*, thou of all thy cloud-bred race,
 Alone didst scape by trusing to thy heeles
 At *Hypodamia's* Bridals, but we now
 Are friends, are wee not *Neffus*?

Neff. Yes great *Hercules*,
 (Till I can find fit time for iust reuendge)
 Methinkes my braines still rattle in my skull)
 What Ladie's that in great *Alcides* Guard?

Herc. *Deyaneira*, daughter to the *Ætolian* King,
 Sister to *Meleager*, now our Bride ;
 Wonne by the force of armes from *Achelous*,
 The boysterous flood that flowes through *Calidon*.

Neff. A double enuy burnes in all my veines,
 First for reuenge ; next, that he should enioy
 That beauteous maide whom *Neffus* dearely loues.
 Will *Hercules* commande me ? or his Bride ?
 I'le lackey by thee wherefoer'e thou goest,
 And be the vassall to great *Hercules*.

Herc. We are bound for *Thebes*, but soft, what
 torrent's this

That intercepts our way ? How shall we passe
These raging streames ?

Neff. This is *Euenus* floud,
A dangerous current, full of whirle-pooles deepe,
And yet vnfounded : dar'st thou trust thy Bride
On' *Neffus* backe ? I'le vndertake to swimme her
Vnto the furthest strond, vpon my shoulders,
And yet not laue her shooe.

Herc. I'le pay thee for thy waftage Centaure.
well,

And make thee Prince of all thy by-form'd race,
If thou wilt do this grace to *Hercules* :
But ferry her with safety, for by *Ioue*,
If thou but make her tremble in these streames,
Or let the least waue dash against her skirt ;
If the least feare of drowning pale her cheekes,
I'le pound thee smaller then the Autumne dust
Toft by the warring winds ?

Neff. Haue I not swomme
The *Hellefepont*, when waues high as yon hils
Toft by the winds, haue crown'd me, yet in spight
Of all their briny weight I haue wrought my selfe
Above the topmost billow to ore-looke
The troubled maine : come beauteous *Deyaneira*,
Not *Charon* with more safety ferries foules,
Then I will thee through this impetuous foord.

Herc. Receiue her Centaure, and in her the
wealth
And potency of mighty *Hercules*.

Neff. Now my reuenge for that inhumaine banquet,

In which so many of the Centaures fell,
I'le rape this Princeffe, hauing past the floud.
Come beauteous *Deyaneira*, mount my shoulders,
And feare not your safe waftage. *Exeunt.*

Herc. That done returne for vs : faire *Deianeira*,
White as the garden lilly, pyren snow,
Or rocks of Christall hardned by the Sunne :

Thou shalt be made the potent Queene of *Thebes*,
 And all my *Iouiall* labours shall to thee
 Be consecrate, as to *Alcides* loue.
 Well plunged bold Centaure, how thy boysterous
 breft
 Plowes vp the streames: thou through the swelling
 tides,
 Sail'st with a freight more rich and beautifull,
 Then the best ship cram'd with *Pangeous* gold:
 With what a swift dexterity he parts
 The mutinous waues, whose waters claspe him round.
 He plaies and wantons on the curled streames,
 And *Deyanira* on his shoulders fits
 As safe, as if she stear'd a pine-tree barke.
 They grow now towards the shore: my club and
 armes
 I'll first cast or'e the deepe *Euenus* foord,
 But from my side my quiuer shall not part,
 Nor this my trusty bow.

Deyan. Helpe *Hercules*.

Within.

Herc. 'Twas *Deyaneiraes* voyce.

Deyan. The Traytor *Nessus*

Seekes to despoile mine honour, *Ioue*, you Gods:
 Out trayterous Centaure: Helpe great *Hercules*.

Herc. Hold, lust-burnt Centaure, 'tis *Alcides* cals
 Or swifter then *Ioues* lightning, my fierce vengeance
 Shall crosse *Euenus*.

Deyan. Oh, oh.

Herc. Dar'st thou deuill?

Could'st thou clime Heauen or sinke below the Center
 So high, so low, my vengeance should persue thee,
 Hold; if I could but fixe thee in my gripes,
 I'de teare thy limbes into more Atomies
 Then in the Summer play before the Sunne.

Deyan. Helpe *Hercules* (out dog) *Alcides* helpe.

Herc. I'll send till I can come, this poisonous
 shaft

Shall speake my fury and extract thy blood,

Till I my selfe can crosse this raging floud.

Hercules shoots, and goes in : Enter Neffus with an arrow through him, and Deianeira.

Neff. Thy beauty *Deyaneira* is my death,
And yet that *Neffus* dies embracing thee,
Takes from my fences all those torturing pangues
That should associate death : to shew I lou'd thee,
I'll leaue thee, in my will, a legacy ;
Shall stead thee more, then should thy father giue
thee

Vnto thy Dower the Crowne of *Calidon*.
Of such great vertue is my liuing bloud,
And of such prize, that couldst thou valew it,
Thou wouldst not let one drop fall to the ground :
But oh I die.

Deyan. Teach me to rate it truely.

Neff. Now *Neffus*, in thy death be aueng'd on
him

On whom in life thou couldst not wreake thy rage :
(My bloud is poison) all these pure drops saue,
Which I bequeath thee ere I take my graue :
I know thy Lord lasciuious, bent to lust,
Witnesse the fifty daughters of King *Thespeius*,
Whom in one night he did adulterate :
And of those fifty begot fifty sonnes :
Now if in all his guests, he be with-held
By any Ladies loue, and stay from thee,
Such is the vertue of my bloud now shed,
That if thou dipst a shirt, sleept in the least
Of all these drops, and sendst it to thy Lord,
No sooner shall it touch him, but his loue
Shall die to strangers, and reuiue to thee,
Make vse of this my loue.

Deyan. Centaure, I will.

Neff. And so, whom *Neffus* cannot, do thou kill,
Still dying men speake true : 'tis my last cry,
Saue of my bloud, 'tmay steede thee ere thou die.

Deyan. Though I my loue mistrust not, yet this counsell
 I'll not despise : this if my Lord should stray,
 Shall to my desolate bed teach him the way.

Enter Hercules.

Herc. After long strugling with *Euenus* streames,
 I forc't the riuer beare me on her brest,
 And land me safely on this further strond,
 To make an end of what my shaft begunne,
 The life of *Nessus*, liues the Centaure yet ?

Deyan. Behold him grouelling on the fencelesse
 earth,
 His wounded breast transfixt by *Hercules*.

Herc. That the luxurious slaue were fencible
 Of torture ; not th' infernals with more pangues
 Could plague the villaine then *Alcides* should.

Ixions bones rackt on the torturing wheele
 Should be a pastime : the three snake-hair'd sisters,
 That lash offenders with their whips of Steele,
 Should seeme to dally, when with euery string
 They cut the flesh like razors : but the dead
 Wee hate to touch, as cowardly and base,
 And vengeance not becomming *Hercules*.
 Come *Deyaneira*, first to consumate
 Our high espowfals in triumphant *Thebes*,
 That done, our future labours wee'll perſue,
 And by the assistance of the powers Diuine,
 Striue to act more then *Iuno* can assigne.

Exit.

Enter HOMER.

*Faire Deyaneira vnto Thebes being guided,
 And Hercules espoufals solemnized,
 Hee for his further labours soone provided,
 As Iuno by Euritius had deuised.
 The Apples of Hesperia first he wan,
 Mauger huge Atlas that supports the spheares :*

And whilst the Gyant on his businesse ran ;
 Alcides takes his place, and proudly beares
 The heauens huge frame : thence into Scithia hies,
 And there the Amazonian Baldricke gaines,
 By conquering Menalip (a braue prise)
 The warlike Quene that ore the Scithians raignes.
 That hee supported heauen, doth well expresse
 His Astronomicke skill, knowledge in starres :
 They that such practise know, what do they lesse
 Then beare heauens weight : so of the Lernean warres,
 Where he the many-headed Hydra slew,
 A Serpent of that nature, when his sword
 Par'd off one head, from that another grew.
 This shewed his Logicke skill : from euery word
 And argument confuted, there arise
 From one a multiplicity, therefore we
 Poets and such as are esteemed wise,
 Instruēt the world by such morality.
 To conquer Hydra showed his powerfull skill
 In disputation, how to argue well.
 (By all that vnderstand in custome still)
 And in this Art did Hercules excell.
 Now we the Ægyptian tyrant must present,
 Bloudy Busiris, a king fell and rude,
 One that in murder plac't his sole content,
 With whose sad death our first Act we conclude.

*Enter Busyris with his Guard and Priests to sacrifice ;
 to them two strangers, Busyris takes them and kils
 them vpon the Altar : enter Hercules disguis'd,
 Busyris sends his Guard to apprehend him, Her-
 cules discovering himselfe beates the Guard, kils
 Busyris and sacrificeth him vpon the Altar, at
 which there falls a shower of raine, the Priests offer
 Hercules the Crowne of Ægypt which he refuseth.*

HOMER. In Ægypt there of long time fell no raine,
 For which vnto the Oracle they sent :
 Answeres return'd, that till one stranger slaine,

*Immou'd shall be the Marble firmament.
 Therefore the Tyrant all these strangers kills
 That enter Ægypt, till Alcides came
 And with the tyrants bulke the Altar fills :
 At whose red slaughter fell a plenteous raine.
 For he that stranger and vsurper was,
 Whose bloudy fate the Oracle forespake.
 But for a while we let Alcides passe,
 Whom these of Ægypt would their foueraigue make,
 For freeing them from such a tyrants rage ;
 Now Meleager next must fill our stage.*

Actus 2. Scœna 2.

Enter Venus like a Huntresse, with Adonis.

Venus. Why doth *Adonis* flye the Queene of loue ?
 And shun this Iuory girdle of my armes ?
 To be thus scarft the dreadfull God of warre
 Would giue me conquered kingdomes : For a kisse
 (But halfe like this) I could command the Sunne
 Rise 'fore his houre, to bed before his time :
 And (being loue-sicke) change his golden beames,
 And make his face pale, as his sister Moone.
 Come, let vs tumble on this violet banke :
 Pre'thee be wanton ; let vs toy and play,
 Thy Icy fingers warme betweene my breasts ;
 Looke on me *Adon* with a stedfast eye,
 That in these Christall glassees I may see
 My beauty, that charmes Gods, makes men amaz'd,
 And stownd with wonder : doth this roseat pillow
 Offend my loue ? come, wallow in my lap,
 With my white fingers I will clap thy cheeke,
 Whisper a thousand pleasures in thine eare.

Adonis. Madame, you are not modest : I affect

The vnseene beauty that adorne the minde.
This loofenesse makes you fowle in *Adons* eye :
If you will tempt me, let me in your face
Reade blushtfulnesse, and feare ; a modest blush
Would make your cheeke seeme much more beautifull.
If you will whisper pleasure in mine eare,
Praise chastity, or with your lowd voyce shrill
The tunes of hornes, and hunting ; they please
best :

It's to the chase, and leaue you to the rest.

Venus. Thou art not man ; yet wer't thou made of
stone,

I haue heate to melt thee. I am Queene of loue,
There is no practiue art of dalliance
Of which I am not Mistresse, and can vse.
I haue kisses that can murder vnkinde words,
And strangle hatred, that the gall sends forth :
Touches to raise thee, were thy spirits halfe dead :
Words that can powre affection downe thine eares.
Loue me ! thou canst not chuse, thou shalt not
chuse.

Am I not *Venus* ? Hadst thou *Cupids* arrowes,
I should haue tooke thee to haue beene my sonne :
Art thou so like him, and yet canst not loue ?
I thinke you are brothers.

Adonis. Madame, you wooe not well, men couet
not

These proffered pleasures ; but loue-sweets deny'd :
What I command, that cloyes my appetite ;
But what I cannot come by I adore.
These prostituted pleasures surfet still,
Where's feare, or doubt, men sue with best good
will.

Venus. Thou canst instruct the Queene of loue
in loue.

Thou shalt not (*Adon*) take me by the hand,
Yet if thou needs wilt force me, theres my
palme.

It's frowne on him (alas ! my brow's so smooth

It will not beare a wrinkle :) hye thee hence
 Vnto the chace, and leaue me : but not yet,
 Il'e sleepe this night vpon *Endimions* banke,
 On which the Swaine was courted by the Moone.
 Dare not to come, thou art in our disgrace ;
 (Yet if thou come I can affoord thee place.)

Adon's. I must begone.

Venus. Sweet whither ?

Adonis. To the Chace.

Venus. What doest thou hunt ?

Adonis. The Calidonian Boare,
 To which the Princes and best spirits of *Greece*
 Are now affembled.

Venus. I beshrew thee boy,
 That very word strooke from my heart all ioy :
 It startled mee, me thinkes I see thee dye
 By that rude Boare. Hunt thou the beasts that flye,
 The wanton Squirrell, or the trembling Hare,
 The crafty Fox : these pastimes fearelesse are.
 The greedy Wolues, and fierce Beares arm'd with
 clawes,
 Rough shouldred Lyons, such as glut their iawes
 With heards at once, Fell Boares, let them passe by,
Adon, these looke not with thy *Venus* eye.
 They iudge not beauty, nor distinguish youth,
 These are their prey ; My pittie, loue and ruth
 Liues not in them. Oh to thy selfe be kinde,
 Thou from their mouthes, my kisses shalt not find.

Winde hornes within.

Adonis. The summons to the chace, *Venus* adue.

Ven. Leaue those, turne head, chuse those thou
 maist pursue.

Adonis. I am resolu'd, Il'e helpe to rouze yon
 beast.

Venus. Thou art to deere his sauadge throat to
 feast.

Forbeare.

Adonis. In vaine.

Venus. Appoynt when we shall meet.

Adonis. After the chace. Farewell then.

Venus. Farewell sweet.

Adonis. This kissing.

Venus. *Adon*, guard thee well, expresse
Thy loue to me, in being of thy selfe
Carefull and chary : they that raze thy skin
Wound me. Be wise my *Adon*.

Adon. Never doubt.

So then.

He kisseth her.

Venus. But lip-labour, yet ill left out. *Exeunt.*

Winde hornes. Enter with *Iauelings*, and in greene,
Meleager, *Theseus*, *Telamon*, *Castor*, *Pollux*, *Iason*,
Peleus, *Nestor*, *Atrous*, *Toxeus*, *Plexippus*.

Melea. The cause of this conuention (Lords of
Greece)

Needs no expression ; and yet briefly thus :

Oeneus our father, the *Ætolians* King,

Of all his fruits and plenty, gaue due rights

To all the Gods and Goddesfes, *Ioue*, *Ceres*,

Bacchus, and *Pallas* ; but among the rest,

Diana he neglects : for which inrag'd,

She hath sent (to plague vs) a huge fauadge Boare,

Of an vn-measured height and magnitude.

What better can describe his shape and terror

Then all the pittious clamours shrild through *Greece* ?

Of his depopulations, spoyles, and preyes ?

His flaming eyes they sparkle bloud and fire,

His bristles poynted like a range of pikes

Ranck't on his backe : his foame snowes where he
feeds

His tuskes are like the Indian Oliphants.

Out of his iawes (as if *Ioues* lightning flew)

He scortches all the branches in his way,

Plowes vp the fields, treads flat the fields of graine.

In vaine the Sheepheard or his dogge secures

Their harmlesse fowlds. In vaine the furious Bull

Striues to defend the heard ore which he lords.

The Collonies into the Citties flye,
 And till immur'd, they thinke themfelues not safe.
 To chace this beaft we haue met on *Oeta* mount,
 Attended by the nobleſt ſpirits of *Greece*.

Tela. From populous *Salamine* I *Telamon*
 Am at thy faire requeſt, King *Meleager*,
 Come to behold this beaft of *Calidon*,
 And prove my vertue in his ſterne purſuite.

Iaſon. Not *Meleagers* loue, more then the zeale
 I beare my honour, hath drawne *Iaſon* hither,
 To this aduenture, yet both forcible
 To make me try ſtrange maiſteries 'gainſt that mon-
 ſter,

Whoſe fury hath ſo much amaz'd all *Greece*.

Caſtor. That was the cauſe I *Caſtor*, with my
 brother

Pollux, arriu'd, and left our ſiſter *Hellen*
 Imbrac't by our old father *Tyndarus*,
 To rouze this beaft.

Pollux. Let vs no more be held
 The ſonnes of *Læda*, and begot by *Ioue*,
 Brothers, and cal'd the two *Tyndarian* twins
 If we returne not crimſon'd in the ſpoiles
 Of this fierce Boare.

Neflor. To that end *Neflor* came.
Neflor, that hath already liu'd one age,
 And entred on the ſecond, to the third
 May I nere reach, if part of that wilde ſwine
 I bring not home to *Pylos* where I reigne.

Atr. My yong ſon *Agamemnon*, and his brother
 Prince *Menelaus*, in his ſwathes at home,
 Without ſome honour purchaſt on this Boare,
 May I no more ſee, or *Mycenes* viſit.

Tref. Well ſpeakes *Atreus*, and his noble aſts
 Stil equalize his language. Shall not *Theſeus*
 Venter as farre as any ? heauens you know
 I dare as much 'gainſt any mortall foe.

Tox. Wher's *Hercules*, that at this noble buſines
 He is not preſent, being neere ally'd

To *Meleager*, hauing late espowfed
His fister *Deianeira*?

Plex. He's for *Busiris*, that *Ægyptian* tyrant.

Mel. Else noble valour, he would haue bin first
To haue purchast honour in this hauty quest.

Enter Atlanta with a Iauelin. Hornes winded.

Atl. Haile princes, let it not offend this troop,
That I a Princes and *Atlanta* cald,
A virgin Huntresse, presse into the field,
In hope to double guild my Iauelins poynt
In bloud of yon wilde fwine.

Melea. *Virgineam in puero, puerilem in virgine vul-*
tum.

Aspicio. Oh you Gods! or make her mine,
Stated with vs the *Calidonian* Queene,
Or let this monstrous beast confound me quite,
And in his vast wombe bury all my fate.
Beauteous *Atlanta* welcome, grace her princes
For *Meleagers* honour.

Iason. Come, shal's vncupple Lords,
Some plant the toiles, others brauely mount,
To vn-den this sauadge.

Melea. Time and my bathfull loue
Admits no courtship, Lady ranke with vs.
Il'e be this day your guardian, and a shield
Betweene you and all danger.

Atlant. We are free,
And in the chace will our owne guardian be.
Shals to the field, my Iauelin and these shafts,
Pointed with death, shall with the formost flye,
And by a womans hand the beast shall dye.

Enter Adonis winding his horne.

Melea. As bold as faire; but soft, whose bugle's
that
Which cals vs to the chace? *Adonis* yours?

Adonis. Mine oh you noble *Greekes*, we haue discovered

The dreadfull monster wallowing in his den :
The toyles are fixt, the huntsmen plac't on hils
Prest for the charge, the fierce *Theffalian* hounds
With their flagge eares, ready to sweep the dew
From the moist earth : their breasts are arm'd with
fleele,

Against the incounter of so grim a beast.
The hunters long to vncupple, and attend
Your presence in the field.

Atlanta. Follow *Atlanta*.

Il'e try what prince will second me in field,
And make his Iauelins point shake euen with mine.

Melea. That *Meleagers* shall.

Tela. Nor *Telamon*

Will come behinde *Atlanta*, or the Prince.

Iason. Charge brauely then your Iauelins, fend
them finging

Through the cleare aire, and aime them at yon fiend,
Den'd in the quechy bogge, the signall Lords.

All. Charge, charge.

a great winding of hornes, & shouts.

Meleag. Princes, shrill your Bugles free,
And all *Atlanta's* danger fall on me.

Enter Iason and Telamon.

Iason. This way, this way, renowned *Telamon*,
The Boare makes through yon glade ; and from the
hils

He hurries like a tempest : In his way
He prostrates trees, and like the bolt of *Ioue*,
Shatters where ere he comes.

Tela. *Diana's* wrath

Sparkles grim terrour from his fiery eyes :
One Iauelin pointed with the purest brasse,
I haue blunted 'gainst his ribs ; yet he vnscar'd,
The head, as darted 'gainst a rocke of marble,

Rebounded backe.

Iason. He shakes off from his head
Our best *Theffalian* dogges, like Sommer flyes :
Nor can their sharpe phangs fasten on his hide.
Follow the cry.

A shout. Enter Castor and Pollux.

Castor. Wher's noble *Telamon* ?

Pollux. Or warlike *Iason* ?

Iason. Here you *Tyndarides*,
Speake, which way bends this plague of *Calidon* ?

Castor. Here may you stand him, for behold he
comes

Like a rough torrent, swallowing where he spreads,
Ouer his head a cloud of terrour hangs
In which leane death (as in a Chariot) rides,
Darting his shafts on all sides : 'mongst the Princes
Of fertill *Greece*, *Anceus* bowels lye
Strewd on the earth, torne by his rauenous tuskes :
And had not *Nestor* (by his Iauelins helpe)
Leap't vp into an Oke to haue scap't his rage,
He had now perisht in his second Age.

Pollux. *Peleus* is wounded, *Pelegon* lies slaine,
Eupalemon hath all his body rent
With an oblique wound : yet *Meleager* still,
And *Thefeus*, and *Atreus*, with the rest,
Pursue the chace, with Boare-speares cast so thicke,
That where they flye, they seeme to darke the ayre,
And where they fall, they threaten imminent ruine.

Iason. To these wee'l adde our fury, and our fire,
And front him, though his brow bare figured hell,
And euery wrinkle were the gulfe of Styx
By which the Gods contest : Come noble *Telamon*
Diana's monster by our hands shall fall,
Or (with the Princes slaine) let's perish all. *Exeunt.*

Hornes and shouts. Enter Melcager, Atlanta.

Melcag. Thou beauteous *Nonacris*, *Arcadia's*
pride,

How hath thy valour with thy fortune ioyn'd,
 To make thee staine the generall fortitude
 Of all the Princes we deriue from *Greece*,
 Thy launces poynt hath on yon armed monster,
 Made the first wound, and the first crimson droppe
 Fell from his side, thy ayme and arme extracted,
 Thy fame shall neuer dye in *Calidon*.

Atl. We trifle heere, what shall *Atlanta* gaine
 The first wounds honour, and be absent from
 The monsters death, we must haue hand in both.

Melea. Thou hast purchast honour and renowne
 enough,
 Oh staine not all the generall youth of *Greece*,
 By thy too forward spirit. Come not neere
 Yon rude blood-thirsty sauadge, lest he prey
 On thee, as on *Anceus*, and the rest,
 Let me betweene thee and all dangers stand. *Hornes.*
 Fight, but fight safe beneath our puissant hand.

Atl. The cry comes this way, all my shafts Il'e
 spend.
 To giue the fury that affrights vs, end.

Melea. And ere that monster on *Atlanta* pray,
 This point of steele shal through his hart make way.
Exeunt.

After great shouts, enter Venus.

Venus. *Adonis*, thou that makest *Venus* a
 Huntresse,
 Leauē *Paphos*, *Gnidon*, *Eryx*, *Erecine*,
 And *Amathon*, with precious mettals bigge,
 Mayst thou this day liue bucklerd in our wing,
 And shadowed in the amorous power of loue :
 My swannes I haue vnyoakt, and from their necks
 Tane of their bridles made of twisted filke.
 And from my chariot flucke with Doues white plumes
 Lighted vpon this verdure, where the Boare
 Hath in his fury snow'd his scattered foame.

A cry within.

What cry was that? It was *Adonis* sure.
That piercefant shriek shrild through the musicall
pipes
Of his sweete voyces organs, thou *Diana*
If thou hast sent this fiende to ruin loue,
Or print the least skarre in my *Adons* flesh
Thy chastity I will abandon quite,
And with my loosenesse, blast thy *Cinthian* light.

Enter Theseus and Nestor, bringing in Adonis wounded to death.

Thef. There lie most beauteous of the youths of
Greece,

Whose death I will not mourne, ere I reuenge.

Nest. I'le second thee, thou pride of *Greece*
adiew,

Whom too much valor in thy prime ore-threw. *Exit.*

Ven. Y'are not mine eyes, for they to see him
dead

Would from their soft beds drop vpon the earth :
Or in their owne warme liquid moisture drowne
Their natiue brightnesse : th'art not *Venus* heart,
For wert thou mine, at this sad spectacle
Th'dst breake these ribs though they were made of
brasse,

And leap out of my bosome instantly.

My sorrowes like a populous throng, all struiuing

At once to passe through some inforced breach,

In stead of winning passage stop the way,

And so the greatest hast, breeds the most stay.

Oh mee ! my multiplicity of sorrowes,

Makes me almost forget to grieve at all.

Speake, speake, my *Adon*, thou whom death hath fed
on

Ere thou wast yet full ripe ; and this thy beautie's

Deuour'd ere tasted. Eye, where's now thy bright-
nesse ?

Or hand thy warmth ? Oh that such louely parts

Should be by death thus made unferuiceable.
 That (liueſt then) had the power to intrance *Ioue* :
 Rauish, amaze, and surfet, all these pleasures
Venus hath lost by thy vntimely fall.
 And therefore for thy death eternally
Venus shall mourne, *Earth* shall thy trunke deuoure,
 But thy liues blood I'll turne into a flower,
 And euery Month in sollemne rights deplore,
 This beauteous *Greeke* slaine by *Dianaes* Boare. *Exit.*

*The fall of the Boare being winded, Meleager with the
 head of the Boare, Atlanta, Nestor, Toxeus, Plexip-
 pus, Iason, Theseus, &c. with their iauellins
 bloudied.*

Mel. Thus lies the terror that but once to day
 Aw'd all the boldest hearts of *Calidon*
 Wallowing and weltering in his native blood,
 Transfixt by vs, but brauely seconded,
 By noble *Iason*, *Theseus*, *Peleus*,
Telamon, *Nestor*, the *Tyndarides*,
 And our bold vnckles, al our bore-speares slain'd
 And gory hands lau'd in his reeking blood,
 To whom belongs this braue victorious spoile ?

All. To *Meleager* Prince of *Calidon*.

Mel. Is that your generall suffrage ?

Iason. Let not *Greece*

Suffer such merite vnregarded passe,
 Or valour liue vnguerdon'd, that fel Swine
 Whom yet, euen dead, th' amazed people feare,
 And dare not touch but with astonishment
 Fell by thy hand.

Tel. Thou stodst his violence,
 Til thy sharpe Iauelin grated gainst his braines,
 Beneath his shield thou entredst to his heart.
 At that we guirt him till a thousand wounds,
 Hee from a thousand hands receiu'd at once :
 And in his fall it seem'd the earth did groane,
 And the fixt Center tremble vnder him.

Castor. The spoile is thine, the yong *Adonis* death,
Ancus slaughter, and the massacre
 Of *Archas*, *Pelagon*, *Eupateinon*
 And all the *Grecian* Princes lost this day,
 Thou hast reueng'd, therefore be thine the fame,
 Which with a generall voyce *Greece* shall proclaime.

Mel. Princes wee thanke you, 'tis mine giuen me
 free.

Which faire *Atlanta* we bestow on thee.

Tox. Ha, to a woman.

Plex. And so many men,
 Ingag'd in't, call backe thy gift againe.

Cast. *Greece* is by this disparaged, and our fame
 Fowly eclips'd.

Pollux. Snatch't from that emulous Dame.

Mel. Murmur you Lords at *Meleagers* bounty,
 We first bestow'd it as our owne by guift,
 Yea, and by right, but now we render it
 'To bright *Atlanta*, as her owne by due
 As shee that from the Boare the first blood drew.

Nest. We must not suffer this disgrace to *Greece*.

Atr. Let women claime 'mongst women emi-
 nence,

Our Lofty spirits, that honour haue in chace,
 Cannot digest wrongs womanish and base.

Cast. Restore this woman and thy sex enuy
 For fortitude, aime not at quests so hye.

Iason. *Castor* forbear.

Tella. Hee giues but what's his owne.

Thef. 'Tis the Kings bounty.

Mel. By the immortall Gods,
 That gaue vs this daies honour, the same hand
 By which the *Calidonian* terror fell,
 Shall him that frownes or murmurs lanch to hell.

All. That will we try.

Mel. Then reskue for *Atlanta*,
 This day shall fall for thee, that art diuine,
 Monsters more sauadge then *Dianaes* swine.

*A strange confused fray, Toxeus and Plexippus are
slaine by Meleager, Iafon and Tellamon stand
betweene the two factions.*

Iaf. No more, no more, behold your vnkle
slaine,

Saue in this act two Noble Gentlemen,
Pursue not fury to the spoile of *Greece*,
And death of more braue Princes : let your rage
Be here confin'de, cut off this purple streame
In his mid course, and turne this torrent backe
Which in his fury else may drown'd vs all.

Tel. I second *Iafon* and expose my selfe,
Betweene these factions to compose a peace.

Mel. Wee haue done too much already, impious
fury,

How boundlesse is thy power : vncircumscribed
By thought or reason, th'art all violence,
Thy end repentance, sorrow and distast :
How will *Althea* take her brothers death
From her sons hand, but rash deeds executed
May be lamented, neuer be recal'd.
Shall the furuiuers bee atton'd ?

Atrous. So it be done with honour on both parts
Wee haue fwords to guard our fortunes and our liues,
And but an equall language will keepe both
Thus at the point.

Thef. Ioyne hands renowned *Princes*,
The fury of the Prince of *Calidon*
Hath prey'd but on his owne, there let it end,
No further by your vrgent spleenes extend.

Castor. We are appeas'd.

Iafon. Lords freely then embrace.

Mel. First then, wee'le royally interre our vnkle,
And spend some teares vpon their funerall rites,
That done wee'le in our Palace feast these Princes,
With bright *Atlanta*, whom wee'le make our Queene.
Our Vnkle once bestow'de into the earth,
Our mournings shall expire in Bridall mirth. *Exeunt.*

Enter K. Oeneus and Althea, meeting the bodies of their two brothers borne.

Oen. Come to the Temple there to sacrifice
For these glad tydings, since the Boare lies dead,
That fil'd our kingdome with such awe and dread.

Alth. What ioy names *Oeneus* in this spectacle?
This of a thousand the most sad and tragicke,
Whose murdered trunks be these?

Seru. Your royall brothers,
Prince *Toxeus* and *Plexippus*.

Althea. Speake, how slaine?

Seru. Not by the Boare, but by your sons owne
hand.

Althea. By *Meleagers*, how? vpon what quarrell
Could the proud boy ground such a damned act?

Seru. Your sonne to faire *Atlanta* gaue the prise
Of this daies trauell, which for, they with-stood
In mutinous armes they losse their vitall blouds.

Alth. Shall I reuenge or mourne them.

Oen. O strange fate.
An obiect that must shorten *Oeneus* daies,
And bring these winter haire to a sad Tombe
Long ere their date; I sinke beneath these sorrowes
Into my blacke and timelesse monument.

Althea. My sorrowes turne to rage, my teares to
fire,
My praiers to curses, vowes into reuenge.

Oen. Peace, peace my Queene, let's beare the
Gods vindiction

With patience, as wee did *Dianaes* wrath:
Where Gods are bent to punish, we may grieue
But can our selues nor succour, nor relieue.
Come, let vs do to them their latest rites,
Wait on their Hearses in our mourning blacke;
Their happy soules are mounted 'boue the spheares,
We'le wash their bodies in our funerall teares. *Exit.*

Manet Althea.

Althea. *Althea* what distraction's this within thee?

A sister or a mother wilt thou bee?
 Since both I cannot, (for these Princes slaine)
 Sister I chuse, a mothers name disdain:
 The fatall brand in which the murderers life
 Securely lies, I'll hurle into the fire
 And as it flames, so shall the slave expire.
 Mischeife I'll heape on mischeife, bad on ill,
 Wrong pay with wrongs, and slaughter these that kill.
 And since the Gods would all our glories thrall,
 I will with them haue chiefe hand in our fall.
 But hee's my sonne: oh pardon me deere brothers,
 Being a mother if I spare his life;
 Though it be fit his sinne bee plag'd with death,
 And that his life lie in yon fatall brand,
 'Twill not come fitly from a mothers hand.
 Is this the hope of all my ten months paine,
 Must he by th' hand that nurst him now be slaine?
 Would he had perisht in his cradle, when
 I gaue him twice life: in his birth, and then
 When I the brand snatcht from the rauinous flame,
 And for this double good, hast thou with shame
 And iniury repaide me? I will now
 A sister be, no mother, for I vow
 Reuenge and death; Furies, assist my hand
 Whilst in red flames I cast his vitall brand. *Exit.*

*A banquet, enter Meleager, Iason, Theseus, Castor,
 Pollux, Nestor, Peleus, Atreus, Atlanta.*

Meleag. For faire *Atlanta*, and your Honours,
 Lords

We banquet you this day: and to beginne
 Our festiualls we'll crowne this *Iouiall* health
 Vnto our brother, *Theban Hercules*,
 And *Deyaneira*, will you pledge it Lords?

Iason. None but admire and loue their matchlesse
 worths,

Not faire *Atlanta* will refuse this health.

Atlan. You beg of mee a pledge, I'll take it
Iason,

As well for his sake that beginnes the round,
As those to whom 'tis vow'd.

Tell. Well spoke *Atlanta*, but I wonder Lords
What Prouince now holds *Theban Hercules*?

Thef. He is the mirrour and the pride of *Greece*,
And shall in after ages be renoun'd,
But we forget his health, come *Tellamon*
Aime it at mee.

A fire. Enter Althea with a brand.

Althea. Assist my rage you sterne *Eumenides*,
To you this blacke deed will I consecrate.
Pitty away, hence thou consanguine loue,
Maternall zeale, parentall piety.
All cares, loues, duties, offices, affections,
That grow 'twene sonnes and mothers, leaue this
place ;

Let none but furies, murders, paracides,
Be my assistants in this dam'd attempt :
All that's good and honest, I confine,
Blacke is my purpose ; Hell my thoughts are thine.

Mel. To bright *Atlanta* this lowd musicke sownd,
Her health shall with our loftiest straines be crown'd.

Althea. Drinke, quaffe, be blith ; oh how this
festiue ioy
Stirs vp my fury to reuenge and death,
'Thus, thus (you Gods aboue, abiect your eies
From this vnnaturall act) the murderer dies.

Shee fires the brand.

Mel. Oh, oh.

Atlan. My Lord.

Mel. I burne, I burne.

Iafon. What suddaine passion's this ?

Mel. The flames of hell, and *Pluto's* fightlesse
fires,

Are through my entrals and my veines dispierst,
Oh !

Tell. My Lord take courage.

Mel. Courage, *Tellamon*?

I haue a heart dares threate or challenge hell,
A brow front heauen ; a hand to challenge both :
But this my paine's beyond all humane sufferance,
Or mortall patience.

Althea. What hast thou done *Althea*? stay thy
fury,

And bring not these strange torments on thine owne.
Thou hast too much already, backe my hand,
And saue his life as thou conferu'st this brand.

She takes out the brand.

Atlan. How cheeres the warlike Prince of
Calidon?

Mel. Well now, I am at ease and peace within,
Whither's my torture fled? that with such suddennesse
Hath freed me from disturbance, were we ill?
Come sit againe to banquet, musicke sownd,
Till this to *Deyaneiraes* health go round.

Althea. Shall mirth and ioy crowne his degenerate
head?

Whilst his cold Vnckles on the earth lie spread?
No, wretched youth whilst this hand can destroy,
I'll cut thee off in midst of all thy ioy.

She fires the brand.

Mel. Againe, Againe.

Althea. Burne, perish, wast, fire, sparkle, and con-
sume

And all thy vitall spirits flie with this fume.

Mel. Still, still, there is at *Aetna* in my bosome
The flames of *Stix*, and fires of *Acheron*
Are from the blacke *Chimerian* shades remou'd,
And fixt heere, heere ; oh for *Euenus* flood,
Or some coole streame, to shoote his currents through
My flaming body, make thy channell heere
Thou mighty flood that streamest through *Calidon*
And quench me, all you springs of *Theffaly*
Remoue your heads, and fixe them in my veines
To coole me, oh !

Iafon. Defend vs heauen, what suddaine extasy

Or vnexpected torture hath disturb'd
His health and mirth?

Mel. Worfe then my torment,
That I must die thus, thus, that the Boare had slaine
me

Happy *Ancus* and *Adonis* blest,
You died with fame, and honour crownes your rest;
My flame increaseth still, oh father *Oeneus*
And you *Althea*, whom I would call mother
But that my genius prompts me th'art vnkind,
And yet farewell, *Atlanta* beauteous maide,
I cannot speake my thoughts for torture, death,
Anguish and paines, all that *Promethean* fire
Was stolne from heauen, the Thiefe left in my
bosome.

The Sunne hath cast his element on me,
And in my entralls hath he fixt his Spheare,
His pointed beames he hath darted through my
heart,
And I am still on flame.

Althea. So, now 'tis done,
The brand consum'd, his vitall threed quite spun.

Exit.

Meleag. Now 'gins my fire waste, and my naturall
heat
To change to Ice, and my scortch't blood to freeze.
Farewell, since his blacke ensigne death displayes,
I dye, cut off thus in my best of dayes.

He dyes.

Fason. Dead is the flower and pride of *Calidon*.
Who would displease the Gods? *Diana's* wrath
Hath stretch't euen to the death, and tragicke ruine
Of this faire hopefull Prince, here stay thy ven-
geance

Goddesse of chastity, and let it hang
No longer ore the house of *Calidon*:
Since thou hast cropt the yong, spare these old
branches
That yet suruiue.

Enter Althea.

Althea. She shall not, *Fason* no,
 She shall not : Do you wonder Lords of *Greece*,
 To see this Prince lye dead ? why that's no nouell,
 All men must dye, thou, he, and euery one,
 Yea I my selfe must : but Il'e tell you that
 Shall stiffe your haire, your eyes start from your heads,
 Print fixt amazement in your wondring fronts,
 Yea and astonish all : This was my sonne,
 Borne with sick throws, nurs't from my tender brest
 Brought vp with feminine care, cherisht with loue :
 His youth, my pride ; his honour all my wishes,
 So deere, that little lesse he was then life.
 But will you know the wonder ('lasse) too true,
 Him (all my sonnes) this my inrag'd hand slue,
 This hand, that *Dians* quenchlesse rage to fill,
 Shall with the slaine sonnes sword the mother kill.

Althea kills herselfe with Meleagers sword.

Tela. The Queene hath slaine her selfe : who'l
 beare these newes
 To the sad King ?

Enter a seruant.

Seru. That labour may be spar'd :
 The King no sooner heard of his sonnes death,
 (Wrought by his mother in the fatall brand)
 But he funke dead : sorrow so chang'd his weakenesse,
 And without word or motion he expir'd.

Fason. Wee'l see them (ere we part from *Calidon*)
 Inter'd with honour : But we sojourne long
 In this curst Clime ; oh let vs not incurre
Diana's fury, our next expedition
 Shall be for *Colchos*, and the golden Fleece,
 Vnto which (Princes) we inuite you all.
 Our stately *Argoe* we haue rig'd and trim'd,
 And in it we will beare the best of *Greece*,
 Stil'd from our ship by name of *Argonauts*.

Great *Hercules* will with his company,
Grace our aduventure, and renowne all *Greece*,
By the rich purchase of the *Colchian Fleece*. *Exit.*

HOMER.

*Let not euen Kings against the Gods contest,
Lest in this fall their ruines be exprest.
Thinke Hercules, from clensing the fowle stall
And stable of Augeus, in which fed
Three hundred Oxen, (neuer freed at all,
Till his arriue) return'd where he was bred,
To Thebes; there Deianeira him receiues
With glad imbraces, but he slaies not long,
Iason the Lady of her Lord bereaues:
For in the new-rig'd Argoe, with the yong
And sprightly Heroes, he at Colchos aimes,
Where the rich Fleece must publish their high fames.*

*Enter Deianeira and Iychas: to her Hercules, receiued
with ioy, after the presentment of some of his
labours. To them march in all the Argonauts,
Iason, Telamon, Atreus, Castor, Pollux, Theseus,
&c. Iason perswades Hercules to the aduventure;
hee leaues Deianeira, and marcheth off with the
Argonauts.*

*Imagine now these Princes vnder saile,
Steering their course as farre as high-rear'd Troy,
Where King Laomedon doth much bewaile
His daughter, whom a Sea-whale must destroy.
Obserue this well: for here begins the iarre
Made Troy rack't after in a ten yeares warre.*

*Sound. Enter King Laomedon, Anchises, yong Priam,
Æneas, Hefione bound, with other Lords and Ladyes.*

Laomed. Hefione, this is thy last on earth,

Whose fortunes we may mourne, though not preuent :
 Would *Troy*, whose walles I did attempt to reare,
 Had nere growne higher then their ground-sils, or
 In their foundation buried beene, and lost,
 Since their high structure must be thus maintain'd,
 With blood of our bright Ladyes : Oh *Hesione* !
 Th'onely remainder of these female dames
 Begot by vs, I must bequeath thy body
 To be the food of *Neptunes* monstrous Whale.

Priam. Had you kept troth and promise with the
 Gods,

This had not chanc't : You borrowed of the Priests
 Of *Neptune* and *Apollo*, Sea, and Sunne,
 That quantity of gold, which to this height
 And spacious compasse, hath immur'd great *Troy* ;
 But the worke finish't, you deny'd to pay
 The Priests their due, for which intriged *Neptune*
 Assembled his high tides, thinking to drowne
 Our lofty buildings, and to ruine *Troy* :
 But when the Moone, by which the Seas are gouvern'd,
 Retir'd his waters by her powerfull wane,
 He left behind him such infectious slime,
 Which the Sunne poysoning by his perfant beames,
 They by their mutuall power, rais'd a hot plague.
 To slacke this hot pest, *Neptune* made demand,
 Monthly a Lady to be chus'd by lot,
 To glut his huge Sea-monsters rauinous iawes :
 The lot this day fell on *Hesione*
 Our beauteous sister.

Laom. *Priam* 'tis too true,
 Till now *Laomedon* nere knew his guilt,
 Or thought the Gods could punish.

Hesio. Royall father,
 Mourne not for me, the Gods must be appeas'd,
 And I in this am happy, that my death
 Is made the attonement 'twene those angry powers
 And your afflicted people, though my Innocence
 Neuer deferu'd such rigor from the Gods.

Come good *Anchises*, binde me to this rocke,
And let my body glut th' infatiate fury
Of angry *Neptune*, and th' offended Sunne.

Anchif. A more unwilling monster neuer past
Anchises hand.

Laom. Now, now, the time drawes nye,
That my sweet childe by *Neptunes* whale must dye.

Priam. The very thought of it swallowes my
heart
As deepe in sorrow, as the monster can
Bury my sifter.

A great showt within.

Laom. Soft, what clamor's that?

Æneas. A stately ship, well rig'd with swelling
failes,
Enters the harbour, bound (by their report)
For *Colchos* : but when they beheld the shores
Couered with multitudes, and spy'd from farre,
Your beauteous daughter fastned to the rocke,
They made to know the cause ; which certified,
One noble *Greeke* amongst these Heroes stands,
And offers to incounter *Neptunes* whale,
And free from death the bright *Hesione*.

Laom. Thou hast (*Æneas*) quickned me from
death,
And added to my date a second Age.
Admit them.

*Enter Hercules, Iafon, Castor, Pollux, Theseus, and all
the Argonauts.*

Herc. 'Tis told vs that thy name's *Laomedon*,
And that thy beauteous daughter must this day
Feed a sea-monster : how wilt thou reward
The man that shall incounter *Neptunes* whale ?
Tugge with that fiend vpon thy populous strond,
And with my club fowse on his armed scales ?

Hast thou not heard of *Theban Hercules* ?
 I that haue aw'd the earth, and ranfack't hell,¹
 Will through the Ocean hunt the God of freames,
 And chace him from the deepe Abifmes below.
 Il'e dare the Sea-god from his watery deepes
 If he take part with this Leuiathan.

Laom. Thy name and courage warlike *Hercules*
 Affures her life, if thou wilt vndertake
 This hauty quest : two milke white fleeds, the best
Afia ere bred, shall be thy valours prize.

Herc. We accept them ; keepe thy faith *Laomedon*,
 If thou but break'st with *Ioue-borne Hercules*,
 Thefe marble ftructures, built with virgins bloud,
 Il'e raze euen with the earth. When comes the mon-
 fter ?

Hefione. Now, now, helpe *Ioue.* *A cry within.*

Herc. I fee him fweepe the feas along.
 Blow riuers through his noftrils as he glides,
 As if he meant to quench the Sunnes bright fire,
 And bring a palped darkneffe ore the earth :
 He opes his iawes as if to fwallow *Troy*,
 And at one yawne whole thoufands to deftroy.

Lao. Fly, flye into the Citty. *Exeunt the Troians.*

Herc. Take along
 This beauteous Lady, if he muft haue pray,
 In ftead of her *Alcides* here will ftay.

Iafon. The heartlefse Troians fly into the towne
 At fight of yon fea-diuell : here wee'l ftand
 To wait the conqueft of thy *Iouiall* hand.

Herc. Gramercy *Iafon*, fee he comes in tempeft,
 Il'e meet him in a florme as violent,
 And with one ftroke which this right hand fhall
 aime,
 Ding him into th' abiffe from whence he came.

*Hercules kills the Sea-Monster, the Troians on the walles,
 the Greekes below.*

Priam. The monfter's flaine, my beauteous fifter
 freed.

Iafon. Be euer for this noble deed renown'd,
Let *Asia* fpeake thy praife.

Telam. The *Argonauts*
Are glorifi'd by this victorious aét.

Priam. All *Troy* fhall confecrate to *Hercules*
Temples and Altars : lets defcend and meet him.

Laom. Stay, none prefume to flirre, wee'l parly
them
Firft from the walles.

Herc. Why doth not *Troy's* King from thofe wals
defcend ?

And fince I haue redeem'd *Hefione*,
Prefent my trauels with two milke-white fteeds,
The prize of my indeuours ?

Lao. *Hercules*
We owe thee none, none will we tender thee,
Thou haft won thee honour, a reward fufficient
For thy attempt : our gates are fhut againft thee,
Nor fhall you enter, you are *Greekifh* fpies,
And come to pry but where our land is weake.

Priam. Oh royall father !

Laom. Peace boy : *Greekes* away :
For imminent death attends on your delay.

Herc. The Sea nere bred a monfter halfe fo vile
As this Land-fiend. Darft threaten *Hercules* ?
Would vniuerfall *Troy* were in one frame,
That I might whelme it on thy curfed head,
And crowne thee in thy ruine. Menace vs ?

Laom. Depart our walles, or we will fire your
Argoe,

Lying in our harbour, and preuent your purpofe
In the atchieuement of the golden fleece.

Herc. *Laomedon*, I'll toffe thee from thy walles,
Batter thy gates to shivers with my Club,
Nor will I leaue thefe broad Scamander plaines,
Til thy afpiring Towers of *Illium*
Lye leuell with the place on which we ftand.

Iafon. Great *Hercules*, th' aduenture fals to me,
Our voyage bent for *Colehos*, not for *Troy*,

The golden fleece, and not *Laomedon* :
 Why should we hazard here our *Argonauts* ?
 Or spend our felues on accidentall wrongs ?

Telam. *Iason* aduifeth well, great *Hercules*,
 We should dishonour him, and th' expectation
Greece hath of vs, delude by this delay.

Thef. Then let vs from this harbour launch our
Argoe,
 To *Colchos* first, and in our voyage home
 Reuenge vs on this false *Laomedon*.

Herc. You sway me princes : farewell trecherous
 King,
 Nought, faue thy bloud, shall satisfie this wrong
 And base dishonour done to *Hercules*.
 Expect me ; for by *Olimpicke Ioue* I sweare
 Nere to set foot within my natiue *Thebes*,
 See *Deianeira*, or to touch in *Greece*,
 Till I haue scal'd these mures, inuaded *Troy*,
 Ransack't thy Citty, flaine *Laomedon*,
 And venge the Gods that gouerne Sea and Sunne.
 Come valiant *Heroes*, first the fleece to enioy,
 And in our backe returne to ransacke *Troy*.

Exeunt.

Lao. We dread you not, wee'l answere what is
 done,
 As well as stand 'gainst *Neptune* and the *Sunne*.

*Enter Octes, King of Colchos, Medea, yong Absyrtus,
 with Lords.*

Octes. How may we glory aboue other kings
 Being (by our birth) descended from the Gods ?
 Our wealth renowned through the world tripartite,
 Most in the riches of the golden fleece,
 And not the least of all our happinesse,
Medea for her powerfull magicke skill,
 And Negromanticke exorcismes admir'd,
 And dreaded through the *Colchian* territories.

Medea. I can by Art make riuers retrograde,
Alter their channels, run backe to their heads,
And hide them in the springs from whence they
grew.

The curled Ocean with a word Il'e smooth,
(Or being calme) raise waues as high as hils,
Threatning to swallow the vast continent.
With powerfull charmes Il'e make the Sunne stand
still,

Or call the Moone downe from her arched spheare.
What cannot I by power of *Hecate*?

Abfyr. Discourfe (faire sister) how the golden
fleece

Came first to *Colchos*.

Medea. Let *Abfyr*us know,
Phrixus the sonne of *Theban Athamas*,
And his faire sister *Helles*, being betraid
By their curst step-dame *Ino*, fled from *Greece*,
Their Innocence pittied by *Mercury*,
He gaue to them a golden-fleeced Ramme,
Which bore them safe to the Sygean sea,
Which swimming, beauteous *Helles* there was drown'd,
And gaue that sea the name of *Hellefpont*,
That which parts *Sestus* and *Abidos* still :

Phrixus arriues at *Colchos*, and to *Mars*
There sacrific'd his Ramme in memory
Of his safe waftage, fauoured by the Gods.
The golden Fleece was by the Oracle
Commanded to be fixt there, kept and guarded
By two fierce Buls, that breath infernall fires,
And by a wakefull Dragon, in whose eyes
Neuer came sleepe : for in the safe conseruing
Of this diuine and worthy monument,
Our kingdomes weale and safety most consists.

Otes. And he that striuies by purchase of this
fleece,

To weaken vs, or shake our Royalty,
Must tast the fury of these fiery fiends.

A shoote. Enter a Lord.

The nouell : speake.

Lord. Vpon the *Colchian* shores
A stately vessell, man'd it seemes from *Greece*
Is newly lancht, full fraught with Gentlemen
Of braue aspects and presence.

Oetes. Whose their Generall ?

Lord. *Iason*, he files himselfe a Prince of *Greece*
And Captaine o're the noble *Argonautes*.

Oetes. Vsher them in, that we may know their
quest
And what aduenture drew them to these shoares.

*Sound, Enter Iason, Hercules, Theseus, Castor,
Pollux, &c.*

Iason. Haile king of *Colchos*, thou beholdst in vs
The noblest Heroes that inhabite *Greece*
Of whom I, though vnworthiest, stile my selfe
The Generall ; the intent of this our voyage
Is to reduce the rich and golden prise
To *Greece*, from whence it came, know I am come
To tug and wraitle with the infernall Buls,
And in their hot fiers double guild my armes
To place vpon their necks the seruile yoake,
And bondage, force them plow the field of *Mars*,
Till in the furrowes I haue sowed the teeth
Of vipers, from which men in armour grow
To enter combat with the sleepelesse Dragon,
And mauger him fetch thence the golden Fleece.
All this *Oetes*, I am prest to atchieue
Against these horrid tasks my life to ingage
Buls fury, Vipers poyson, Dragons rage.

Medea. Such a bold spirit, and noble presence
linkt
Neuer before were seene in *Phasis* Isle,
Colchos be proud, a Prince demands thy Fleece,

Richer then that he comes for ; let the *Greekes*
Our *Phasian* wealth and *Oetes* treasure beare,
So they in lieu will leaue me *Iason* here.

Oetes. Princes, you aime at dangers more in
proffe

Then in report, which if you should behold
In their true figure, would amaze your spirits :
Yea, terifye the Gods ; let me aduise you,
As one that knowes their terrour, to desist
Ere you enwrap your selfe into these perils,
Whence there is no euasion.

Herc. *Oetes*, know
Peril's a babe, the greater dangers threaten
The greater is his honour that breaks through.
Haue we in th' *Argoe* rowed with sixty oares
And at each Oare a Prince ; pierc't *Samo-thrace*,
The *Cherfoneson* sea, the *Hellepont*,
Euen to the waues that breake on *Colchos* shoares ?
And shall we with dishonour turne to *Greece* ?
Know *Oetes*, not the least of sixty *Heroes*
That now are in thy Confines, but thy monsters
Dare quell and baffle.

Tellamon. Much more *Hercules*.

Oetes. *Hercules*.

Iason. Starts *Oetes* at the name of *Hercules*,
What would he do to see him in his eminence ;
But leauing that, this must be *Iasons* quest,
A worke not worthy him ; where be these monsters ?

Medea. May all enchantments be confinde to
hell,
Rather then he encounter fiends so fell.

Oetes. Princes, since you will needs attempt these
dangers

You shall ; and if atchieue the Golden Fleece
Transport it where you please, meane time, this
day

Repose your selues, wel'e feast you in our Pallace.
To morrow morning with the rising Sunne,
Our golden prise shall be conferu'd or wonne. *Exit.*

Medea. If he attempts he dies, what's that to mee?

Why should *Medea* feare a strangers life?
 Or what's that *Iafon* I should dread his fall?
 If he o're-come, my fathers glory waines,
 And all our fortunes must reward his paines.
 Let *Iafon* perish then, and *Colchos* flourish.
 Our pristine glories let vs still enioy,
 And these our brasse-head buls the Prince destroy.
 Oh! what distraction's this within me bred,
 Although he die, I would not see him dead?
 The best I see, the worst I follow still,
 Hee nere wrong'd mee, why should I wish him ill?
 Shall the Buls tosse him whom *Medea* loues,
 A Tygresse, not a Princeesse, should I proue?
 To see him tortured whom I deerely loue?
 Bee then a traitresse to thy fathers life,
 A robber of the clime where thou wast bred,
 And for some straggler that hath lost his way,
 Thy fathers Kingdome and his State betray.
 Tush, these are nothing, first his faith I'le craue,
 That couenant made, him by enchantments faue.

Enter Iafon.

Iafon. My task is aboue strength, Duke *Peleus*
 sent me

Not to atchieue, but die in this pursuite,
 And to preuent the Oracle that told him
 I must succeed; *Iafon* bethinke thee then
 Thou com'st to execution, not to act
 Things aboue man; I haue obseru'd *Medea*
 Retort upon me many an amorous looke,
 Of which I'le studdy to make prosperous vse.
 If by her art the Inchantments I can bind
 Immur'd with death, I certaine safety find.

Medea. Shall I o're-whelme vpon my captiue
 head,
 The curse of all our Nation, the Crownes ruin?

Clamours of men, and woemens loud exclames.
Burnings of children ; the vniuerfall curse
Of a great people, all to saue one man,
A straggler (God knowes whence deriu'd, where
borne,

Or whether Noble?) let the proud *Greece* die,
Wee still in *Colchos* sit instated hye.
Oh me ! that looke vpon *Medea* cast
Drownes all these feares, and hath the rest surpast.

Iason. Madam, because I loue I pittie you,
That you a beauteous Lady, art-full wife,
Should haue your beauty and your wisedome both
Inuelopt in a cloud of Barbarisme :
That on these barren Confines you should liue,
Confin'd into an Angle of the world.
And ne're see that which is the world indeed,
Fertile and populous *Greece, Greece* that beares men,
Such as resemble Gods, of which in vs
You see the most deiected, and the meanest.
How harshly doth your wisedome found in th'eares
Of these Barbarians, dull, vnapprehensible,
And such, in not conceiuing your hid Arts,
Deprive them of their honour ; In *Greece* springs
The fountaines of Diuine Phylosophy,
They are all vnderstanders ; I would haue you
Bright Lady with vs, enter to that world
Of which this *Colchos* is no part at all.
Shew then your beauty to these iudging eies,
Your wisedome to these vnderstanding eares.
In which they shall receiue their merited grace,
And leaue this barraine, cold, and stirrill place.

Medea. His presence without all this Oratory
Did much with vs, but where they both conioyne
To entrap *Medea*, shee must needs bee caught.

Iason. I long to see this *Colchian* Lady clad
In *Hymens* stateliest robes, whom the glad Matrones,
Bright Ladies, and Imperiall Queenes of *Greece*
Shall welcome and applaud, and with rich gifts

Present, for fauing of their sonnes and kinsmen
 From these infernall monsters : As for *Iafon*
 If you *Medea* shall despise his loue,
 He craues no other life then to die so,
 Since life without you is but torturing paine,
 And death to men distrest is double gaine.

Medea. That tongue more then *Medeas* spels in-
 chants,

And not a word, but like our exorcismes
 And power of charmes preuailes. Oh loue ! thy
 Maiesty

Is greater then the triple *Hecates*,
 Bewitching *Circes*, or those hidden skills,
 Ascrib'd vnto the infernall *Proserpine*.

I that by incantations can remoue
 Hills from their fyts, and make huge mountaines
 shake,

Darken the Sunne at noone, call from their graues
 Ghosts long since dead, that can command the earth,
 And affright heauen, no spell at all can find
 To bondage loue, or free a captiue minde.

Iafon. Loue *Iafon* then, and by thy Diuine aide,
 Giue me such power, that I may tug vnscorcht
 Amidst the flames with these thy fiery fiends,
 That I vnuenom'd may these Vipers teeth
 Cast from my hand, through *Morpheus* leaden
 charmes,

Ouer that wakefull snake that guards the Fleece,
 For which liue *Iafons* happy Bride in *Greece*.

Medea. A match, what hearbs or spels, what Magicke
 can

Command in heauen, earth, or in hell below,
 What either aire, or sea can minister,
 To guard thy person, all these helps I'll gather
 To girdle thee with safety.

Iafon. Be thou then
 For euer *Iafons*, and through *Greece* renown'd
 In whom our *Heroes* haue such safety found,

Our bargaine thus I feale.

He kiffeth her.

Medea. Which I'le make good

With *Colchos* fall, and with my fathers bloud.

Enter Abfyrtus.

Abfyr. Prince *Iafon*, all the *Heroes* at the banquet

Inquire for you, twice hath my father *Oetes*

Made search for you ; Oh fister !

Medea. No word you faw vs two in conference.

Abfyr. Do you take me to be a woman, to tell all I fee, and blab all I know, I that am in hope one day to lie with a woman, will once lie for a woman, Sifter I faw you not.

Iafon. Remember ; come Prince, will you leade the way ?

Abfyr. I have parted you that neuer parted fray
Come fir will you follow. *Exit. Manet Medea.*

Medea. The night growes on, and now to my black
Arts,

Goddeffe of witchcraft and darke ceremony,
To whom the elues of Hils, of Brookes, of Groues,
Of ftanding lakes, and cauernes vaulted deepe
Are minifters ; three-headed *Hecate*
Lend me thy Chariot drawne with winged fnakes,
For I this night muft progresse through the Aire.
What fimples grow in Tempe of *Theffaly*,
Mount *Pindus*, *Oetheris*, *Offa*, *Appidan*,
Olimpus, *Caucas*. or high *Teneriff*,
I muft felect to finish this great worke,
Thence muft I flye vnto *Amphrifus* Foords,
And gather plants by the fwift *Sperchius* ftreames,
Where rufhy *Bebes*, and *Anthedon* flow,
Where hearbes of bitter iuice and ftrong fent grow ;
Thefe muft I with the haire of *Mandrakes* vfe,
Temper with *Poppy-feeds* and *Hemlocke* iuice :
With *Aconitum* that in *Tartar* fprings,
With *Cyprefse*, *Ewe*, and *Veruin*, and thefe mix

With incantations, Spels, and Exorcismes
 Of wonderous power and vertue ; oh thou night,
 Mother of darke Arts' hide mee in thy vaile,
 Whilst I those banks searh, and these mountaines
 skale.

Sound. Enter King Oetes, Abfyrtus, and Lords.

Oetes. Vpon the safeguard of this golden Fleece
Colchos depends, and he that beares it hence
 Beares with it all our fortunes ; the *Argonautes*
 Haue it in quest, if *Iason* scape our monsters
 I'le rather at some banquet poyson him,
 And quaffe to him his death, or in the night
 Set fire vpon his *Argoe*, and in flames
 Consume the happy hope of his returne,
 This purpose we, as we are *Colchos* King,
Abfyrtus, where's your sifter ?

Abfyrtus. In her chamber.

Oetes. When you next see her giue to her this
 noate,
 The manner of our practife, her fell hand
 Cannot be mist in this, but it shall fall
 Heauy on these that *Colchos* seekes to thrall.
 The howre drawes nigh, the people throng on heapes,
 To this aduenture in the field of *Mars*,
 And noble *Iason* arm'd with his good shield,
 Is vp already and demands the field.

Enter Iason, Hercules, and the Argonauts.

Iason. *Oetes*, I come thus arm'd, demanding combat
 Of all those monsters that defend thy Fleece :
 And to these dangers singly, I oppose
 My person as thou seest, when setst thou ope
 The gates of hell to let thy deuils out ?
 Glad would I wraffle with thy fiery Bulls,
 And from their throats the flaming dewlops teare.

Vnchaine them, and to *Iafon* turne them loofe,
That as *Alcides* did to *Achelous*,
So from their hard fronts I may teare their hornes,
And lay the yoake vpon their vntam'd necks.

Oetes. Yet valiant *Greeke* defist, I, though a
stranger

Pitty thy youth, or if thou wilt perfist
So dreadfull is the aduenture thou persuest,
That thou wilt thinke I shall vnbowell hell,
Vnmanacle the fiends, and make a passage
Free for the Infernals.

Iafon. I shall welcome all.

Medea now if there be power in loue,
Or force in Magicke ; if thou hast or will
Or Art, try all the power of Characters,
Vertue of Symples, Stones, or hidden spels,
If earth Elues, or nimble airy Spirits,
Charmes, Incantations, or darke Exorcismes,
If any strength remaine in Pyromancy,
Or the hid secrets of the aire or fire,
If the Moones spheare can any helpe infuse,
Or any influent Starre, collect them all
That I by thy aide may these monsters thrall.

Oetes. Discouer them.

*Two fiery Buls are discovered, the Fleece hanging ouer
them, and the Dragon sleeping beneath them : Medea
with strange fiery-workes, hangs aboue in the Aire
in the strange habite of a Coniureffe.*

Medea. The hidden power of Earth, Aire, Water,
Fire,

Shall from this place to *Iafons* helpe conspire.
Fire withstand fire, and magicke temper flame,
By my strong spels the sauadge monster's tame :
So, that's perform'd, now take the Vipers teeth
And sow them in the furrowed field of *Mars*.
Of which strange seed, men ready arm'd must grow
To assault *Iafon*. Already from beneath

Their deadly pointed weapons gin to appeare,
 And now their heads, thus moulded in the earth,
 Streight way shall teeme; and hauing freed their
 fate

(The stalkes by which they grow) all violently
 Pursue the valiant *Greeke*, but by my forcery
 I'll turne their armed points against themselues
 And all these slaues that would on *Iafon* flie *shoutes*.
 Shall wound themselues and by sedition die.
 Yet thrives the *Greeke*, now kill the sleeping snake
 Which I haue charm'd, and thence the Trophy take,
 These shouts witnesse his conquest, Ile descend,
 Heare *Iafons* feares and all my charmes take end.

Hercules. *Otes*, now is this rich and pretious
 Fleece,

By *Iafons* sword repurchast, and must turne
 Vnto the place whence *Phrixus* brought his Ramme.

Otes. That practise by your ruines Ile preuent,
 And sooner then with that returne to *Greece*,
 Your slaughtered bodies leaue with this rich fleece.

Iafon. Since our aduenture is atchieu'd and
 done,

The prize is ours, we ceize what we haue wone.

Otes. Enioy it *Iafon*, I admire thy worth,
 Which as it hath exceeded admiration,
 So must we needs applaud it. Noble gentlemen,
 Depart not *Colchos*, ere you worths and valour
 We with some rich and worthy gifts present.
 The conquest of our Buls, and Dragons death,
 (Though we esteem'd them) yet they sad vs not,
 Since we behold the safety of this prince.
 Enter our palace, and your praise fownd hye,
 Where you shall feast, (or all by treason dyc.)

Exeunt.

Abfyr. I haue not seene my sifter to day, I muse
 she hath not beene at this solemnity, me thinkes she
 should not haue lost this triumph; I haue a note to
 deliuer her from my father. Here she comes.

Enter Medea.

Sister, peruse this brieve, you know the character,
It is my fathers. This is all. *Exit. She reads.*

Medea. *Iason* with his *Argonauts* this night must
perish, the fleece not be transported to *Greece*—*Medea*
your assistance.

This is my fathers plot to ouerthrow
Prince *Iason*, and the noble *Argonauts*,
Which Il'e preuent: I know the King is fudden,
And if preuention be delay'd, they dye:
I that haue ventured thus farre for a loue,
Euen to these arts that Nature would haue hid
As dangerous and forbidden, shall I now
Vndoe what I haue done, through womanish feare,
Paternall duty, or for filiall loue?
No *Iason*, thou art mine, and my desire,
Shall wade with thee through bloud, through seas,
through fire.

Enter Iason.

Iason. Madam.

Medea. My Lord, I know what you would say,
Thinke now vpon your life, the King my father
Intends your ruine, to redeeme the fleece,
And it repurchase with your tragicke deaths:
Therefore assemble all your *Argonauts*,
And let them (in the silence of the night)
Lanch from the *Colchian* harbour; Il'e associate you
As *Iasons* bride.

Iason. You are my patronesse,
And vnder you I triumph: when the least
Of all these graces I forget, the Gods
Reuenge on me my hated periury.
Must we then lanch this night? you are my direc-
tresse,
And by your art Il'e manage all my actions.

Medea. Then flye, Il'e fend to fee your *Argoe*
trim'd,
Rig'd and made tight : night comes, the time growes
on :

Hye then aboard.

Iafon. I fhall.

Exit.

Medea. Now populous *Greece*,
'Thanke vs (not *Iafon*) for this conquer'd fleece.

Enter Oetes.

Oetes. *Medea*, we are rob'd, despoil'd, dishonored,
Our Fleece rap't hence, we must not suffer it,
Since all our ominous fortunes it includes,
I am resolu'd *Iafon* this night shall dye.

Medea. Should he furuiue, you might be held vn-
worthy

The name of King ; my hand fhall be as deepe
As yours in his destruction.

Oetes. A strong guard
I will select, and in the dead of night,
When they are funke in Lethe, fet vpon them,
And kill them in their beds.

Medea. Il'e second you,
And laue my stain'd hands in their reeking blouds
That practife your dishonour.

Oetes. *Iafon* then dyes,
When he most hopes for this rich *Colchian* prize.
Exit.

Medea. But ere the least of all these ils betide,
This *Colchian* strond shall with thy bloud be dy'd,
For *Iafon* and his *Argonauts* I stand,
And will protect them with my art and hand.

*Enter Iafon with the Fleece, and all the Greekes
muffled.*

Iafon. Madam *Medea*.

Medea. Leauē circumstance, away,
Hoyse vp your sayles, death and destruction
Attends you on the shoare.

Iason. You'l follow Madam.

Exit.

Medea. Instantly :
Blow gentle gales, assist them winds and tide,
That I may *Greece* see, & liue *Iasons* bride.

Enter Absyrtus.

Absyr. How now sister, so solitary ?

Medea. Oh happy met, though it be late *Absyrtus*,
You must along with me.

Absyr. Whither pray ?

Medea. I'll tell you as we walke.
This lad betweene me and all harme shall stand ;
And if the King pursue vs with his Fleet,
His mangled limbes shall (scattered in the way)
Worke our escape, and the Kings speed delay.
Come brother.

Absyr. Any where with you sister. *excunt.*

Enter HOMER.

Hom. Let none to whom true Art is not deny'd,
Our monstrous Bulls, and magicke Snakes deride.
Some thinke this rich Fleece was a golden Booke,
The leaues of parchment, or the skins of Rammes,
Which did include the Art of making gold
By Chymicke skill, and therefore rightly sild,
The Golden Fleece, which to attaine and compasse,
Includes as many trauels, mysteries,
Changes and Chymicke bodies, fires and monsters,
As euer Iason could in Colchos meet.
The sages, and the wise, to keepe their Art
From being vulgar : yet to haue them tasted
With appetite and longing, giue those glosses,
And flourishes to shadow what they write,
Which might (at once) breed wonder and delight.

*So did th' Egyptians in the Arts best try'd,
 In Hierogliphickes all their Science hide.
 But to proceed, the Argonauts are fled,
 Whom the inrag'd Oetes doth pursue,
 And being in fight, Medea takes the head
 Of yong Abfyrtus, whom (vnkinde) she slue,
 And all his other limbes strawes in the way
 Of the old father, his pursute to stay.*

The Shew.

*In memory of this inhumane deed,
 These Islands where his slaughtered limbes lye spread,
 Were cal'd Abfyrtides : But we proceed
 With King Laomedon, 'gainst whom are led
 The Argonauts, Troy by Alcides rac'd,
 Askes the next place, and must in ranke be plac'd.*

*Enter Laomedon, Priam, Anchises, Æuca,
 Hefione, &c.*

Lao. The Argonauts return'd ?

Anchi. They are my Lord.

Lao. And landed ?

Anchi. Landed.

Lao. Where ?

Anchi. At *Tenedos*.

Lao. Could not those *Colchian* monsters in their
 bowels

Bury the *Greekes*, but must they all furuiue
 To threat vs with inuasion. Speake *Anchises*,
 March they towards *Troy* ?

Anchif. In conduct of the mighty *Hercules*,
 Wasting with sword and fire where ere they march :
Scamander fields they haue strew'd with carkasses,
 And *Simois* streames already purpled are
 With bloud of *Troians*.

Priam. Let vs giue them battell.

Lao. In vaine, our forces are disperst abroad,

Nor haue we order to withstand their fury :
Best were we to immure our selues in *Troy*,
And trust vnto the vertue of our walles. *Shouts.*

Aeneas. Do not delay your safety, you may heare
Their cryes, and lofty clamors, threatning *Troy* :
They dogge vs to our gates, and without speed
And expedition, they will enter with vs.
Come then, our threatned liues we will immure,
And thinke vs in our strong built walles secure.

Exeunt.

*After an alarme, enter Hercules, Iafon, Theseus,
Telamon, and all the other Argonauts.*

Herc. Pursue the chace euen to the gates of *Troy*,
Then call th' ingrate *Laomedon* to parlee.

Iafon. The periur'd King shall pay vs for the
wrong
Done to *Alcides* in his promis'd steeds.

Telam. Better he had the monster had deuour'd
His beauteous daughter, then t' abide our furies.

Nestor. He did exclude our vertue from the Citty,
And now therefore he shall admit our fury.

Castor. These wals first rear'd at the great Gods
expençe,

Wee'l ruine to the earth : let's summon him.

Herc. We will call him to parlee. *A parlee.*

*Enter vpon the wals, Laomedon, Anchises, Aeneas,
Priam, &c.*

Herc. *Laomedon*, we do not summon thee
To parlee, but to warne thee guard thy walles,
Which (without pause) we now intend to scale.

Laom. Wilt heare me *Hercules*?

Herc. I listen'd thy periurious tongue too late.
Scale, batter, mount, assault, sacke, and deface,
And leaue (of *Troy*) nought saue the name and
place.

Alarme. *Telamon first mounts the walles, the rest after, Priam flyes, Laomedon is slaine by Hercules, Hefione taken. Enter with victory.*

Herc. Thus is the tyrant, that but late aw'd *Troy*,
Buried amidst his ruines ; he chastis'd,
And we reueng'd : the spoyle of this rich Towne
Rated as high as *Iafons Colchian* prize,
You shall diuide : but first these lofty walles,
Builded by periury, and maintain'd by pride,
Wee'l ruine to the earth : Who saw yong *Priam* ?

Iafon. Hee's fled, and tooke the way to *Samo-
thrace*,
With him *Anchises*, that on *Venus* got
The yong *Aeneas*, they are fled together,
And left the spoyle of all the towne to vs.

Herc. Which shall enrich *Thebes*, and the townes
of *Greece*,
And *Telamon*, to do thy valour right,
For mounting first ouer the walles of *Troy*,
The first and choyce of all the spoyle be thine.

Telam. Then let *Alcides* honour *Telamon*
With this bright Lady, faire *Hefione*,
Sister to *Priam*, daughter to *Laomedon*,
Whose beauty I preferre before the state
And wealth of *Troy*.

Herc. Receiue her *Telamon*.
Shee is thine owne by gift of *Hercules*.

Telam. A present more delighting *Telamon*,
Then were I made Lord of high *Illiums* Towers,
And heire vnto the dead *Laomedon*.

Hefio. I am a Princeesse, shall my fathers ils
Fall on my head ? If he offended *Hercules*,
He hath made satisfaction with his life.
Oh be not so seuer, to stretch his punishment
Euen after life ; hast thou from death redeem'd me,
To giue me captiue, and to slaue my youth ?
Things worse then death : rather let *Hercules*
Expose me to the rocke, where first he found me,

To abide the wrath both of the Sea and Sunne.
Oh ! rather make my body food for monsters,
Then brand my birth with bondage.

Telam. Faire *Hefione*,
I will not loose thy beauty, nor thy youth,
Nor part with this my honour, couldst thou giue me
For ransome of them, both our *Argoes* cram'd
With gold and gemmes ; you are my valours prize,
And shall with me to populous *Salamine*.

Hefione. Can you so wrong the daughter of a king,
To giue her as a Dukes base Concubine ?
Touch me not *Telamon*, for I deuine,
If ere my brother *Priam* re-build *Troy*,
And be the king of *Asia*, hee'l reuenge
This base dishonour done *Hefione* ;
And for his sister, rauish't hence perforce,
Do the like out-rage on some *Grecian* Queene,
In iust reuenge of my iniurious wrong.

Herc. Should all the kings in *Asia*, or the world,
Take part with *Priam* in that proud designe,
Like fate, like fortune with *Laomedon*
They shall abide : renowned *Telamon*,
She is the warlike purchase of thy sword,
Enioy her as the gift of *Hercules*.
And now braue *Grecian Hero's*, lets towards *Greece*
With al these honored spoiles from *Colchos* brought
And from the treasures of defaced *Troy*.
Faire *Deianeira* longs for vs in *Thebes*,
Whom we will visit next, and thence proceed
Vnto our future labours. *Cacus* liues
A bloody tyrant, whom we must remoue :
And the three-headed *Gerion* swayes in *Spaine*,
Notorious for his rapes and out-rages ;
Both these must perish by *Alcides* hand,
And when we can the earth from tyrants cleare,
In the worlds vtmost bounds our pillers reare. *Exit.*

H O M E R.

Loath are we (curtious auditors) to cloy

*Your appetites with viands of one tast,
 The beauteous Venus we must next imploy,
 Whom we saw mourning for Adonis last.
 Suppose her still for the yong Adon sad,
 But cheer'd by Mars, their old loues they renue,
 And she, that (whilst he liu'd) preferd the Lad,
 Hath quite forgot him, since the Boare him slue.
 Mars is in grace, a meeting they deuise,
 Iealous of all, but fearing most the Sunne,
 Hee that sees all things from his first vp-rise,
 And like a blab, tels all that hee knowes done.*

*Our mortals must a while their spleenes affwage,
 And to the Gods, for this Act, leaue the Stage.*

Enter Mars and Venus.

Mars. I knew loues Queene could not be long
 vnkind,
 Though (whilst I absent, to teach Armes in *Thrace*)
 You tooke th' aduantage to forget your *Mars*,
 To doate on *Adon*, and *Anchises* too ;
 Yet (those worne out) let vs renue our loues,
 And practise our first amorous dalliance.

Venus, How can I hate, that am the Queene of
 loue ?

Or practise ought against my natiue power ?
 As I one day, playd with my *Cupids* shafts,
 The wanton with his arrow raz'd my skin.
 Trust me, at first I did neglect the smart :
 At length it rankled, and it grew vnfound,
 Till he that now lies wounded, cur'd my wound.

Mars. Come shall we now, whilst *Vulcan* plyes his
 forge,
 Sweats at his Anuill, choakes himselfe with dust,
 And labours at his bellowes, kisse and toy ?

Venus. Why met we else ? Here is a place re-
 mote,
 An obscure caue, fit for our amorous sport :
 In this darke cauerne wee'l securely rest,

And *Mars* shall adde vnto my *Vulcans* crest.
But how if we be spy'd?

Mars. Whom need we feare?
Vnlesse the Sunne, who now the lower world
Lights with his beames; I meane the *Antipodes*,
The tell-tale blab is busie now else-where:
And I will set to watch at the caues doore,
My trusty groome, who (ere the Sunne shall rise
With his bright beames to light our Hemisphere)
Shall waken vs.

Venus. For all the world I would not haue the
Sunne
Discouer our sweet sport, or see whats done.

Mars. Be that my charge. Wher's *Gallus*?

Enter Gallus.

Gal. At hand sir: I am not that *Gallows* that is
made of three trees, or one that is neuer without
hangers on: nor that *Gallus* that is latine for a
French-man; but your owne *Gallus gallinacius*, ser-
uant and true squire to God *Mars*.

Mars. Syrrah you know this Lady.

Gallus. Yes, Mistresse *Vulcan*, shee is as well
knowne in *Paphos* here for her Meretrix, as any Lady
in the land, shee was the first that deuise'd stew'd meate,
and proclaim'd pickle-oysters to bee good for the
backe; shee is the first that taught wenches the trade
of Venery, and such as were borne to nothing but
beauty, she taught them how to vse their Talent: Yes,
I know her I warrant you.

Mars. Syrrah attend, this night yon Queene
and I
Must haue some priuate conference, in yon caue,
Where whilst we stay, 'tmust be thy care to watch
That no suspicious eye pry through these chinks,
Especially I warne thee of the *Sunnes*.

Gallus. I smell knauery, if my Lady *Venus* play
the whoore

What am I that keepe the dore ?

Mars. See thou do call vs, e're the *Sunne* vpride,
But sleepe not, for by all my Armes I fwcare,
If by thy carelesse sloth, or negligence
We be descride, thy body I'le translate,
To some strange Monster.

Gallus. I'me hard fauor'd enough already, you
need not make my face worfe then it is.

Mars. Com enter then faire Queene, we are
secure,
Now safely maist thou claspe the God of warre,
Spight of *Sunne*, *Moone*, or any ieaious starre.

Venus. Loue answers loue, desire with ardor
meetes,
Both which this night shall tast a thoufand sweetes.

Exeunt.

Gallus. I fee you can make shift to go too't without sheetes : How shall I passe this night away till morning, I am as drowly as a dormouse, the very thought that I must wake, charmes mee a sleepe already, I would I durst venture on a nap ; Hey ho, sure I may wake againe afore they rise, and neuer the wiser, I will stand to't, there is not a more sleepey trade, in the world then a watchman, nor one that is more acquainted with deeds of darkenessse, tell mee of the *Sunne* ! the *Sunne* will not rise this two houres ; well, let them watch that will, or can, I must haue a nod or two, God night to you all, for here am I fast till morning.

Enter Aurora, attended with Seasons, Daies, and Howers.

Aurora. The day-starre shines and cals me blushing vp,
From *Tithons* bed to harnessse *Phæbus* Steeds.
My roseate fingers haue already stroakt
The element where light beginnes to appeare,
And straight *Apollo* with his glistering beames,

Will guild the East, the Seasons, Months, and Daies
 Attend him in the pallace of the Sunne.
 The Howers haue brought his Chariot to the gate
 Of Christall, where the Sunne-God mounts his
 throne,
 His fiery Steeds haue all their traces set,
 The vnruely stalions fed with Ambrosy
 (With their round hoofes shod with the purest gold)
 Thunder against the Marble floores of Heauen,
 And waite till *Phæbus* hath but don'd his beames,
 Which I the blushing Morning still put on.
 And now's the howre (for thus time fleeteth still)
 That the Sunnes vp to clime the Easterne hill.

*Enter Phæbus to them, kiffes Aurora, and they all
 exeunt.*

Phæbus. Beauteous *Aurora*, for full twice twelue
 howers
 Till in my spheare I haue compast round the world
 Farewell, I with my beames will dry these teares
 Thou shedst at parting ; we haue chac't hence night,
 And frighted all the twinkling starres from heauen,
 And now the steepe *Olimpus* we must clime,
 Till from the high Meridian we peruse
 The spacious bounds of this large vniuerse,
 And thence decline our Chariot towards the West,
 Till we haue washt our Coach-steeds and our selfe
 In *Isters* icy streames : Wee with this eye
 Can all things see that mortals do on earth,
 And what wee find inhumane, or to offend,
 Wee tell to *Ioue*, that he may punish finnes.
 For this I am term'd a tel-tale and a blab,
 And that I nothing can conceale abroad.
 But let spight spit the worst and wrong me still,
 Day hateth finnes, and ligh despiseth ill.

Hee spies Mars & Venus.

And now behold a most abhorred deed,
Mars beds with *Venus*, shall not *Vulcan* know it ?

By my light hee shall ; I haue seene, and I will tell,
The Sunne hates sinne but crownes them that do well.
Exit.

Enter Mars.

Mars. *Venus* awake, wee haue ore-slept our selues,
The Sunne's aboue in his diurnall taske,
I saw his piercing beames pry through a cranny,
And cast his right eye full vpon our bed.

Enter Venus.

Venus. We are betraide, the blab will tell the
Smith,
Our loue will come to th' eare of *Iupiter*
And all the other Gods, what will *Diana*
Say when shee heares of our inchaſtity ?
Or how will *Iuno* take this ſpouſe-breach from vs ?

Mars. Nay rather, how will *Vulcan* taſt our
ſport ?
He might ſuſpect, but neuer proue till now,
Where is the villaine *Gallus* ſet to watch ?

Venus. See where he ſnorts, the ſlaue is dead
aſleep.

Mars. Awake thou drowſy Groome, thy chaſtiſe-
ment
Shall exceed torture.

Gallus. Hey ho, what's the matter there, ha ?

Mars. Looke, haſt thou eies ? is not the Sun two
howres
Mounted aloft ? hath he not ſeene thee ſleeping
At the Caues dore, Yea beheld vs too ?

Gallus. More ſhame for him to looke in at any
bodies window.

Mars. Speake, how canſt thou excuſe this ?

Gallus. Oh great God *Mars.*

Mars. Behold, this is thy doome, thy negligence
Thus I'le chaſtice, thou ſhalt thy humane ſhape

Henceforth forgo, I will translate thy body
 Into a bird shall euer beare thy name,
 Bee *Gallus* still, a Cocke, and be thy nature
 Euer hereafter this ; to watch the Sunne,
 And by thy crows and clamours warne the world
 Two howres before he rise, that the Sunne comes
 Clap with thy wings, and with thy shrieking loud,
 Proclaime his comming when thou thrice hast crowed.

Gallus *sinkes, and in his place riseth a Cocke and crows.*

Venus. The slaues right seru'd, let this his punishment

Liue to all ages, and let *Gallus* name
 Thy iust reuenge to all the world proclaime.
 But whither shall we now ?

Mars. I will to *Thrace*, go you to *Lemnos*.

Venus. Will you leaue me then
 To *Vulcans* rage, no let vs once more meete
 In *Paphos*, and if *Vulcan* needs will chide
 Giue him some cause.

Mars. Content faire Queene of loue.
 For more, he cannot be much more displeas'd,
 Let's score on still, and make our reckoning full,
 As yet, alas faire Queene, the debts but small,
 Make vp the summe, and answere once for all.

Venus. Content sweete *Mars*, and since that he
 was borne
 To be a Cuckold, let's augment his horne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vulcan with two Ciclops, Pyragmon, and Berontes.

Vulcan. Make hast with that shield, see't hammer'd well,
 For when 'tis done I'll giue't my father *Ioue*,
 'Tis of the purest mettall *Lemnos* yeelds.

Pyrag. I shall sir, must the plate of two cubes
 high,
 Be put into the Forge ?

Vulcan. *Pyragmon* yes, that masse must be wrought
well

And soundly temper'd, bid your fellow *Cyclops*
Worke lustily, it must be foone dispatch.

Pyrag. When saw you my Lady *Venus* ?

Vulcan. No matter when, the Hufwiffe's too fine
finger'd,

And faith, the very smoake my Fordge doth cast
Choakes her, the very aire of *Lemnos* (man)
Blasts her white cheekes, she scarce will let me
kisse her,

But shee makes vergiffe faces, faith my visadge
Smug'd thus with cole-dust, doth infect her beauty,
And makes her weare a beard, shee's, sure, in

Paphos,

Cypresse, or *Candy*, shee's all for play,
Whilst we *Ioues* thunders hammer hard all day.

Pyrag. I heard her once mocke that polt-foote of
yours

How came it pray ?

Vulcan. I'll tell thee man, I was when I was
borne

A pretty smug knaue, and my father *Ioue*
Delighted much to dance me in his lap.
Vpon a time as hee was toying with mee
In his high house aboue, that *Phaeton*
Had at that instant set the world a fire,
My father when he saw heauens bases smoake,
Th' earth burne, and *Neptunes* broth to seeth with
heate ;

But startles vp to thunder-strike the lad,
And lets me fall : downe tumbled I towards the
earth :

I fell through all the Planets by degrees,
From *Saturne* first, so by the *Moone* at last :
And from the *Moone* downe into *Lemnos* Isle
Where I still liue, and halt vpon my fall,
No maruell ift I am'd mee, for, *Pyragmon*,
How high I tumbled, who can gesse aright,

Falling a Summers day from morne to night ?

Pyrag. 'Twas maruell you did not breake your
necke.

Vulcan. Had I not bene deriu'd from God-like
feed,

Trust me *Pyragmon* I had don't indeed.

The Cocke crows and enter Phæbus.

But to the Forge, for I *Appollo* spie,
Hee that sees all things with the daies bright eye.
Good morrow *Phæbus*, whats the newes abroad ?
For thou see'st all things in the world are done,
Men act by day-light, or the sight of Sunne.

Phæbus. Sometime I cast mine eie vpon the sea,
To see the tumbling *Seale*, or *Porpoise* play,
There see I Marchants trading, and their sayles
Big bellied with the wind ; sea fights sometimes
Rife with their smoake, thicke clouds to darke my
beames.

Sometimes, I fixe my face vpon the earth
With my warme seruour, to giue mettals, trees,
Hearbes, plants, and flowers life ; here in gardens
walke

Loose Ladies with their louers arme in arme,
Yonder the labouring Plow-man driues his Teeme.
Further, I may behold maine battels pitcht,
And whom I fauour most (by the winds helpe)
I can assist with my transparant raies.
Heere, spye I Cattell feeding, Forrests there
Stor'd with wilde beafts ; here Shepheards with their
laffes

Piping beneath the trees, whilst their flockes graze.
In Citties, I see trading, walking, bargening,
Buying, and selling, goodnesse, badnesse, all things
And shine alike on all.

Vulcan. Thrice happy *Phæbus*,
That whilst poore *Vulcan* is confin'd to *Lemnos*,
Hast euery day these pleasures. What newes else.

Phæbus. No Emperour walks forth, but I see his
State,
Nor sports, but I his pastimes can behold,
I see all Coronations, Funerals,
Marts, Faires, Affemblies, Pageants, Sights, and
Showes.

No hunting, but I better see the chase
Then they that rowse the game, what see not I?
There's not a window but my beames breake in,
No chinke or cranny but my raies pierce through,
And there I see (oh *Vulcan*) wondrous things.
Things that thy selfe nor any God besides
Would giue beliefe to.

Vul. What, good *Phæbus* speake.

Phæ. Here, wantons on their day-beds, I see
spread
Clasping their amorous louers in their armes,
Who euen before my face, are not sometimes
Asham'd to shew all.

Vulcan. Could not god *Phæbus* bring mee
To see this pastime.

Phæbus. Sometimes euen meane fellowes
A bed with noble Ladies whom they serue,
Seruant with seruant, married men with maides,
And wiues with Batchelours.

Vulcan. There's simple doing.

Phæbus. And shall I tell thee *Vulcan*, tother day
What I beheld, I saw the great God *Mars*.

Vulcan. God *Mars*.

Phæbus. As I was peeping through a cranny;
a bed.

Vulcan. A bed; with whom? some pretty wench
I warrant.

Phæbus. Shee was a pretty wench.

Vulcan. Tell me good *Phæbus*,
That when I meete him, I may floute God *Mars*,
Tell mee, but tell me truly on thy life.

Phæbus. Not to dissemble *Vulcan*, 'twas thy wife!

Vulcan. Out on her whore, out on him Cuckold-maker,

Phæbus I'll be reuenged on great God *Mars*,
Who, whilst I hammer here his swords and shields,
Hammers vpon my head, I will complaine
To *Ioue*, and all the Gods, and tell them flat
I am a Cuckold.

Phæ. *Vulcan* be aduis'd,
I haue had notice where they vse to meete,
Couldst not deuise to catch them by some wile?
And lay their guilt, wide open to the Gods,
Then mightst thou haue fit colour of complaint.

Vulcan. Enough, I haue deuise'd a secret snare,
A draw-net, which I'll place vpon the Couch
Where they still vse to bed, a wire so temper'd,
And of such fineneffe to deceiue the eie.
So catch them when they are at it, and by this
I may presume, and be sure I am Cuckold.

Phæbus. That's the way to be satisfied.

Vulcan. If I can catch them, all the Gods I'll call
To see my wrongs, their sports I'll neere to marre,
And venge me on that lecherous God of warre.

*Enter the Nymph, Cloris, with two more, with floures
in their laps.*

1. *Nym.* *Cloris*, you are the *Nymph* whose office is
To strow faire *Venus* bed with hearbes and flowers,
Here is the place shee meanes to sport her selfe.

Clo. I am the hand-maide to the Queene of loue,
And vnto all her pleasures minister,
When she drinke *Nectar*, 'tis from *Cloris* hand,
If feede on sweete *Ambrotia*, or those fruits
That *Cornu-copia* yeelds, I serue them vp,
Come let vs with fresh *Roses* strow her Couch,
With pances and the buds of *Eglantine*,
Her pillow is the purple *Violet* banke,
About whose verges the blancht *Lillies* grow,
Whose bodies twin'd about with wood-byne leaues

Make a confused sweetnesse, fo 'tis well,
Come *Venus* when thee please to take her rest,
Her Arbour's dight, and all things well addrest.

Enter Vulcan and Pyragmon with his net of wire.

Vulcan. By her baud *Charis*, this I know the
place,
Which with adulterate pastimes they pollute.
Here will I set my pitfall for these birds,
And catch them in the closure of this wire,
So, so, al's fit, my snare in order plac't,
Happy the time, that I this *Charis* trac't.

Enter Mars and Venus.

Mars. Once more in spight of *Phæbus* and these
eies,
That dog our pastimes, we are closely met,
And whilst the Cuckold *Vulcan* blowes the fire,
Our amorous foules their sportiue blisse conspire.

Venus. Hee's limping thus, and like a cripple
halts
From Forge to Fornace ; where were *Venus* eies,
When she made choise of that foule polt-foote Smith,
He smels all smoake, and with his nasty sweate
Tawnies my skinne, out on him vgly knaue,
Mars is my loue, and he my sweets shall haue.

Vulcan. Gramercy my kind wife.

Venus. Come God of warre,
I'le teach thee a new skirmish, better farre
Then thy sterne battails, meete me with a kisse
Which I retort thus, there's spirit in this,
What's he would play the coward and turne face,
When such sweete amorous combats are in place ?
My hot incounters, leaue me wound nor skarre
Yet naked I dare meete the God of Warre.

Vulcan. Out of her Whoore.

Mars. I am arm'd for thee, prepare thee, for this
night

Il'e breast to breast dare thee to single fight.

Venus. Come tumble in my lap, great *Mars* I dare

To do his worst. *Vulcan catcheth them fast in his net.*

Vul. 'Tis well, your sports are faire.

Mars. Betraid ? bound ? catcht ? release me, or by *Ioue,*

Thou dy'st what ere thou art.

Vul. God *Mars*, good words ;

This is a fight in which you vse no swords.

Your haue left you steele behinde.

Ven. Sweet *Vulcan.*

Vulc. No more.

Venus. Canst thou vse *Venus* thus ?

Vul. Away you whore,

I'll keepe you fast, and call the Gods to see

Your practise, *Neptune*, *Ioue*, and *Mercury*,

Phæbus and *Iuno*, from your spheares looke downe,

And see the cause I weare a forked crowne.

All the Gods appeare aboue, and laugh, Iupiter, Iuno, Phæbus, Mercury, Neptune.

Mars. The Gods are all spectators of our shame,
And laugh at vs.

Venus. Oh ! I could cry for anger.

Sweet *Vulcan* let me loose.

Vulc. When Gods and men

Haue seene thy shame, but (strumpet) not till then.

Iup. See how *Mars* chafes.

Iun. But *Venus* weeps for rage.

Nept. Why should *Mars* fret ? if it so tedious be,
Good God of warre bestow thy place on me.

Merc. By all the Gods, would she do me that
grace,

I would fall too't euen before *Vulcans* face.

Vul. To Gods and men let it be fully knowne

I am a Cuckold.

All. *Vulcan* is no lesse.

Vul. Now since red shame your cheeks with bloud
hath dy'd,
I am reueng'd, and see my net's vnti'd.

Phæb. The Gods haue laught their fill, *Vulcan's*
reueng'd,

And now all friends : speake, are we ?

Iup. *Mars* still frownes.

Iuno. And *Venus* scarce well pleas'd.

Vul. For my part (oh you Gods !) what's past is
past,

And what is once done, cannot be recald :
If *Vulcan* in this ieast hath pleas'd the Gods,
All his owne wrongs he freely can forgiue.

Venus we are friends, to *Lemnos* we will haſt,
And neuer more record what's done and paſt.

Ven. No ſoole, before I did offend with feare,
My guilt was but ſuſpected, but not prou'd :
And therefore I ſeleſted priuacy,
Cloſeneſſe of place, and baſhfully tranſgreſt ;
But ſince both Gods and men now know my finne,
Why ſhould I dread to ſay I loue God *Mars* ?
What helpe haſt thou in prouing thy wife falſe ?
Onely to make me doe with impudence,
What I before with feare did, on thy ſelfe
Brought a moſt certaine ſhame, where it before
Was but ſuſpected.

Vul. *Venus* ſpeakes good ſence,
That's certaine now, which was before ſuſpence.

Ven. Now farewell iealous ſoole, for my diſgrace,
Him whom I loue, I bluſhleſſe thus imbrace,
And may all ſuch as would their wiues ſo take,
(Although they might) be ſeru'd thus for thy ſake.

Vul. I am vndone, be warn'd by me oh men,
Although you know your wiues falſe, where and
when,

Take them not in the manner, though you may :
They that with feare before, now bluſhleſſe ſtray,
Their guilt 'tis better to ſuſpect then know,
So you may take ſome part of that you owe.

Where I by seeking her good name to thrall,
Haue made my selfe a scorne, and quite left all.

Iup. To *Lemnos* then, to make our *Thunders* sit,
Which against mortals we haue cause to vse,
Mars, you to *Thrace*, *Venus* in *Paphos* stay,
Or where you please, we to our seuerall spheares.
Vulcan, thy morrall this good vse contriues,
None search too farre th' offences of their wines.

Exeunt.

H O M E R.

Our last Ael comes, which lest it tedious grow,
What is too long in word, accept in show.
Thinke Hercules his labours hauing ended,
The Spanish Gerion kild, and Cacus flaine,
As farre as Lydea he his palme extended,
Where beauteous Omphale this time doth raigne.
He that before to Deianeira sent,
As presents, all the spoyles that he could win,
Now fils her heart with iealous discontent,
She heares how Hercules doth card and spin
With Omphale, and serues her as a slaue.
(She quite forgot in Thebes) her grieffe to cheare,
Th' assembled Princes with their Counsels graue,
Are come to comfort and remoue her feare.

By these all his stor'd labours he hath sent
To call him home, to free her discontent.

A shew. Enter Deianeira fad, with Lychas: to her
Iason, Telamon, Castor, Pollux, Nestor, &c. They
seeme to comfort her, she sends Lychas, who brings
the Trophies of his twelue labours, she deliuers
them to the Princes, to beare to her husband. They
part seuerall waies.

Hom. *Iason, and the other Hero's for her sake,*
Trauell to Lydia, to perswade him thence
And by his twelue knowne labours, undertake

*To moue him, quite t' abandon his faire wench.
Further then this her iealousie extends,
A farre worfe present she by Lychas sends.*

Enter Deianeira, and her seruant Lychas.

Lych. Madam, these sorrowes are too violent
For your weake sex, I do not thinke tis true,
Your husband can preferre that *Omphale*
Before your beauty.

Deian. Hee's forgot in *Greece*.
Greece that was wont to clangor with his fame,
Is now all silent, who but *Iafon* now,
And *Telamon*, that scal'd the walles of *Troy*,
Alcides is a name forgot amongst vs,
And *Deianeira* too forgot with him.
Oh ! that I had the tempting strumpet here
That keepe my Lord away, confining me
Vnto the coldnesse of a widowed bed.

Lyc. Madam, these presents sent, and so wel
knowne
Coming from you, must needs preuaile with him.
These Princes haue great interest in his loue,
And can perswade much.

Deia. But that strumpet more.
Lychas, he doates vpon her tempting lookes,
And is so much with her enchantments blear'd,
That hee's turn'd woman : woman *Lychas*, spinnes,
Cards, and doth chare-worke, whilst his mistres sits
And makes a cushion of his Lyons skin,
Makes of his club a rocke. I loose my selfe
In this my sorrow, and forget the meanes
I still keepe by me, to restore my loue ;
Lychas, fetch me the shirt within my chamber,
I haue bethought me now.

Lych. Madam I shall.

Dei. This shirt (in bloud of Centaur *Nessus* dipt,
And since washt out) Il'e send my *Hercules*,
Which hath the power to make his hot loue dye
To any stranger, and reuiue to me.

This (as his last) the dying Centaur spake,
To this I'll trust, all other hopes forsake.

Enter Lychas.

Lych. Madam the shirt.

Dei. This as my best and dearest,
Present me (trusty *Lychas*) to my Lord,
Intreat withall, that if he haue not quite
Put off my loue, hee'll daine to put on this.
If he despise my gift, returne it backe,
And in it my death.

Lych. Feare not faire Princeesse,
I hope to proue as fortunate as faithfull.

Dei. Farewell, proue as thou speakest. If my gift
faile,
I haue sentenced all my sorrowes to one death,
Whilst *Deianeira* hath a hand to vse,
Shée'll not liue hated where she once did chuse. *Exit.*

*Enter Omphale, Queene of Lydia, with 4 or 5 maids
Hercules attired like a woman, with a distaffe and
a spindle.*

Omph. Why so, this is a power infus'd in loue,
Beyond all magicke; Is't not strange to see
A womans beauty tame the Tyrant-tamer?
And the great Monster-maister ouer-match?
Haue you done your taske?

Herc. Beauteous Queene, not yet.

Omph. Then I shall frowne.

Herc. Before that (louely faire)
Augment my taske, vnto a treble chare.
For one sweet smile from beauteous *Omphale*,
I'll lay before thee all the monstrous heads
Of the grim tyrants that oppresse the earth.
I that before, at *Iuno's* strict behest,
The hundred gyants of *Cremona* slue,
Will twice fiew hundred kill for *Omphale*.

Finde me a *Cacus* in a caue of fire,
 Il'e dragge him from the mountaine *Auentino*,
 And lay his bulke at thy victorious feet.
 Finde me another *Gerion* to captiue,
 All his three heads Il'e tumble in thy skirt.
 Bid me once more sacke hell, to binde the furies,
 Or to present thee with the Gods in chaines,
 It shall be done for beauteous *Omphale*.

Omph. Leaue prating, ply your worke.

Herc. Oh what a sweetnesse
 Liues in her lookes ! no bondage, or base flauery
 Seemes feruitude, whilst I may freely gaze
 (And vncontroll'd) on her : but for one smile,
 Il'e make her *Empresse* ore the triple world,
 And all the beauteous Queenes from East to West,
 The *Lydians* vassails, and my fellow-flaues.
 There is no Lord but *Loue*, no vassailage
 But in affection, and th' Emperious Queene
 Doth tyranize ore captiue *Hercules*.

Enter a maid.

Maid. Madam, some Dukes of *Greece* attend
 without,

And craue to see your captiue *Theban* here.

Omph. Admit them, they shall see what pompe we
 haue,
 And that our beauty can the loftiest flaue.

*Enter Iason, Telamon, Castor, Pollux, Nestor,
 Atreus, &c.*

Iason. Our businesse was to *Theban Hercules*,
 'Twas told vs he remain'd with *Omphale*,
 The *Lydian* Queene.

Tel. Speake, which is *Omphale*?
 Or which *Alcides*?

Omph. We are queene of *Lydia*,
 And this our vassaile. Do you know him Lords?

Stoope flauē, and kisse the foot of *Omphale*.

Herc. I shall.

Nest. Oh wondrous alteration !

Cast. Till now I trusted this report was false,
And scarcely can I yet beleeeve mine eyes.

Pol. Lady, our purpose was to *Hercules*,
Shew vs the man.

Omph. Behold him *Greekes* there.

Atrous. Where ?

Omph. There at his taske.

Iason. Alas ! This *Hercules* ?

This is some base effeminate groome, not hee
That with his puissance frighted all the earth :
This 'is some woman, some *Hermophrodite*.

Herc. Hath *Iason*, *Nestor*, *Castor*, *Telamon*,
Atrous, *Pollux*, all forgot their friend ?
We are the man.

Iason. Woman we know thee not.
We came to seeke the *Ioue*-borne *Hercules*,
That in his cradle strangled *Iuno's* snakes,
And triumpht in the braue *Olimpicke* games,
He that the *Cleonean* Lyon slue,
The *Eremanthian* Boare, the Bull of *Marathon*,
The *Lernean* *Hydra*, and the winged Hart.
He that drag'd *Cerberus* from hell in chaines,
And stownded *Pluto* in his *Ebon* Chaire,
That *Hercules* by whom the Centaurs fell,
Great *Achelous*, the *Stymphalides*,
And the *Cremona* giants ? Where is he ?

Tel. That traiterous *Nessus* with a shaft transfixt,
Strangled *Antheus*, purg'd *Augeus* stalles,
Won the bright Apples of the *Hesperides*,
And whilst the Giant *Atlas* eas'd his limbes,
Bore on his shoulders the huge frame of heauen.

Herc. And are not we the man ? see *Telamon*.

Tel. A woman do this ? we would see the *Theban*
That *Cacus* slue, *Busiris* sacrific'd,
And to his horses hurl'd sterne *Diomed*
To be deuour'd.

Pol. That freed *Hefione*
From the Sea-whale, and after ranfackt *Troy*,
And with his owne hand flue *Laomedon*.

Nest. He by whom *Dercilus* and *Albion* fell,
He that *Oecalia* and *Betricia* wan.

Atr. That monftrous *Gerion* with his three heads
vanquifht

With *Linus*, *Lichas* that vfurp't in *Thebes*,
And captur'd there his beauteous *Megara*.

Iafon. He that the *Amazonian Baldricke* wan,
That *Achelous* with his club fubdu'd,
And wan from him the pride of *Calidon*
Bright *Deianeira*, that now mournes in *Thebes*
The abfence of that noble *Hercules*.

To him we came, but fince he liues not here,
Come Lords, we wil returne thefe presents backe
Vnto the constant Lady, whence they came.

Herc. Stay Lords.

Iafon. 'Mongft women?

Herc. For that *Thebans* fake
Whom you profefse to loue, and came to feeke,
Abide awhile, and by my loue to *Greece*,
Il'e bring before you that loft *Hercules*,
For whom you came to enquire.

Iafon. On that condition (Princes) lets ftay a
little.

Tela. It workes, it workes.

Herc. How haue I loft my felfe?
Did we all this? where is that fpirit become
That was in vs? no maruell *Hercules*,
If thou beeft ftrange to them, that thus difguif'd,
Art to thy felfe vnknowne. Hence with this diftaffe
And bafe effeminate chares.

Omp. How flauie? fubmit and to thy tafke againe.
Dar'ft thou rebell?

Herc. Pardon great *Omphale*.

Iaf. Will *Telamon* perfwade me this is *Hercules*
The *Libian* Conquerer, now a flauies flauie.
He liu'd in midft of battailes, this 'mongft truls:

This welds a distaffe, he a conquering Club.

Shall we bestow faire *Deianeiræ's* presents

On this (heauen knowes) whether man or woman ?

Herc. Who nam'd my *Deianeira* ? *Iason* you ?

How fares my loue ? how fares my beauteous wife ?

I know these presents, did they come from her ?

What strumpet's this that hath detain'd my soule ?

Captiu'd my fame, transfhap't me to a foole ?

Made me (of late) but little lesse then God,

Now scarce a man ? Hence with these womanish
tyres,

And let me once more be my selfe againe.

Tel. Keep from him *Omphale*, be that your charge,

Wee'l second these good thoughts.

Omph. *Alcides* heare me.

Cast. By your fauour madam.

Herc. Who spake ?

Iason. Thinke that was *Deianeira's* voyce,
That cals thee home to dry her widowed teares,
And to bring comfort to her desolate bed.

Herc. Oh *Deianeira*.

Om. Heare me *Hercules*.

Herc. Ha *Omphale* ?

Pollux. You shall not trouble him.

Ias. 'Twas she that made *Alcides* womanish,
But *Deianeira* to be more then man.

For thy wiues sake thou art renown'd in *Greece*,

This Strumpet hath made *Greece* forget thee quite,

And scarce remember there was such a man.

Thebes that was wont to triumph in thy glories,

Is now all silent. Tyrants euery where

Beginne to oppresse, thinking *Alcides* dead

For so the fame's already. Shall a Strumpet

Do this vpon the *Theban Hercules* ?

And *Deyaneira*, faire, chaste, absolute

In all perfections, liue despis'd in *Thebes* ?

Herc. By *Ioue* she shall not, first I'll rend these eies
out,

That sotted with the loue of *Omphale*

Hath transhapt me, and deeply iniur'd her.
 Come we will shake off this effeminacy
 And by our deeds repurchase our renowne.
Iason and you braue *Greekes*, I know you now,
 And in your honours I behold my selfe
 What I haue bene, hence Strumpet *Omphale*,
 I cast thee off, and once more will resume
 My natiue vertues, and to proue this good
 This day vnto the Gods I'le sacrifice,
 To grace which pompe, and that we may appeare
 The same we were, before vs shall be borne
 These of our labours twelue, the memory,
 Vnto *Ioues* Temple, grace vs worthy *Heroes*
 To assist vs in this high sollemnity.
 Whilst we vpon our manly shoulders beare
 These massy pillars we in Gades must reare.

Exeunt.

Manet Omphale.

Omphale. We haue lost our seruant, neuer yet had
 Lady
 One of the like ranke. All King *Thespius*
 daughters,
 Fifty in number, childed all one night,
 Could not preuaile so much with *Hercules*
 As we haue done ; no not faire *Yole*
 Daughter to *Cacus*, beauteous *Megara*,
 Nor all the faire and amorous queenes of *Greece*,
 Could slaue him like the *Lydian Omphale*.
 Therefore where e're his labours be renown'd,
 Let not our beauty passe vnregifted.
 Bondaging him that captiu'd all the earth,
 Nor will we leaue him, or yet loose him thus.
 What either beauty, cunning, flattery, teares
 Or womans Art can, we will practise on him.
 But now the Priests and Princes are prepar'd
 For the great sacrifice, which we will grace
 With our high presence, and behold aloofe

'These rights vnto the gods perform'd and done
We'le gaine by Art, what we with beauty won.

*Enter to the sacrifice two Priests to the Altar, sixe
Princes with sixe of his labours, in the midst
Hercules bearing his two brazen pillars, six other
Princes, with the other six labours, Hercules slaies
them.*

Herc. Now *Ioue* behold vs from thy spheare of
Starres,
And shame not to acknowledge vs thy sonnes.
Thus should *Alcides* march amidst his spoiles,
Inguirt with slaughtered Lyons, Hydraes, Whales,
Boares, Buls, grim Tyrants, Hel-hounds, Monsters,
Furies,
And Princes his spectators : oh you Gods,
To whom this day we consecrate our praiers,
And dedicate our sacred orifons,
Daine vs your eies, behold these shoulders beare
Two brazen pillars, trophies of our fame,
That haue eas'd *Atlas*, and supported heauen,
And had we shrunke beneath that heauenly structure
The Spheares, Orbs, Planets, Zeniths, Signes, and
Stars,
With *Ioues* high Pallace, all confusedly
Had shattered, falne, and o're-whelm'd earth and sea,
Wee haue done that, and all these labours else,
Which we this day make sacred, *Iuno* see
These we surrender to thy *Ioue* and thee.

set on.

*As they march ouer the Stage, enter Lychas with
the shirt.*

Lych. From *Deiancira* I present this guift,
Wrought with her owne hand, with more kind com-
mends
Then I haue measured steps to *Lydia*

From *Thebes*, which she intreats you weare for her.

Herc. More welcome is this giuft to *Hercules*
Then *Iafon's* Fleece, *Laomedon's* white Steeds,
Or fhould *Ioue* grace me with eternity.
Here ftand our pillars, with *non ultra* inculpt,
Which we muft reare beyond the Pyrene Hills
At *Gades* in *Spaine* (*Alcides* vtmoft bounds)
Whilst we put on this fhirt, the welcome prefent
Of *Deianeira*, whom we deerely loue,
Lychas thy hand, In this wee'le facrifice
And make our peace with her and *Iupiter*.

Iafon. Never was *Hercules* fo much himfelfe,
How will this newes glad *Deyaneiraes* heart,
Or how this fight inrage faire *Omphale*?

Tell. All his dead honours he reuiues in this,
And *Greece* fhall once more echoe with his fame.

Hercules puts on the fhirt.

Herc. With this her prefent, I put on her loue,
Witneffe heauen, earth, and all you Peeres of *Greece*,
I wed her once more in this ornament,
Her loue and her remembrance fit to me
More neere by thoufands then this roabe can cleaue.
So, now before *Ioues* Altar let vs kneele,
And make our peace with heauen, attone our felfe
With beauteous *Deyaneira* our chafte wife
And caft away the loue of *Omphale*.

All the Princes kneel to the Altar.

Priefte. Princes of *Greece* affift vs with your
thoughts,

And let your prayers with ours afcend the Speares,
For mortals orifons are fonnes to *Ioue*,
And when none elfe can, they haue free acceffe
Vnto their fathers eare, haile fonne of *Saturne*,
To whom when the three lots of heauen, of fea,
And hell were caft, the high *Olimpus* fell.

Herc. Oh, oh.

Priefte. That with a nod canft make heauens col-
lomes bend,
And th' earths Center tremble, whole right hand

Is arm'd with lightning, and the left with feare.

Herc. No more, are all the furies with their tortures,

Their whips and lashes crept into my skin ?

Hath any fightlesse and infernall fire

Laid hold vpon my flesh ? when did *Alcides*

Thus shake with anguish ? thus change face, thus shrink ?

Shall torture pale our cheek ? no, Priest proceed,

We will not feele the paine, thou shalt not breed.

Iason. What alteration's this ? a thousand pangues

I see euen in his visage, in his silence

He doth expresse euen hell.

Priest. Thou sacred *Ioue*

Behold vs at thy Altar prostrate here

To beg attonement 'twene our fins and thee,

Lend vs a gracious eare and eye.

Herc. Priest no more,

I'le rend thy Typet, hurle *Ioues* Altars downe,

Hauock his Offerings, all his Lamps extinguish,

Raze his high Temples, and skale heauen it selfe

Vnlesse he stay my tortures.

Iason. Warlike *Theban*,

Whence comes this fury ? is this madnes forc't,

That makes *Alcides* thus blaspheme the Gods.

Tell. Patient your selfe.

Herc. I will not *Iason*, cannot *Tellamon*,

A stipticke poyson boyles within my veines,

Hell is within me, for my marrow fries,

A vulture worse then that *Prometheus* feeles,

Fiers on my entrails, and my bulke in flames.

Iasou. Yet be your selfe, renowned *Hercules*,

Striue with your torture, with your rage contend

Seek to ore-come this anguish.

Herc. Well, I will,

See *Iason*, see renowned *Tellamon*,

I will be well, I'le feele no poison boyle,

Though my bloud skal'd me, though my hot fuspaires,

Blast where I breath like lightning, though my lungs

Seeth in my bloud, I will not pale a cheek,
Nor change a brow, I will not, spight of torture
Anguish, and paine, I will not.

Omp. What strange fury
Hath late possest him to be thus disturb'd ?

Iason. Why this is well, once more repaire *Ioues*
Altar.

Kindle these holy Tapers and proceed.

Herc. To plucke the Thunderer from his Christall
throne,

And throw the Gallaxia, by the locks,
And amber tresses, drag the Queene of heauen.

Nestor. *Alcides.*

Herc. Princes, *Iason*, *Tellamon*,
Helpe me to teare of this infernall shirt,
Which rawes me where it cleaues, vnskin my brawnes,
And like one nak't rowl'd in a Tun of spikes
Of thousands, make one vniuersall wound,
And such is mine : oh *Deyaneira* false,
Treacherous, vnkind, disloyall ; plucke, teare, rend
Though you my bones leaue naked, and my flesh
Frying with poyson you cast hence to dogs.
Dread *Neptune*, let me plundge me in thy seas,
To coole my body, that is all on flame.
Or with thy tri-fulke thunder strike me *Ioue*,
And so let fire quench fire, vnhand me Lords,
Let me spurne mountaines downe, and teare vp
rockes

Rend by the roots huge Okes, till I haue dig'd
A way to hell, or found a skale to heauen.

Something I must, my torments are so great,
To quench this flame and qualify this heate. *Exit.*

Iason. Let vs not leaue him Princes least this out-
rage

Make him lay violent hands vpon him selfe.

If *Deyaneiraes* heart, were with her hand,

Shee is her sexes scandall, and her shame

Euen whilst Time liues, shall euery tongue proclaime.

Exit.

Omph. I'll follow to, and with what Art I can,
Strive this his rage and torture to allay. *Exit.*

Lych. What's in this shirt unknowne to me that
brought it?
Or what hath ielous *Deyaneira* done?
To employ me, an vnwilling messenger,
In her Lords death: well, whosoe're it proue
My innocence I know, I'll, if I may
Looke to my life, and keepe out of his way.

Enter Hercules.

Herc. *Lychas,*
Lychas, where's he that brought this poyson'd shirt,
That I may teare the villaine lim from lim,
And flake his body small as Winters snow,
His shattered flesh shall play like parched leaues,
And dance in th' aire, tost by the sommer winds.

Lychas. Defend me heauen.

Herc. Oh that with stamping thus,
I could my selfe beneath the Center sinke,
And tombe my tortured body beneath hell.
Had I heauens massy columns in my gripes,
Then with one sway I would or'e-turne yon frame,
And make the marble Elementall sky
My Tomb-stone to enterre dead *Hercules.*
Oh father *Ioue* thou laist vpon thy sonne
Torments aboue supparture, *Lychas,* oh!
I'll chase the villaine o're *Oetaes* rockes,
Till I haue nak't those hils, and left no shade
To hide the Traytor.

Lychas. Which way shall I flye
To scape his fury? if I stay I dye. *Hercules fees him.*

Herc. Stay, stay, what's he that creeps into yon
caue?
Is not that *Lychas* *Deyaneiraes* squire,
That brought this poysoned shirt to *Hercules*?
I thanke thee *Ioue*, yet this is some allayment
And moderation to the pangues I feele,

Nay, you shall out fir *Lychas* by the heeles.

*Hercules fwings Lychas about his head,
and kils him.*

Thus, thus, thy limbs about my head I twine,
Eubæan fea receiue him, for he's thine.

*Enter Iafon, Tellamon, and all the Princes, after them
Omphale.*

Iaf. Princes, his torments are 'boue Phyficke
helpe,
And they that wifh him well, muft wifh his death,
For that alone giues period to his anguifh.

Tell. In vaine we follow and purfue his rage,
There's danger in his madneffe.

Nefl. Yet aloofe,
Let's obferue him, and great *Ioue* implore
To qualifie his paines.

Phy. As I am *Philoctetes* I'll not leaue him,
Vntill he be immortall, Princes harke,

Hercules within.
Cannot thefe grones peirce heauen and moue to pittie
The obdure *Iuno*.

Omph. Beneath this rocke where we haue often
kift,
I will lament the noble *Thebans* fall,
The *Lydian Omphale* will be to him
A truer Myftrefse, then his wife, whose hate
Hath brought on him this fad and ominous fate.
Nor hence, for any force or prayer remoue,
But die with him whom I fo deerely loue. *cry within.*

Caft. His torments ftill increafe, heare oh you
Gods,
And hearing pittie.

*Enter Hercules from a rocke aboue, tearing downe
trees.*

Herc. Downe, downe, you shadowes that crowne
Oeta Mount,

And as you tumble beare the Rockes along.
I will not leaue an Oake or standing Pine
But all these mountaines with the dales make euen,
That *Oetaes* selfe may mourne with *Hercules*.
Hah! what art thou?

Omph. I am thy *Omphale*.

Herc. Art thou not *Deyaneira* come to mocke
Alcides madnesse, and his pangues deride?
Yes, thou art she, thou, thou hast fier'd my bones,
And mak'st me boyle in poyson, for which (minion)
And for (by fate) thou hast shortned my renowne,
Behold, this monstrous rocke thy death shal crowne.

Hercules kills Omphale, with a peece of a rocke.

So *Deyaneira* and her squire are now
Both in their fins extinct.

Thes. What hath *Alcides* done? slaine *Omphale*,
A guiltlesse queene that came to mourne his death.

Herc. Torment on torment. Bnt shall *Hercules*
Dye by a womans hand? No, ayd me Princes,
(If you haue in you any generous thoughts)
In my last fabricke: Come, tosse trees on trees,
Till you haue rear'd me vp a funerall pile,
Which all that's mortall in me shall consume.

Cast. Princes, let none deny their free assistance,
In his release of torture. Ther's for me.

Pol. My hand shall likewise helpe to bury him,
And of his torments giue him ease by death.

*All the Princes breake downe the trees, and make a
fire, in which Hercules placeth himselfe.*

Her. Thanks, thus I throne me in the midst of
fire,

And with a dreadlesse brow confront my death.
Olimpicke thunderer now behold thy sonne,
Of whose diuine parts make a starre, that *Atlas*
May shrinke beneath the weight of *Hercules*.
And step-dame *Iuno*, glut thy hatred now,
That hast beene weary to command, when we
Haue not beene weary to performe and act.
I that *Busiris* slue, *Antheus* strangled,

And conquer'd still at thy vnkinde behest,
 The three-shap't *Gerion*, and the dogge of hell,
 The Bull of *Candy*, and the golden *Hart*,
Augeus and the fowles of *Stymphaly*,
 The *Hesperian* fruit, and bolt of *Thermidon*,
 The *Lernean Hydra*, and *Arcadian Boare*,
 The Lyon of *Næmea*, Steeds of *Thrace*,
 The monster *Cacus*; thousands more then these,
 That *Hercules* in death dares thee to chide,
 And shewes his spirit, which torments cannot hide.
 Lye there thou dread of Tyrants, and thou skin,
 He burnes his Club, and Lyons Skin.

Invulner'd still, burne with thy maisters bones :
 For these be armes which none but we can weild.
 My bow and arrowes *Philoctetes* take,
 Referue them as a token of our loue,
 For these include the vtmost fate of *Troy*,
 Which without these, the *Greekes* can nere destroy.
 You Hero's all fare-well, heape fire on fire,
 And pile on pile, till you haue made a struicture
 To flame as high as heauen, and record this
 Though by the *Gods* and *Fates* we are ore-throwne,
Alcides dies by no hand but his owne.

Jupiter aboue strikes him with a thunder-bolt, his body
 sinkes, and from the heauens discends a hand in a
 cloud, that from the place where *Hercules* was
 burnt, brings vp a starre, and fixeth it in the
 firmament.

Iason. *Iuno* thou hast done thy worst; he now
 defies
 What thou canst more, his fame shall mount the
 skies.

What heauenly musicke's this ?

Tel. His soule is made a star, and mounted
 heauen,

I see great *Ioue* hath not forgot his sonne :
 All that his mothers was is chang'd by fire,

But what he tooke of *Iouc*, and was deuine,
Now a bright star in the high heauens must shine.

Enter Atreus.

Nesl. We all haue seene *Alcides* deifi'd.
But what newes brings *Atreus*?

Atr. A true report of *Deianeira's* death,
Who when she heard the tortures of her Lord,
And what effect her fatall present tooke,
Exclaim'd on *Nessus*, and to proue herselfe
Guiltlesse of treason in her husbands death,
With her owne hand she boldly slue herselfe.

Pel. That noble act proclaim'd her innocent,
And cleares all blacke suspicion : but faire princes,
Let vniuersall *Greece* in funerall blacke,
Mourne for the death of *Theban Hercules*.

Iaf. Who now shal monsters quel, or tyrants
tame?
Th' oppressed free, or fill *Greece* with their fame.
Princes your hands, take vp these monuments
Of his twelue labours in a marble Temple
(We will erect and dedicate to him)
Referue them to his lasting memory :
His brazen pillers shall be fixt in *Gades*,
On which his monumentall deeds wee'l graue.
Arm'd with these worthy Trophies lets march on
Towards *Thebes*, that claimes the honour of his birth.
His body's dead, his fame shall nere expire,
Earth claimes his earth, heauen shewes his heavenly
fire.

Exeunt omnes.

H O M E R.

*He that expects fine short Acts can containe
Each circumstance of these things we present,
Me thinks should shew more barrenesse then braine :
All we haue done we aime at your content,
Striuing to illustrate things not knowne to all,*

*In which the learnd can onely censure right :
The rest we craue, whom we vnlettered call,
Rather to attend then iudge; for more then sight
We seeke to please. The vnderstanding eare
Which we haue hitherto most gracious found,
Your generall loue, we rather hope then feare :
For that of all our labours is the ground.*

*If from your loue in any point we stray,
Thinke HOMER blind, and blind men misse their
way.*

FINIS.

The Iron Age:

Contayning the Rape of *Hellen* :

The siege of *Troy* : The Combate betwixt *Hector* and *Ajax* : *Hector* and *Troilus* slayne by *Achilles* : *Achilles* slaine by *Paris* : *Ajax* and *Vlisses* contend for the Armour of *Achilles* : The Death of *Ajax*, &c.

Written by THOMAS HEYVWOOD.

Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare.



Printed at London by Nicholas Okes, 1632.



Drammatis Personæ.

*Of the party of the
Troians.*

King *Priam*.

Hector.

Paris.

Troilus.

Aeneas.

Antenor.

Deiphobus.

Margareton.

Astianax, *Hector's* sonne.

Queene *Hecuba*.

Cassandra a Prophetesse.

Cressida, *Calchas* his
daughter.

Polixina, daughter to
Priam.

Oenon, *Paris* his first
loue.

Andromache, *Hector's* wife.

Hector's Armour-bearer.

Troian souldiers.

*Of the party of the
Grecians.*

King *Agememnon* Gene-
rall.

King *Menelaus*.

King *Diomed*.

Vlysses, King of *Ithacus*.

Achilles.

A *Spartan* Lord.

An Ambassador of *Crete*.

Castor and *Pollux*, the
two brothers of *Hel-
lena*.

Ajax Duke of *Salamine*.

Thersites a raylor.

Queene *Hellena*.

Calchas, *Apolloes* Priest.

Patroclus, *Achilles* his
friend.

Achilles his Mermidons.

Grecian souldiers.

Attendants.





To my VVorthy and much Respected
Friend, Mr. Thomas *Hammon*,
of Grayes Inne Esquire.

SIR,

IF the noble Scholler *Nichod. Friscellimus*, thought that his labour in Transferring six of *Aristophanes* his Comedies out of the Originall *Greeke* into the *Roman* tongue, was worthy to be dedicated to six feveral, the most eminent Princes of his time, for Learning and Iudgement: Thinke it then no disparagment to you, to vndertake as well the *Patronage*, perusall of this Poem: Which as it exceeds the strict limits of the ancient Comedy (then in vse) in forme, so it transcends them many degrees; both in the fulnesse of the Sceane, and grauity of the Subiect.

The History whereon it is grounded, hauing beene the selected Argument of many exquisite Poets: For what Pen of note, in one page or

The Epistle Dedicatory.

other hath not remembred *Troy*, and bewayl'd
the sacke and subuersion of so illustrious a Citty:
Which, although it were scituate in *Asia*, yet out
of her ashes hath risen two the rarest Phœnixes
in *Europe*, namely *London* and *Rome*. Sir my
acquaintance with your worth, and knowledge of
your iudgement, were the chiefe motiues, in-
ducing me to select you before many others:
accept it, I intreate you, as fauourably as hee
expofeth it willingly, who as he hath ante-
cedently long, so futurely euer,

Shall remayne yours :

Thomas Heywood.



To the Reader.

Courteous Reader : The Gold, Siluer, and Brasse Ages hauing beene many yeares since in the Presse, continuing the History from Iupiters Birth (the sonne of Saturne) to the Death of Hercules. This Iron Age (neuer till now Published,) beginneth where the other left, holding on, a plaine and direct course, from the second Rape of Hellen : (For she was in her minority rauished by Theseus the Friend of Hercules) not onely to the utter ruine, and deuastation of Troy ; but it, with the second Part, stretcheth to the Deathes of Hellen, and all those Kings of Greece, who were the vndertakers of that Ten yeares Bloody and fatall Seige. I presume the reading thereof shall not prooue dislastfull vnto any : First in regard of the Antiquity and Noblenesse of the History : Next because it includeth the most things of especiall remarke, which haue beene ingeniously Commented, and labouriously Recorded, by the Muses Darlings,

To the Reader.

*the Poets : And Times learned Remembrancers,
the Histrionographers.*

*Lastly, I desire thee to take notice, that these
were the Playes often (and not with the least
applause,) Publickely Acted by two Companies,
vppon one Stage at once, and haue at sundry
times thronged three seuerall Theaters, with nu-
merous and mighty Auditories, if the grace they
had then in the Actings, take not away the expected
luster, hoped for in the Reading, I shall then hold
thee well pleased, and therein, my selfe fully satis-
fied ; Euer remaining thine as studious*

Prodesse vt Dilectare :

Thomas Heywood.



The Iron Age.

Actus primus, Scœna prima.

*Enter King Priamus, Queene Hecuba, Hector, Troilus,
Æneas, Deiphobus, &c.*

Priamus.

PRinces and Sonnes of *Priam*, to this end
Wee cal'd you to this solemne Parleance.
There's a deuining spirit prompts mee still,
That if we new begin Hostility,
The *Grecians* may be forc't to make repayre
Of our twice ruin'd walls, and of the rape
Done to our sifter faire *Hesione*.

Æneas. I am my princely Soueraigne of your
minde,
And can by grounded arguments approoue
Your power and potency : what they twice demolish't,
Is now with strength and beauty rear'd againe.
Your Kingdome growne more populous and rich,

The youth of *Troy* irregular and vntam'd,
 Couetous of warre and martiall exercife.
 From you and filuer tressed *Hecuba*
 Fifty faire sonnes are lineally deriu'd,
 All *Asiaes* Kings are in your loue and league,
 Their royalties as of your Empire held.
Hector and *Hectors* brothers are of power
 To fetch your sister from the heart of *Greece*,
 Where she remaines imbrac't by *Telamon*.

Pria. *Aeneas*, your aduise assents with vs.
 How stand our sonnes vnto these wars inclin'd ?

Hect. In mine opinion we haue no iust cause
 To rayse new tumults, that may liue in peace :
 Warre is a fury quickly coniured vp,
 But not so soone appeased.

Par. What iuster cause
 When the whole world takes note to our disgrace,
 Of this our *Troy*, twice rac't by *Hercules*.

Troy. And faire *Hesione* rapt hence to *Greece*,
 Where she still liues coopt vp in *Salamine*.

Hect. *Troy* was twice rac't, and *Troy* deferu'd that
 wracke,

The valiant (halfe Diuine bred) *Hercules*,
 Redeem'd this Towne from blacke mortality,
 And my bright Aunt from death, when he furcharg'd
 The virgin fedde Sea-monster with his club.
 For my owne Grand-fire, great *Laomedon*,
 Denied the Heroe, both the meede propos'd,
 And (most ingratefull) shut him from the Gates :
Troy therefore drew iust ruine on it selfe :
 Tis true, our Aunt was borne away to *Greece*,
 Who with more iustice might transport her hence,
 Then he whose prise she was ? bold *Telamon*
 For ventring first vpon the wals of *Troy*,
Alcides gaue her to the *Salmine* Duke.
 Detayning her ? whom keeps he but his owne ?
 Were she my prisoner I should do the like.
 By *Ioue* she's worth the keeping.

Par. Then of force,

Shée muſt be worth the fetching.

Heſt. Fetch her that liſt : my reuerent King and father,

If you purſue this expedition,
By the vntaunted honor of theſe armes
That liue imblazon'd on my burniſh't ſhield,
It is without good cauſe, and I deuine
Of all your flouriſhing line, by which the Gods
Haue rectified your fame aboue all Kings,
Not one ſhal liue to meate your Sepulchre,
Or trace your funerall Heralds to the Tombes
Of your great Anceſtours : oh for your honour
Take not vp vniuſt Armes.

Æne. Prince *Heſtors* words
Will draw on him the imputation
Of feare and cowardieſie.

Troi. Fie brother *Heſtor*,
If our Aunts rape, and *Troyes* deſtruction
Bee not reueng'd, their ſeuerall blemiſhes
The aged hand of Time can neuer wipe
From our ſucceſſion.

Par. 'Twill be regiſtred
That all King *Priams* ſonnes ſaue one were willing
And forward to reuenge them on the *Greekes*,
Onely that *Heſtor* durſt not.

Heſt. Ha, durſt not didſt thou ſay? effeminate boy,
Go get you to your Sheepe-hooke and your Scrip,
Thou look'ſt not like a Souldier, there's no fire
Within thine eyes, nor quills vpon thy chinne,
Tell me I dare not? go, riſe, get you gone,
Th'art fitter for young *Oenons* company
Then for a bench of ſouldiers : here comes one,
Antenor is returned.

Enter Antenor.

Pri. Welcome *Antenor*, what's the newes from
Greece?

Ante. Newes of diſhonour to the name of *Priam*,

Your Highnesse Sister faire *Hefione* :
 Esteem'd there as a strumpet, and no Queene ;
 (After complaint) when I propos'd your Maiefty
 Would fetch her thence perforce, had you but seene
 With what disdainefull pride, and bitter taunts
 They toft my threats : 'twould haue inflam'd your
 spleene

With more then common rage, neuer was Princeffe
 So basely vs'd : neuer Embassadour
 With such dishonour sent from Princes Court,
 As I was then from that of *Telamons*,
 Of *Agamemnons* and the *Spartan* Kings.

Priam. I shall not dye in peace, if these disgraces
 Liue vnreueng'd.

Hec̃r. By *Ioue* wee'le fetch her thence,
 Or make all populous *Greece* a Wilderneffe,
Paris a hand, wee are friends, now *Greece* shall finde
 And thou shalt know what mighty *Hec̃tor* dares.
 When all th' vnited Kings in Armes shall rue
 This base dishonour done to *Priams* blood.

Par. Heare Gracious sir, my dreame in *Ida*
 Mount,

Beneath the shadow of a Cedar sleeping.
 Celestiall *Iuno*, *Venus*, and the Goddesse
 Borne from the braine of mighty *Iupiter*,
 These three present me with a golden Ball,
 On which was writ, *Detur pulcherrimæ*,
 Giue't to the fairest : *Iuno* proffers wealth,
 Scepters and Crownes : faith, she will make me rich.
 Next steps forth *Pallas* with a golden Booke,
 Saith, reach it me, I'le teach thee Litterature,
 Knowledge and Arts, make thee of all most wise.
 Next smiling *Venus* came, with such a looke
 Able to rauish mankinde : thus bespake mee,
 Make that Ball mine ? the fairest Queene that
 breathes,

I'le in requitall, cast into thine armes.
 How can I stand against her golden smiles,
 When beautie promist beauty ? shee preuayl'd

To her I gaue the prise, with which shee mounted
Like to a Starre from earth shott vp to Heauen.
Now if in *Greece* (as some report) be Ladies
Peerelesse for beauty, wherefore might not *Paris*
By *Venus* ayde sayle hence to *Grecia*,
And quit the rape of faire *Hesione*,
By stealing thence the Queene most beautifull,
That feedes vpon the honey of that ayre?

Pri. That amorous Goddesse borne vpon the
waues

Assist thee in thy voyage, we will rigge
A royall fleete to waft thee into *Greece*.

Aeneas with our sonne *Deiphobus*,
And other Lords shall beare thee company.
What thinke our sonnes *Hector* and *Troilus*
Of *Paris* expedition?

Hec. As an attempt the Heauens haue cause to
prosper.

Go brother *Paris*, if thou bring'st a Queene,
Hector will be her Champion; then let's see
What *Greece* dare fetch her hence.

Fri. Straight giue order
To haue his Fleet made ready.

Enter Cassandra with her haire about her eares.

Cassan. Stay *Priam*, *Paris* cease, stay *Troian*
Peeres

To plot your vniuerfall ouerthrow.
What hath poore *Troy* deseru'd, that you should
kindle
Flames to destroy it?

Pa. What intends *Cassandra*?

Cass. To quench bright burning *Troy*, to secure
thee,
To saue old *Priam* and his fifty sonnes.
(The royall'st issue, that e're King enioy'de)
To keepe the reuerent haire of *Hecuba*,
From being torne off by her owne sad hands.

Pri. *Cassandra's* madde.

Cass. You are mad, all *Troy* is madde.
And railes before it's ruine.

Hect. What would my sifter ?

Cass. Stay this bold youth my brother, who by
water

Would fayle to bring fire which shall burne all *Troy*.
Stay him, oh stay him, ere these golden roofes
Melt o're our heads, before these glorious Turrets
Bee burnt to ashes. Ere cleare *Simois* streames
Runne with bloud royall, and *Scamander* Plaine,
In which *Troy* stands bee made a Sepulchre
To bury *Troy*, and *Troians*.

Pri. Away with her, some false deuining spirit
Enuying the honour we shall gaine from *Greece*,
Would trouble our designements.

Hect. Royall sir,

Cassandra is a Vestall Prophetesse,
And consecrate to *Pallas* ; oft inspir'd.
Then lend her gracious audience.

Troil. So let our Aunt

Bee still a slaue in *Greece*, and wee your sonnes
Bee held as cowards.

Aene. Let *Antenors* wrongs

Bee basely swallowed, and the name of *Troy*
Be held a word of scorne.

Cass. Then let *Troy* burne,

Let the *Greekes* clap their hands, and warme them-
selues

At this bright Bone-fire : dream'd not *Hecuba*
The night before this fatall Youth was borne,
That shee brought forth a fire-brand ?

Hecu. 'Tis most true.

Cass. And when King *Priam* to the Priest reueal'd
This ominous dreame, hee with the Gods consulted,
And from the Oracle did this returne,
That the Childe borne should statly *Iliou* burne.

Par. And well the Prophet guest, for my desire
To visit *Greece*, burnes with a quenchlesse fire :

Nor from this flaming brand shall I be free,
Till I haue left rich *Troy*, and *Sparta* free.

Cass. Yet *Hecuba*, ere thou thy *Priam* loose,
And *Priam* ere thou loose thy *Hecuba*,

Pri. Away with her.

Cass. Why speakes not in this case *Andromache* ?
Thou shalt loose a *Hector*, who's yet thine.
Why good *Aeneas* dost thou speech forbear ?
Thou hop'st in time another *Troy* to reare,
When this is sackt, and therefore thou standst mute,
All strooke with silence ; none assist my suite.

Pri. Force her away and lay her fast in hold.

Cass. Then *Troy*, no *Troy*, but ashes ; and a
place

Where once a City stood : poore *Priam*, thou
That shalt leaue fatherlesse fifty faire sonnes,
And this thy fruitfull Queene, a desolate widdow,
And *Ilium* now no Pallace for a King,
But a confused heape of twice burnt bricke.
They that thy beauty wondred, shall admire
To see thy Towers defac'd with *Greekish* fire. *Exit.*

Pri. Thou art no Sibill, but from fury speak'st,
Not inspiration we regard thee not.
Come valiant sonnes, wee'll first prepare our ships,
And with a royall Fleete well rigg'd to sea
Seeke iust reuenge for faire *Hesione*.

*Exeunt omnes, manet Paris, to him Oenon who in his
going out plucks her backe.*

Oen. Know you not mee ?

Par. Who art thou ?

Oen. View mee well.

And what I am, my lookes and teares will teach thee.

Par. *Oenon* ? what brought thee hither ?

Oen. To see *Ida* bare
Of her tall Cedars, to see shipwrights square
The trunks of new feld Pines : Asking the cause,

So many Hatchets, Hammers, Plowes and Sawes
Were thither brought : They gan mee thus to greeete,
With these tall Cedars we must build a fleete
For *Paris* ; who in that must sayle to *Greece*,
To fetch a new wife thence.

Par. And my faire *Oenon*,
Know that they told truth, for 'tis decreed
Euen by the Gods behest, that I should speed
Vpon this new aduenture : The Gods all,
That made mee iudge to giue the golden Ball.
Harke, harke, the Saylers cry aboard, aboard ;
The Winde blowes faire, fare-well.

Oenon. Heare me one word.
By our first loue, by all our amorous kisses,
Courtings, imbraces, and ten thousand blisses
I coniure thee, that thou in *Troy* may'st stay.

Par. They cry aboard, and *Paris* must away.

Oen. What need'st thou plowe the seas to seeke
a Wife,
Hauing one here, to hazard thy sweete life,
Seeking a Strumpet through warres fierce alarmes,
And haue so kind a wife lodg'd in thine armes.

Par. Sweete *Oenon*, stay me not, vnclaspe thine
hold.

Oen. Not for *Troyes* crowne or all the Sun-gods
Gold.
Canst thou ? oh canst thou thy sweete life indanger,
And leaue thine owne wife to seeke out a stranger ?

Pa. I can, farewell.

Oen. Oh yet a little stay.

Pa. Let go thine hold, or I shall force my way.

Oen. Oh do but looke on me, yet once againe.
Though now a Prince, thou wast an humble swaine,
And then I was thine *Oenon*. (Oh sad fate)

I craue thy loue, I couet not thy state ;

Still I am *Oenon* ; still thou *Paris* art

The selfe-same man, but not the selfe-same heart.

Par. Vntie, or I shall breake thy charming band,

Neptune assist my course : thou *Ioue* my hand. *Exit.*

Oen. Most cruell, most vnkind, hadst thou thus
said

The night before thou hadst my Maiden-head,
I had beene free to chuse, and thou to wiue ;
Not widdowed now, my husband still aliue.

*Enter King Menelaus, King Diomed, Therfites, a
Lord Embassadour with Attendants.*

Mene. King *Diomed*, *Sparta* is proud to see you,
Your comming at this time's more seasonable,
In that wee haue imployment for your wisedome
And royall valour.

Diom. The *Chritian* Scepter now in contrauerfie
(As this Embassadour hath late inform'd)
Despising that vsurping hand, which long
Hath against Law and Iustice swayd and borne it,
Offers it selfe to your protection.
Is it not so my Lord ?

Embassa. You truely vnderstand our Embasie.

Ther. *Menelaus* !

Mene. What faith *Therfites* ?

Ther. That Heauen hath many Starres in't, but no
eyes,

And cannot see desert. The Goddesse *Fortune*
Is head-winkt, why else should she proffer thee
Another Crowne that hath one : (Grand Sir *Ioue*)
What a huge heape of businesse shalt thou haue,
Hauing another Kingdome ? being in *Creete*,
Sparta will go to wracke, being in *Sparta*,
Creete will to ruine : To haue more then these
Such a bright Lasse as *Hellen* : *Hellen* ? oh !
'Must haue an eye to her too, fie, fie, fie,
Poore man how thou'lt bee pull'd !

Mene. Why thinkes *Therfites* my bright *Hellens*
beauty

Is not with her faire vertues equaliz'd ?

Ther. Yes, I thinke so, and *Hellen* is an asse,

But thou beleen'ft fo too.

Diom. *Therfites* is a rayler.

Ther. No, I difclaim't, I am a Counfellor.
I haue knowne a fellow matcht to a faire wife,
That hath had ne're a Kingdome : thou haft two
To looke to, (fcarce a houle) thou many Pallaces,
Hee fcarce a Page, and thou a thoufand feruants :
Yet hee hauing no more, yet had too much
To looke to one faire wife.

Diom. Were not the King
Well grounded in the vertues of his Queene,
Thy words *Therfites* might fet odds betwixt them.

Mene. My *Hellen* ? therein am I happieft :
Know *Diomed*, her beauty I preferre
Before the Crownes of *Sparta*, and of *Creete*,
Muficke ! I know my Lady then is comming,
Muficke within.

To giue kind welcome to King *Diomed*,
Strowe in her way fweete powders, burne Perfume,
And where my *Hellen* treads no feete perfume.

Ther. 'Twere better ftrowe horne-ftauings.

*Enter Hellen with waiting Gentlewomen and
Seruants.*

Hel. 'Tis told vs this Embaffadour doth ftay
To take my husband, my deare Lord away.

Men. True *Hellen*, 'tis a Kingdome calls me
hence.

Hel. A Kingdome ! hath your *Hellen* fuch fmall
grace,
That you preferre a Kingdome 'fore her face ?
You value me too cheape, and doe not know
The worth and value of the face you owe.

Ther. I had rather haue a good Calues face.

Hel. *Thefeus*, that in my non-age did affaile mee :
And being too young for paftime, thence did haile
me :

Hee, to haue had the leaft part of your bliffe

Oft proffered mee a Kingdome for a kisse.
You surfeit in your pleasures, swimme in sport,
But sir, from henceforth I shall keepe you short.

Dio. Faire Queene, 'tis honour calls him hence
away.

Hel. What's that to *Hellen*, if shee'le haue him
stay?

Say I should weepe at parting, (which I feare)
Some for ten Kingdomes would not haue a teare
Fall from his *Hellens* eye, but hee's vnkind,
And cares not though I weepe my bright eyes blind.

Enter a Spartan Lord.

Sp. L. Great King, we haue discouer'd from the
shoare

A gallant Fleete of ships, that with full sayle
Make towards the Port.

Mene. What number?

Sp. L. Some two and twenty Sayle.

Men. Discouer them more amply, and make good
The Hauen against them, till we know th' intent
Of their arriue.

Sp. L. My Royall Lord I shall.

Men. Embassadour this busines once blowne o're,
You shall receiue your answer instantly.

Hel. You shall not goe and leaue your *Hellen* here,
Can I a Kingdome gouerne in your absence,
And guide so rude a people as yours is?
How shall I doe my Lord, when you are gone,
So many bleake cold nights to lye alone?
Y'haue vs'd mee so to fellowship in bed,
That should I leaue it, I should soone be dead:
Troth I shall neuer indure it.

Men. My sweete *Hellen*,
Was neuer King blest with so chaste a wife.

Enter the Spartan Lord.

Men. The newes? whence is their Fleete?

Sp. L. From *Troy*.

Men. The Generall ?

Sp. L. *Priams* sonne.

Men. Their expedition ?

Sp. L. To seeke aduentures and strange Lands
abroad,

And though now weather-beat, yet brauer men
More rich in Iewells, costlier araide,
Or better featur'd ne're eye beheld,
Especially the Prince their Generall,
Paris of *Troy* one of King *Priams* sonnes.

Hel. Brauer then these our *Lacedemons* are ?

Sp. L. Madam, by much.

Hel. How is the Prince of *Troy*
To *Menelaus* mighty *Spartans* King ?

Sp. L. Prince *Menelaus* is my Soueraigne Madam,
But might I freely speake without offence,
(Excepting *Menelaus*) neuer breath'd
A brauer Gallant then the *Troian* Prince.

Men. What Intertainment shall wee giue these
strangers ?

Hel. What ? but the choyce that *Lacedemon*
yeelds,

If they come braue, our brauery let vs show,
That what our *Sparta* yeelds, their *Troy* may know :
Let them not say they found vs poore and bare.
Or that our *Grecian* Ladies are leffe faire
Then theirs : giue them occasion to relate
At their returne, how wee exceede their state.

Mene. *Hellen* hath well aduis'd, and for the best
Her counsell with our honour doth agree,
All *Spartaes* pompe is for the *Troians* free.

Hell. Oh had I known their Landing one day
fooner,
That *Hellen* might haue trim'd vp her attire
Against this meeting, then my radiant beauty
I doubt not, might in *Troy* be tearm'd as faire,
As through all *Greece* I am reputed rare.

A flourish. Enter Paris, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, Menelaus and Diomed embrace Paris and the rest : Paris turnes from them and kisseth Hellen, all way shee with her hand puts him backe.

Hell. 'Tis not the *Spartan* fashion thus to greet
Vpon the lips, when royall strangers meete.
I know not what your *Asian* Court-ship is.
Oh *Ioue*, how sweetely doth this *Troian* kisse?

Par. Beare with a stranger Lady, though vn-
knowne ;
That's practis'd in no fashion faue his owne.
Hee that his fault confesseth ne're offends,
Nor can hee iniure, that no wrong intends.

Hell. To kisse mee ! why before so many eyes
The King could do no more : would fortune bring
This stranger there where I haue met the King.

Mene. Patience, sweet *Hellen*, *Troians* welcome
all,
You shall receiue the princeliest entertaine
Sparta can yeeld you, but some late affaires
About the *Cretan* scepter calls vs hence,
That businesse once determin'd wee are yours,
In the meane time faire *Hellen* bee't your charge
To make their welcome in my absence large.

*They all goe off with a flourish, onely Paris
and Hellen keepe the Stage.*

Par. Oh *Ioue* my dreame ! sweete *Venus* ayde my
prayer,
And keepe thy word : behold a face more faire
Then thou thy selfe canst shewe, this is the same
Thou promist me in *Ida*, this I claime.
Giue me this face faire *Venus*, and that's all
I'le aske in guerdon of the golden Ball.

Hell. Of what rare mettall is this *Troian* made ?
That one poore kisse hath power so to perfwade,
Here at my lips the sweetnesse did beginne,
And since hath past through all my powers within :
Oh kisse mee if thou lou'st me once againe,

I feele the first kisse thrill through euery veine.

Par. Queene I must speake with you.

Hell. Must?

Par. *Hellen*, I,

I haue but two wayes to take, to speake, or dye :
Grant my tongue pardon then, or turne your head
And say you will not, and so strike me dead.

Hel. Liue and say on, but if your words offend,
If my tongue can destroy, you're neare your end.

Par. Oh *Ioue*, that I had now an Angels voyce
As you an Angels shape haue, that my words
Might sound as spheare-like musicke in your eare.
That *Ioue* himselfe whom I must call to witnesse,
Would now stand forth in person to approoue
What I now speake, *Hellen*, *Hellen* I loue.
Chide mee, I care not ; tell your husband, doe,
Fearelesse of death, behold, I boldly woe.
For let mee liue, bright *Hellen* to inioy,
Or let mee neuer backe refayle to *Troy* :
For you I came, your fame hath hither driuen mee,
Whom golden *Venus* hath by promise giuen mee.
I lou'd you ere I saw you by your fame,
Report of your rare beauty to *Troy* came.
But more then bruite can tell, or fame emblazon
Are these diuine perfections that I gaze on.

Hel. Insolent stranger, is my Name so light
Abroad in *Troy*, that thou at the first fight
Shouldst hope to strumpet vs? thinks *Priams* sonne,
The *Spartan* Queene can be so easily wonne?
Because once *Theseus* rauisht vs from hence,
And did to vs a kind of violence :
Followes it therefore wee are of such price,
That stolne hence once, we should be rauish't twice?

Par. That *Theseus* stole you hence (by Heauen)

I praise him,

And for that act I to the skies will raise him.
That hee return'd you backe by *Ioue* I wonder,
Had I beene *Theseus*, hee that should asunder
Haue parted vs, and snatched you from my bed :

First from my shoulders should haue tane this head.

Oh that you were the prize of some great strife,
And hee that winnes might claime you as his wife,

Your selfe should finde, and all the world should see
Hellen, a prise alone ordain'd for mee.

Hel. I am not angry ; who can angry be
With him that loues her ? they that *Paris* see,
And heare the wonders and rare deedes you boast,
And warlike spoyles in which you glory most :
By which you haue attaind 'mongst souldiers grace,
None can beleeeue you that beholds your face.
They that this louely *Troian* see, will say ;
Hee was not made for warre, but amorous play.

Pa. Loue amorous *Paris* then.

Hel. My fame to endanger ?

Par. I can be secret Lady.

Hel. And a stranger ?

Say I should grant thee loue, as thou shouldst clime
My long wisht bed ; if at th' appointed time
The Winde should alter, and blow faire for *Troy*,
'Thou must breake off in midd'ft of all thy Ioy.

Par. Not for great *Spartaes* Crowne, or *Asiaes*
Treasure,
(That exceeds *Spartaes*) would I loofe such pleasure.

Hel. Would it were come to that.

Par. Your Husband *Mendelaus* hither bring,
Compare our shapes, our youth and euery thing,
I make you Iudgeffe, wrong me if you can :
You needes must say I am the properer man.

Hel. I must confesse that too.

Par. Then loue mee Lady.

Hel. Had you then sett fayle,
When my virginity, and bed to enioy
A thousand gallant princely Suiters came ?
Had I beheld thee first, I here proclaime,
Your feature should haue borne mee from the rest.
You come too late, and couet goods posselt.

Par. I came for *Hellen*, *Hellens* loue I craue,
Hellen I loue, and *Hellen* I must haue :
 Or in this Prouince where I vent my mones,
 I'le begge a Tombe for my exiled bones.

A flourish. Enter Menelaus, Diomed, Therfites,
 with Spartan Lords : Æneas, Deiphobus, An-
 tenor, &c.

A banquet is brought in.

Men. Now Prince of *Troy*, our bufinesse being
 o're

This day in *Lacedemon*, you shall feast

Paris, wee are proud of fuch a Princely gueft.

Ther. Thus euery man is borne to his owne
 Fate.

Now it raines Hornes, let each man shield his Pate.

Hel. This royalty extended to the welcome
 Of *Priams* sonne, is more then *Asiaes* King
 Would yeeld vnto the greatest Prince of *Greece*.
 What is this *Paris* whom you honour fo ?

Men. Why askes my Queene ?

Hel. May not this proud, this beauty vantage
Troian,

In a smoothe browe hide blacke and rugged Treason ?

Men. Hee fuch an one ? rather a giddy braine,
 A formall traueller. King *Diomed*
 Your censure of this *Troian* ?

Diom. A Capring, Carpet Knight, a Cushion
 Lord,

One that hath stald his Courtly trickes at home,
 And now got leaue to publish them abroad
 Hee's a meere toy.

Men. *Therfites* your opinion.
 Did't euer see wifdome thus attir'd ?

Ther. I haue knowne villany hath lookt as smoothe
 As yon briske fellow.

Mene. I am a foole then fay.

Ther. And fo thou art,

To hugge the Serpent fraud so neere your heart.

Men. Shallow *Thersites*, my faire Prince of *Troy*
Welcome, come sit betwixt my Queene and mee.

Ther. Hee'le one day stand betwixt thy Queene
and thee.

I haue obseru'd, 'tis still the Cuckolds fate
To hugge that knaue who helps to horne his
pate.

Men. Fill me a standing Bowle of *Greekish* wine :
Prince *Paris*, to your Royall Fathers health.

Par. Thanks *Menelaus*. Here King *Diomed*.

Dio. To you *Aeneas*.

Aene. *Thersites*, 'tmust go round.

Ther. Not I, full bowles make empty braines,
not I.

Mene. *Hellen*, the more to dignifie his welcome
Beginne a health to aged *Hecuba*.

Ther. Men may be drunke, but hee's a drunken
foole

That brings his wife vp in the Drinking-schoole.

Hel. Prince *Paris*, to the reuerent *Hecuba*.

Par. Will the *Spartan* King vouchsafe the pledge
of *Priams* Queene?

Men. Prince *Diomed*, and so to you *Thersites*,
This health must needes passe round.

Ther. 'Twill make you all turne round before you
part.

Diom. To you *Thersites*.

Ther. 'Tis better liue in fire, then dye in wine :
That burnes but earth, this drownes a thing diuine.
I'le scald my foule no more.

Hel. You looke not well Prince *Paris*, on my
life
His Colour comes and goes, are you not sicke?

Ther. Sicke! and so many healths, how can that
bee?

Par. Peace Cinicke, barke not dogge : King, by
your leaue
I'le haue one health to beauteous *Hellena*.

Men. It shall be pledg'd Prince *Paris*.

Ther. Drinke till you all drop downe, but when you fall,

Looke that the Queene lie vnder-most of all.

Par. I'le haue *Thersites* pledge this.

Ther. I'le be no drunkard, Kings and Queene I'le rise.

Par. Drinke this or eate my sword.

Ther. Say so, I'le kisse the cup.

Hel. You are not well Prince *Paris*, walke with mee.

Par. With you ! what you ? you are the Queene of hearts.

Hel. This Chayre serue for your bed, lye downe and sleepe.

Par. Thankes Queene : to all good night.

Hee sleepe.

Men. How now *Thersites* ? this your politition ?
A shallow weake braine Courtier.

Dio. Alas poore puny Prince, in troth *Thersites*
You were deceiu'd in him.

Ther. I knewe hee was either a politician or a drunkard, your younger Brothers for the most part are so.

Men. Well my faire Queene, whil't wee prepare
for *Crete*,
Feast you the Prince : though his behauour's rude,
Let vs be royall, bounty of all things
Doth best expresse the Maiefty of Kings.

*Exeunt all, but Paris and Hellen, at which hee starts vp
from his Chaire and takes her by the hand.*

Par. Are they all gone ? then pardon mee sweete
Queene,

I was not as I seem'd, but I am now
What once I vow'd, a Prince captiu'd to you.

Hel. No *Paris* no, I am the Queene of hearts.

Par. And so you are, the Empreffe of all hearts :

Celestiall *Hellen*, shall I bee eterniz'd
In the fruition of your heauenly loue?

Hel. And you deserue it well : O Prince ! fie, fie,
Dissemble with your friends so cunningly ?

Par. My loue faire Queene exceeds the loue of
friends,

And therefore had the royall King your Husband
Exprest more loue to mee then euer Monarch
Did to a stranger Prince, it could not though
Leasen my zeale to you : speake fayrest Queene
That euer spake, this night shall we agree
To consecrate to pleasure and delights :

Your husband left me charge I should inioy
All that the Court can yeeld : if all ? then you
I would not for the world, but you should doe
All that the King your Lord commands you too :
Your King and husband, you sinne doubly still
When you assent not to obey his will :

Speake beauteous Queene. No ? then it may be
Shee meanes by silence to accord with me :

I'll trye that presently, lend me your hand
'Tis this I want, and by the Kings command

You are to let me haue it : more then this,
I want your lips to helpe me make a kisse. *Kisseth her.*

Hel. Oh Heauen !

Par. Oh loue, a ioy aboue all measure,
To touch these lips is more then heauenly pleasure.

Hel. Beshrew your amorous rhetorick that did
proue

My husbands will commanded me to loue,
Or but for that iniunction, *Paris* know
I would not yeeld such fauours to bestow
On any stranger, but since he commands,
You may take more then eyther lips or hands.
Do I not blush sweete stranger ? if I breake
The Lawes of modesty, thinke that I speake,
But with my husbands tongue, for I say still
I would not yeeld, but to obey his will.

Par. This night then without all suspition,

The rauishing pleasures of your royall bed
 You may affoord to *Paris*: bitter *Thersites*,
 King *Diomed*, and your seruants may suppose
 By my late counterfeite distemperature
 I ayme at no such happinesse, alas
 I am a puny Courtier, a weake braine,
 A braine-ficke young man ; but Deuineſt *Hellen*,
 When we get ſafe to *Troy*.

Hel. To *Troy*?

Par. Yes Queene, by all the gods it is decreed,
 That I ſhould beare you thither ; *Priam* knowes it,
 And therefore purpoſely did rigge this Fleete,
 To waſt me hether ; He and *Hecuba*,
 My nine and forty brothers, Princes all
 Of Ladies and bright Virgins infinite,
 Will meete vs in the roade of *Tenedos* :
 Then be reſolu'd for I will caſt a plot
 To beare you ſafe from hence !

Hel. This *Trojan* Prince

Will's more then any Prince of *Greece* dares pleade,
 And yet I haue no power to ſay him nay :
 Well *Paris* I beſhrew you with my heart,
 That euer you came to *Sparta* (by my ioy
 Queene *Hellen* lyes, and longs to be at *Troy* :)
 Yet uſe me as you pleaſe, you know you haue
 My deareſt loue, and therefore cannot craue
 What Ile deny ; but if reproach and ſhame
 Purſue vs, on you *Paris* light the blame :
 Ile waſh my hands of all, nor will I yeeld
 But by compulſion to your leaſt demaund :
 Yet if in lieu of my Kings intertaine,
 You bid me to a feaſt aboard your ſhip,
 And when you haue me there, vnknowne to me
 Hoyſe ſayle, weigh Anchor, and beare out to Sea :
 I cannot helpe it, tis not in my power
 To let fal ſayles, or ſtriue with ſtretching oares
 To row me backe againe : this you may do,
 But ſooth friend *Paris* Ile not yeeld thereto.

Par. You ſhalbe then compell'd, on me let all

The danger waiting on this practise fall.

Enter a Spartan Lord.

Sp. L. *Castor* and *Pollux* your two princely
brothers

Are newly landed, and to morrow next
Purpofe for *Lacedemon*.

Hel. On their approach

Ile lay my plot to efcape away with *Paris*.

I haue it : you fir for fome speciall reafon

Their comming keepe conceal'd, but when to mor-
row

You fhall perceiue me neere the water port,

Euen when thou feefte me ready to take Barge,

You apprehend me.

Sp. L. Gracious Queene I do.

Hel. Take that farwel : now my fayre princely
guelte

All that belongs to you's to inuite Queene *Hellen*

Aboord your fhip to morrow.

Par. *Spartaes* mirrour,

Will you vouchfafe to a poore wandring Prince

So much of grace, will your high maiefty

Daigne the acceptance of an homely banquet

Aboord his weather beaten Barke ?

Hel. No Friend,

The King my husband is from *Sparta* gone,

And I, til his returne, muft needes keepe home :

Vrge me not I intreate, it is in vaine

Get me aboard, Ile nere turne backe againe.

Par. Nor fhall you Lady, *Sparta* nor all *Greece*

Shal fetch you thence, but *Troy* fhall ftand as high

On tearmes with *Greece*, as *Greece* hath flood with

Troy.

Exeunt.

Enter the Spartan Lord.

Sp. L. This is the Water-port, the Queenes royal

guest, hath bound me to attendance, till the Prince and shee bee ready to take Water: Methinkes in this there should bee some tricke or other, she was once stolne away by *Theseus*, and this a gallant smoothe fac'd Prince. The Kings from home, the Queenes but a Woman, the *Troians* ships new trim'd, the wind stands sayre, and the Saylors all ready aboard, sweete meates and wine, good words and opportunity, and indeede not what? If both parties bee pleasde, but pleasde or not, the musicke giues warning, are they not now vpon their entrance.

Enter in state Paris, Hellen, Diomed, Therfites, Æneas, Antenor, Deiphebus, &c., with Attendants.

Sp. L. Health to your Maiesties, your Princely brothers

Castor and *Pollux*, being within two Leagues of this great Citty, come to visite you.

Hel. My brothers stolne vpon vs vnawares, Let me intreate thee royall *Diomed*, And you *Therfites*, do me so much grace, As giue them friendly meeting.

Diom. Queene we shall. *Exeunt.*

Hel. Our intertainment shall be giuen aboard, Where I presume, they shall be welcome guests To princely *Paris*.

Pa. As to your selfe, faire Queene.

Hel. Set forwards then.

Pa. We'le hoyse vp sayle, neere to returne againe. *Exeunt the Troians with a great shout.*

Enter Castor, Pollux, Diomed, Therfites.

Cast. Our brother *Menelaus* gone for *Crete*?

Pol. Our loue to see him, makes vs loose much time:

Yet all our labour is not vainly spent,
Since we shall see our sister.

Enter the Spartan Lord in hast.

Sp. L. Princes, the Kings betray'd, all *Greece* dishonoured, the Queene borne hence, the *Troians* haue weigh'd anchor, and with a prosperous gale they beare from hence :

Shouting and hurling vp their caps for ioy,
They crye farwel to *Greece*, amayne for *Troy*.

Ther. Ha, ha, ha.

Dio. The Queene borne hence, with that smooth traytor *Paris*.

See princes with what pride they haue aduanc'd
The Armes of *Troy* vpon their wauing pendants.

Cast. Rage not, but lets resolute what's to be done.

Dio. Let some ride post to *Crete* for *Menelaus*.

Sp. L. That be my charge.

Dio. Who'le after him to Sea ?

Pol. That wil my brother *Castor* and my selfe,
And perish there, or bring my sister backe.

Dio. Princes be't so, and fairely may you speed :
Whilst I to *Agamemnon*, great *Achilles*,

Vlysses, *Nestor*, *Ajax*, *Idomean*,
And all the Kings and Dukes of populous *Greece*,
Relate the wrongs done by this Rauisher.

Part, and be expeditious. *Exeunt seuerall wayes.*

Ther. Ha, ha, ha,
I fmel this Sea-rat ere he come a shoare,
By this hee's gnawing *Menelaus* Cheese,
And made a huge hole in't : Ship-dyet pleafeth
'Boue all his Pallace banquets, much good doo't them :
They are at it without grace, by this both bare :
Cuckold ? no subiect with that name bee sorry,
Since Soueraignes may be such in all their glory.

Explicit Actus primus.

*Actus secundus Scœna prima.**Enter Troilus and Cressida.*

Troi. Faire *Cressida*, by the honour of my birth,
 As I am *Hectors* brother, *Priams* sonne,
 And *Troilus* best belou'd of *Hecuba*,
 As I loue Armes and fouldiers, I protest,
 Thy beauty liues inshrined heere in my brest.

Cre. As I am *Calchus* daughter, *Cressida*,
 High Priest to *Pallas*, shee that patrons *Troy* :
 Now sent vnto the *Delphian* Oracle,
 To know what shal betide Prince *Paris* voyage,
 I hold the loue of *Troilus* dearer farre
 Then to be Queene of *Asia*.

Troi. Daughter to *Calchus* and the pride of
Troy,
 Plight me your hand and heart.

Cre. Faire Heauen I doe.
 Will *Troilus* in exchange grant me his too?

Troi. Yes, and fast seal'd, you gods, you anger
 wreak
 On him or her, that first this vnion breake.

Cre. So protests *Cressida*, wretched may they dye,
 That 'twixt our foules these holy bands untye.

Enter Margaretan one of Priams youngest sonnes.

Marg. My brother *Troilus*, we haue newes from
Greece,
 Prince *Paris* is return'd.

Troi. And with a prise?

Marg. *Asia* affoords none such.

Troi. What is shee worth our Aunt *Hesione*?

Cre. Or what might be her name?

Marg. *Hellen* of *Sparta*.

Troi. *Hellens* name

Hath scarce been heard in *Troy*.

Marg. But now her fame
Will bee eterniz'd, for a face more faire
Sunne neuer shone on, nor the earth e're bare.
Why stay you here ? by this *Paris* and shee
Are landed in the Port of *Tenedos*,
There *Priam*, *Hecuba*, *Heclor*, all *Troy*
Meete the mid-way to attend the *Spartan* Queene.

Troi. In that faire Trainee, my *Cresida* shal be
sure
Of rarer heauty then the *Spartan* Queene.

A flourish. Enter at one doore, *Priam*, *Hecuba*, *Heclor*,
Troilus, &c. At the other *Paris*, *Hellen*, *Æneas*,
Antenor, &c.

Pri. What Earth, what all mortality
Can in the height of our inuentions finde
To adde to *Hellens* welcome, *Troy* shall yeeld her.
Should *Pallas*, Patronesse of *Troy* descend,
Priam and *Priams* wife, and *Priams* sonnes
Could not afford Her god-head more applause,
Then amply wee bestow on *Helena* ?

Hecu. We count you in the number of our daugh-
ters,
Nor can wee doe Queene *Hellen* greater honour.

Hecl. I was not forward to haue *Paris* sent,
But being return'd th'art welcome : I desired not
To haue bright *Hellen* brought, but being landed,
Heclor proclaimes himselfe her Champion
'Gainst all the world, and shall guard thee safe
Despight all opposition.

Par. *Heclors* word
Is Oracle, hee'le seale it with his sword.
And now my turne comes to bid *Hellen* welcome.
You are no stranger here, this is your *Troy*,
Priam your father, and this Queene your mother :
These be your valiant brothers, all your friends.

Why should a teare fall from these heavenly eyes
Being thus round ingirt with your allies.

Hel. I am I know not where, nor amongst whom,
I know no creature that I see faue you :
I haue left my King, my brothers, subiects, friends
For strangers, who should they forsake me now,
I haue no husband, father, brother neare.

Par. Haue you not all these, is not *Paris* heere ?
Harke how the people hauing *Hellen* seene
Applaud th' arriual of the *Spartan* Queene :
And millions that your comming haue attended,
Amazed sweare some Goddesse is descended.

Troi. No way you can your eyes or body turne,
But where you walke the Priests shall Incense burne.

Æne. The sacrificed beasts the ground shall
beate,
And bright religious fire the Altars heate.

Hest. Nor feare the brute of warre or threatning
fleele,
Vnited *Greece* wee value not.

Troi. Alone, by *Hector* is this Towne well man'd,
Hee like an Army against *Greece* shall stand.

Par. And who would feare for such a royall wife
To set the vniuerfall World at strife :
Bright *Hellens* name shall liue, and nere haue end,
When all the world about you shall contend.

Hel. Be as be may, since we are gone thus farre,
Procede we will in spight of threatned warre,
Hazard, and dread ? both these we nothing hold,
So long as *Paris* we may thus infold.

Par. My father, mother, brothers, sisters all,
Ilium and *Troy* in pompe maiesticall,
Shall solemnize our nuptials. Let that day
In which we espouse the beauteous *Hellena*,
Be held a holy-day, a day of ioy
For euer, in the Kalenders of *Troy*.

Pri. It shall be so, we haue already sent
Our high priest *Calchas* to the Oracle
At *Delphos* to returne vs the successe,

And a true notice of our future warres,
Whilſt we expect his coming, be't our care,
The *Spartans* ſecond nuptials to prepare. *Exit.*

Enter after an alarum, King Agamemnon, Menelaus, Achilles, Ajax, Patroclus, Therſites, Calchas, &c.

Aga. Thou glory of the Greekes, the great commander
Of the ſtout Mirmedons : welcome from *Delphos*,
What ſpeakes the Oracle ? the ſacke of *Troy* ?
Or the Greekes ruine ? ſay ſhal wee be victors,
Or *Priam* triumph in our ouerthrow.

Achi. The god of *Delphos* ſends you ioyful
newes,
Troy ſhal be ſackt, and we be Conquerors :
Vpon your helmes weare triple ſpangled plumes :
Let all the lowdeſt inſtruments of warre,
With ſterne alarums rowſe the monſter death,
And march we boldly to the wals of *Troy*,
Troy ſhall be ſackt and we be conquerors.

Aiax. Thanks for thy newes *Achilles*, by that
honor
My father wonne vpon the wals of *Troy*,
My warlike father *Aiax Telamon* ;
I would not for the world, *Priam* ſhould ſend
Inceſtious *Hellen* backe on tearmes of peace.
May ſmooth *Vliſſes* and bold *Diomed*,
Whom you haue ſent on your late Embaſſie,
Be welcom'd as *Antenor* was to *Greece*,
Scorn'd and reuil'd, ſince th' Oracle hath ſayd,
Troy ſhal be ſackt, and we be Conquerors.

Achi. King *Agamemnon* heere's a *Troian* prieſt
Was ſent by *Priam* to the Oracle :
The reuerent man I welcome, and intreate
The General with theſe Princes, do the like.

Agam. Welcome to *Agamemnon* reuerent *Calchas*.

Men. To *Menelaus* welcome.

Aiax. To *Aiax* welcome : father canſt thou fight

As wel as pray, if we should want for men ?

Cal. By prayers I vse to fight, and by my counfel

Giue ayde to Armes.

Aiax. Such as are past armes, father *Calchas* still,

Say counfels good, but giue me strenght at will,
When you with all your Counfel, in the field
Meete *Hector* with his strenght, tel me who'le yeeld ?

Aga. The strong built walls of stately *Tenedos*
We haue leuel'd with the earth. It now remaines
We march along vnto the wals of *Troy*,
And thunder vengeance in King *Priams* eares,
Had we once answere of our Embassie.

Aiax. I euer held such Embassies as base,
The restitution of our rauisht Queene
On termes of parley bars our sterne reuenge,
And ends our VVar ere fully it beginne.
King *Agamemnon* no, *Aiax* sayth no,
VVhose sword as thirstly as the parched earth,
Shall neuer ride in peace vpon his thigh,
Whilst in the towne of *Troy* there breathes a soule
That gaue consent vnto the *Spartans* rape :
March, march, and let the thunder of our drummes
Strike terrour to the Citty *Pergamus*.

Achil. The sonne of *Telamon* speakes honourably,
Wee haue brought a thousand ships to *Tenedos*,
And euery ship full fraught with men at Armes :
And all these armed men with fiery spirits
Sworne to reuenge King *Menelaus* wrongs,
And burne skie-kissing *Ilium* to the ground.
Therefore strike vp warres Instruments on hye,
And march vnto the Towne couragiously.

*In their march they are met by Vlysses and King
Diomed, at which they make a stand.*

Aga. Princes, what answere touching *Hellena* ?

Dio. What answere but dishonourable tearme ?

Contempt and scorne pearcht on their leaders browes,
By *Ioue* I thought they would haue slaine vs both.
If euer *Hellen* bee redeem'd from thence
But by the sacke of *Troy*, say *Diomed*
Is no true souldier.

Vlyff. Euen in the King
There did appeare such high maiesticke scorne
Of threatned ruine, that I thinke himsele
Will put on Armes and meete vs in the field :
Wee linger time great *Agamemnon*, march,
That we may buckle with the pride of *Troy*.

Ag. *Priam* so insolent, his sonnes so braue
To intertaine so great Embassadours
With such vngentle vfage.

Achil. They haue a Knight cal'd *Hector*, on whose
valour
They build their proud defiance, if I meete him,
Now by the azurd Armes of that bright goddesse
From whom I am descended, with my sword
I'll loppe that limbe off, and inforce their pride
Fall at *Achilles* feete, *Hector* and I
Must not both shine at once in warres bright Skie.

Aiax. When they both meete, the greater dimme
the lesse,
Great Generall, march, *Aiax* indures not words
So well as blowes, in a field glazd with fwords.

Enter to them in Armes, Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris,
Aeneas, Antenor, Deiphobus, &c.

Pri. *Calchas* a Traitor ?

Par. And amongst the *Greekes* ?

Hect. Base runagate wretch, when we their Tents
surprise,
As *Hector* liues the traiterous Prophet dies.

Aene. Let not remembrance of so base a wretch
Make vs forget our safety, th' *Argiue* Kings
Are landed, and this day rac't *Tenedos* :
And bid vs battaile on *Scamander* Plaines.

Tro. Whom we wil giue a braue and proud
affront,
Shall we not brother *Hector* ?

Hect. *Troilus* yes,
And beate a fire out of their Burgonets
Shall like an earthy Commet blaze towards Heauen
There grow a fixt starre in the Firmament
To emblaze our lasting glory : Harke their Drums,
Let our Drummes giue them parleance.

A parlie. Both Armies haue an enter-view.

Aga. Is there amongst your troopes a fellow
Prince
Cal'd by the name of *Paris* ?

Par. Is there amongst your troopes a Knight so
bold
Dares meete that *Paris* fingle in the field,
And call him fellow ?

Hect. Or insulting *Greeke*,
Is there one *Telamon*, dares fet his foote
To *Paris* (here hee stands) and hand to hand
Maintaine the wrongs done to *Hesione*,
As *Paris* shall the rape of *Helena*.

Ajax. Know here is one cal'd *Ajax Telamon*,
Behold him well, sonne to that *Telamon* :
Thou faine would'st see, and hee dares fet his foot
To *Paris* or thy selfe.

Hect. Thou durst not.

Ajax. Dare not ?

Hect. Or if thou durst, by this my warlike hand
I'll make thine head fall where thy foot should stand
And yet I loue thee cuze, know thou hast parlie'd
With *Troian Hector*.

Ajax. Wer't thou ten *Hectors*, yet with all thy
might
Thou canst not make my head fall to my feete,
By *Ioue* thou canst not cuze.

Achil. I much haue heard

Of such a Knight cal'd by the name of *Heſtor*,
If thou bee'ſt hee whoſe ſword hath conquerd King-
domes,

Pannonia, Illyria, and Samothrace,
And to thy fathers Empire added them :
Achilles as a friend wils thee to ſheath
Thy warlike ſword, retire from *Troyes* defence,
And ſpare thy precious life, I would not haue
A Knight ſo fam'd meete an vntimely graue.

Heſt. I meet thee in that honourable loue,
And for thine owne ſake wiſh thee faſe aboard.
For if thou ſtayeſt thou ſonne of *Peleus*,
I'd haue thee know thy fame is not thine owne,
But all ingroſt for mee ; not all thy guard
Of warlike *Mirmidons* can wall it faſe
From mighty *Heſtor*.

Dio. Shame you not great Lords
To talke ſo long ouer your menacing ſwords ?

All Greeks. Alarme then for *Greece* and *Hclena*.

All Troians. As much for vs, for *Troy* and
Hecuba.

*A great alarme and excuſions, after which, enter
Heſtor and Paris.*

Heſt. Oh brother *Paris*, thou haſt this day lodg'd
Thy loue in *Heſtors* ſoule, it did me good
To ſee two *Greekiſh* Knights fall in their blood
Vnder thy manly arme.

Par. My blowes were touches
Vnto theſe ponderous ſtroakes great *Heſtor* gaue.
Oh that this generall quarrell might be ended
In equall oppoſition, you and I
Againſt the two moſt valiant.

Heſt. I will try
The vertue of a challenge, in the face
Of all the *Greekes* I will oppoſe my ſelfe
To ſingle combate, hee that takes my gage
Shall feele the force of mighty *Heſtors* rage.

A turne. Both the Armies make ready to ioyne battaile,
but Hector steps betwixt them holding vp his Lance.

Hect. Heare mee you warlike Greekes, you see
these fields
Are all dyde purple with the reeking gore
Of men on both sides flaine, you see my sword
Glaz'd in the sanguine moysture of your friends.
I call the sonne of *Saturne* for a witnesse
To *Hectors* words, I haue not met one *Grecian*
Was able to withstand mee, my strong spirit
Would faine be equal'd ; Is there in your Troupes
A Knight, whose brest includes so much of valour
To meete with *Hector* in a single warre ?
By *Ioue* I thinke there is not : If there be ?
To Him I make this proffer ; if the gods
Shall grant to him the honour of the day,
And I be flaine ; his bee mine honoured Armes,
To hang for an eternall Monument
Of his great valour, but my mangled body
Send backe to *Troy*, to a red funerall pile.
But if hee fall ? the armour which hee weares
I'll lodge as Trophies on *Apolloes* shrine,
And yeeld his body to haue funerall rights.
And a faire Monument so neere the Sea,
That Merchants flying in their sayle-wing'd ships
Neere to the shoare in after times may say,
There lies the man *Hector* of *Troy* did slay,
And there's my Gantler to make good my challenge.

Men. Will none take vp his gage ? shall this proud
challenge
Bee intertain'd by none ? I know you all
Shame to deny, yet feare to vndertake it :
The cause is mine, and mine shall be the honour
To combat *Hector*.

Aga. *Menelaus* pawse,
Is not *Achilles* here, sterne *Aiæx* here,
And Kingly *Diomed* ? how will they scorne,
That stand vpon the honour of their strength,

Should you preuent them of this glorious combat.

Par. By *Ioue* I thinke they dare as well take vp
A poyfounous Serpent as great *Hectors* gage.

Aga. Yes *Troian*, see'st thou not *Æacides*
Dart emmulous lookes on Kingly *Diomed*,
Least hee should slooppe to take his Gantlet vp.
And see how *Diomed* eyes warlike *Aiax*,
Aiax, *Vlyffes* : euery one inflam'd
To answere *Hector*.

Achil. Is there any here
Dares slooppe whilst great *Achilles* is in place ?

Aiax. I dare.

Dio. And so dare I.

Achil. You are all too weake
To incounter with the mighty *Hectors* arme,
This combat folly doth belong to mee.

Aiax. Then wherefore do'st not thou take vp the
Gantlet ?

Achil. To see if thou or any bolder *Greeke*
Dare be so insolent to touch the same,
And barre me of the honour of the combat.

Aiax. By all the gods I dare.

Achil. And all the diuells
I'll loppe his hands off that dares touch the gage.

Vlyff. Pray leaue this emulous fury : *Agamemnon*,
To end this difference, and prouide a Champion
To answere *Hectors* honourable challenge
Of nine the most reputed valiant :
Let feuerall Lots be cast into an Helme,
Amongst them all one prise, he to whom Fortune
Shall giue the honour : let him straight be arm'd
To incounter mighty *Hector* on this plaine.

Aga. It shal be so you valiant sonnes of *Priam* :
Conduēt your warlike Champion to his Tent,
To breath a while, and put his armour on :
No sooner shal the prise be drawne by any,
And our bold Champion arm'd, but a braue Herald
Shall giue you warning by the trumpets sound,

Till when we will retire vnto our Tents.
As you vnto the Towne.

Par. Faint hearted *Greekes*,
Draw lots to answere such a noble challenge,
Had great *Achilles* cast his Gauntlet downe
Amongst King *Priams* sonnes, the weakeſt of fifty
Would in the heate of flames, or mouth of Hel,
Answere the challenge of ſo braue a King.

Hec. *Greekes* to your Tents, I to put armour on ;
Make haſt, I long to know my Champion. *Exeunt all.*

Flouriſh. *Enter aboue vpon the wals*, Priam, Hecuba,
Hellena, Polixena, Aſtianax, Margareton,
with attendants.

Pri. Here from the wals of *Troy*, my reuerent
Queene,
And beaution *Hellen*, we will ſtay to ſee
The warlicke combate 'twixt our valiant ſonne,
And the *Greekes* champion. Young *Aſtianax*,
Pray that thy father may haue Victory.

Aſt. Why ſhould you doubt his fortune ? whoſe
ſtrong arme
Vnhoſt a thouſand Knights all in one day ;
And thinke you any one amongſt the *Greekes*
Is able to incounter with his ſtrength ?

Pri. But howſoeuer child, vnto the pleaſure
Of the high gods, we muſt referre the combate.

Enter Paris below.

Par. My royall father, *Hector* in his armes
Sends for your bleſſing, with the Queene my mother,
And craues your prayers to the all powerful gods,
To grant him victory.

Pri. Bleſt may he be with honor, all my oriſons
Shall inuocate the gods for his ſucceſſe.

Par. I almoſt had forgot, faire *Hellena* ;

Dart me one kisse from these high battlements
To cheere him with : thanks queen, these lips are
charms
Which who so fights for, is secure from harmes.

Heralds on both sides : the two Champions Hector
and Ajax appcare betwixt the two Armies.

Agam. None presse too neere the Champions.

Troi. Heralds on both sides, keep the souldiers
back.

Hect. Now Greekes let me behold my Champion.

Ajax. Tis I, thy cousen Ajax Telamon.

Hec. And Cuz, by Ioue thou hast a braue aspect,
It cheeres my blood to looke on such a foe :
I would there ran none of our Troian blood
In all thy veines, or that it were diuided
From that which thou receiuest from Telamon :
Were I assured our blood posselt one side,
And that the other ; by Olimpicke Ioue,
I'd thrill my Iauelin at the Grecian moysture,
And spare the Troian blood : Ajax I loue it
Too deare to shed it, I could rather wish
Achilles the halfe god of your huge army,
Had beene my opposite.

Aia. Hee keepes his Tent
In mournful passion that he mist the combate :
But Hector, I shal giue thee cause to say,
There's in the Greekish hoast a Knight a Prince,
As Lyon hearted, and as Gyant strong
As Thetis sonne : behold my warlicke Target
Of pondrous brasse, quilted with seauen Oxe hides,
Impenetrable, and so ful of weight,
That scarce a Grecian (saue my selfe) can lift it :
Yet can I vse it like a Summers fan,
Made of the stately traine of Iuno's bird :
My sword will bite the hardest Adamant.
I'll with my Iauelin cleaue a rocke of Marble :
Therefore though great Achilles be not here,

Thinke not braue coufen *Hector* but to finde,
Achilles equal both in strength and minde.

Alarum, in this combate both hauing loft their swords
 and Shields. *Hector* takes vp a great peece of a
 Rocke, and casts at *Ajax*; who teares a young
 Tree vp by the rootes, and assailes *Hector*,] at
 which they are parted by both armes.

Aga. Hold, you haue both shed blood too deare
 to loofe,
 In fingle opposition.

Par. Is your Champion,
 My coufen *Ajax* willing to leaue combate;
 Will hee first giue the word.

Aia. Sir *Paris* no,
 'Twas *Hectors* challenge, and 'tis *Hectors* office,
 If we surcease on equal termes of valour,
 To giue the word.

Hec. Then here's thy coufins hand,
 By *Ioue* thou hast a lusty pondrous arme:
 Thus till we meete againe, lets part both friends;
 For prooffe whereof *Ajax* we'le interchange
 Somewhat betwixt vs, for alliance sake:
 Here take this sword and target, trust the blad,
 It neuer deceiu'd his maister.

Aia. Take of me
 This purple studded belt, I won it coufen
 From the most valiant prince of *Samothrace*:
 And weare it for my sake.

Enter an Herald.

He. *Priam* vnto the *Greekish* General
 This proffer makes. Because these blood-stayn'd fields
 Are ouer-spread with slaughter, to take truce
 Till all the dead on both sides be interr'd:
 Which if you grant, he here inuites the Generall,
 His nephew *Ajax*, and the great *Achilles*,

With twenty of your chiefe selected Princes,
To banquet with him in his royal Pallace :
Those reuels ended, then to armes againe.

Aga. A truce for burying of the slaughtred bodies
We yeeld vnto : but for our safe returne
From *Troy* and you, what pledges haue you found ?

Hec. You shal not need more then the faith of
Hector

For *Priams* pledge, King *Agamemnon* take
My faith and honour, which if *Priam* breake,
He breake the heart of *Troy*.

Aga. We'le take your honor'd word, this night
we'le part,
To morrow morning when fit hower shal call, ¶
We'le meete King *Priam* neere his Citties wall. ¶

Exeunt.

Explicit Actus secundus.

Actus Tertius Scœna prima.

Enter Therfites.

Ther. Braue time, rare change, from fighting now
to feasting :
So many heauy blades to flye in peeces
For such a peece of light flesh ? what's the reason ?
A Lasse of my complexion, and this feature
Might haue bin rapt, and stolne agayne by *Paris*,
And none of all this stirre for't : but I perceiue
Now all the World's turn'd wenchers, and in time

All wenches will turne witches : but these Trumpets
Proclaime their enter-view.

*A flourish. Enter all the Greekes on one side, all the
Troians on the other : Euery Troian Prince inter-
taines a Greeke, and so march two and two, dis-
courfing, as being conducted by them into the Citty.*

Ther. See here's the picture of a politticke state,
They all imbrace and hugge, yet deadly hate :
They say there are braue Laffies in this *Troy*.
What if *Therfites* sprucely smug'd himfelfe,
And ftriu'd to hide his hutch-backe : No not I.
Tis held a rule, whom Nature markes in fhow
And moft deforms, they are beft arm'd below.
I'le not conceale my vertues : yet should I venter
To damme my felfe for painting, fanne my face
With a dyde Ostritch plume, plafter my wrinkles
With fome old Ladies Trowell, I might paffe
Perhaps for fome maide-marrian : and fome wench
Wanting good eye-fight, might perhaps miftake me
For a fpruce Courtier : Courtier ? tush, I from
My firft difcretion haue abhor'd that name,
Still fuiting my conditions with my fhape,
And doe, and will, and can, when all elfe fayle :
Though neither footh nor fpeak wel : brauely rayle,
And that's *Therfites* humour.

*Lowd Muficke. A long table, and a banquet in ftate,
they are feated, a Troian and Greeke, Hecuba,
Polixena, Crefida, and other Ladies waite, Calchas
is prefent whifpering to his Daughter Crefida.*

Pria. After fo much hoftility in fteele,
All welcome to this peacefull intertaine.

Aga. *Priam* wee know thee to be honourable,
Although our foe Treafon is to be fear'd
In Pefants not in Princes.

They fit.

Hec. Ey fo, now fit, a *Troian* and a *Greeke*.
 Cousin *Ajax* neere mee, you are next in bloud,
 And neere mee you shall fit : the strayne of honour
 That makes you so renown'd, sprong from *Hesione*.
 Tis part of *Heſtors* bloud, your groſſer ſpirits
 Leſſe noble are your father *Telamons*.

Welcome to *Troy*, and *Heſtor*, welcome all :

Ajax. In *Troy* thy kinsman, but in field thy foe :
 Thy welcome Couſin here I pay with thanks,
 The truce expir'd, with buffets, blowes and knocks.

Heſt. For that wee loue thee Cuze.

Achil. Me thinks this *Troian Heſtor*
 Out-ſhines *Achilles* and his poliſht honours
 Ecclipſeth our bright glory, till hee ſet
 Wee cannot riſe.

Par. King *Menelaus*, we were once your gueſt,
 You now are ours, as welcome vnto *Troy*,
 As we to *Sparta*.

Men. But that theſe our tongues
 Should be as well truce bound as our ſharpe weapons,
 We could be bitter *Paris* : but haue done.

Vlyſſ. *Menelaus* is diſcreet, ſuch haynous wrongs
 Should be diſcourſ'd by Armes and not by tongues.

Dio. Why doth *Achilles* eye wander that way ?

Achil. Is that a *Troian Lady* ?

Troi. Shee is.

Achil. From whence ?

Pri. Of vs.

Achil. Her name ?

Pri. *Polyxena*.

Achil. *Polyxena* ? ſhe hath melted vs within,
 And hath diſſolu'd a ſpirit of Adamant.
 Shee hath done more then *Heſtor* and all *Troy*,
 Shee hath ſubdu'de *Achilles*.

Cal. In one word this *Troy* ſhall be ſackt and
 ſpoil'd,
 For ſo the gods haue told mee, *Greece* ſhall conquer,
 And they be ruin'd, leaue then imminent perill,
 And flye to ſafety.

Cref. From *Troilus* ?

Cal. From destruction, take *Diomed* and liue,
Or *Troilus* and thy death.

Cref. Then *Troilus* and my ruine.

Cal. Is *Crefid* mad ?

Wilt thou forsake thy father, who for thee
And for thy safety hath forsooke his Countrey ?

Cref. Must then this City perish ?

Cal. *Troy* must fall.

Cref. Alas for *Troy* and *Troilus*.

Cal. Loue King *Diomed*

A Prince and valiant, which made Emphasis
To his Imperiall stile, liue *Diomed*s Queene,
Be brieft, say quickly wilt thou ? is it done ?

Cref. *Diomed* and you i'll follow, *Troilus* shun.

Troi. Bee't *Ajax*, or *Achilles*, that *Greeke* lyes
Who speakes it, i'll maintaine it on his person.

Ajax. . Ha *Ajax* !

Achil. *Achilles* !

Dio. We speake it, and dares *Troilus* say we lie ?

Troi. And weare it *Diomed*.

Dio. Dar'st thou make't good ?

Troi. On *Diomed*, or the boldest *Greeke*
That euer manac'd *Troy* excepting none.

All Greekes. None ?

All Troians. None.

Hec. Excepting none.

Aga. Kings of *Greece*.

Pri. Princes of *Troy*.

Achil. *Achilles* baffled ?

Ajax. And great *Ajax* brau'd ?

Hect. If great *Achilles*, *Ajax*, or the Diuel
Braue *Troilus*, hee shall braue and buffet thee.

Pri. Sonnes.

Aga. Fellow Kings.

Pri. As wee are *Priam* and your father.

Aga. As wee are *Agamemnon* Generall
Turne not this banquet to a Centaurs feast,
If their be strife debate it in faire termes,

Show your felues gouern'd Princes.

Achil. Wee are appeas'd.

Ajax. Wee fatisfied, if *Hector* be so.

Aga. How grew this strife ?

Hect. I know not, onely this I know.

Troilus will maintaine nothing against his honour,

And so farre, be it through the heart of *Greece*,

Hector will backe him.

Par. So will *Paris* too.

Pri. Mildly discourse your wrongs, faire Princes
doe.

Troi. King *Diomed* maintaines his valour thus,

He saith it was his Launce difmounted *Troilus*,

And not the stumbling on the breathlesse course

Of one new slaine that feld mee.

Par. 'Tis false.

Men. 'Tis true.

Par. It was my fortune to make good that field,

And hee fell iust before mee, *Diomed* then

Was not within fixe speares length of the place.

Men. How *Troian* rauisher ?

Par. Call mee not Cuckold maker. *They all rise.*
I care not what you terme me.

Men. I cannot brooke this wrong.

Par. Say'st thou mee so madde *Greeke* ?

Pri. *Paris.*

Aga. Gouverne you Kingdomes Lords, and cannot
fway

Your owne affection ?

Pri. *Paris*, forbear.

Mildly discourse, and gently wee shall heare.

Par. I say King *Diomed* vnhorst not *Troilus*.

Dio. How came I by his horse then ?

Par. As the vnbackt courfer hauing lost his rider,
Gallopt about the field you met with him,
And catch'd him by the raine.

Troi. Here was a goodly act
To boast on, and send word to *Cressida*.

Dio. Was no Prince neare when I encountred
Troilus?

Men. I was, and saw the speare of *Diomed*
Tumble downe *Troilus* but peruse his armour,
The dint's still in the vainbrace.

Aga. Bee't so, or not so, at this time forbear
To urge extreames. Kings let this health go round,
Pledge me King *Priam* in a cupful crown'd.

Hec. Now after banquet, reuels : Musicke strike
A pirhicke straine, we are not all for warre,
Souldiers their stormy spirits can appease,
And sometimes play the Courtiers when they please.

*A lofty dance of sixteene Princes, halfe Troians
halfe Grecians.*

Pri. I haue obseru'd *Achilles*, and his eye
Dwels on the face of fair *Polixena*.

Aia. Why is not *Hellen* here at this high feast ?
I haue sweat many a drop of blood for her,
Yet neuer saw her face.

Achi. I could loue *Hector*, what's our cause of
quarrel ?

For *Hellens* rape ? that rape hath cost already
Thousands of foules, why might not this contention
'Twixt *Paris* and the *Spartan* King be ended,
And we leaue *Troy* with honour.

Aia. *Achilles* how ?

Achi. Fetch *Hellen* hether, set her in the midst
Of this braue ring of Princes, *Paris* here,
And *Menelaus* heere : she betwixt both :
They court her ore againe, whom she elects
Before these Kings, let him inioy her still,
For who would keepe a woman gainst her wil ?

Men. The names of wife and husband, th'inter-
change

Of our two bloods in young *Hermione*,
To whom we are ioynt parents, *Hellens* honor

All pleade on my part, I am pleasde to stand
To great *Achilles* motion.

Par. So are we.

All that I haue for comfort is but this,
That in the day I shew the properer man,
Ith' night I please her better then hee can.

Hec. Are all the Greecian Kings agreed to this?

All. We are, we are.

Hec. Place the two reuall then, each bide his fate,
And vsher in bright *Hellen* in all state.

*The Kings promiscuously take their places, Paris and
Menelaus are seated opposite, Hellen is brought in
betwixt them by Hecuba and the Ladies.*

Hel. Oh that I were (but *Hellen*) any thing ;
Or might haue any obiect in my eye
Saue *Menelaus* : when on him I gaze,
My errour chides mee, I my shame emblaze.

Mene. Oh *Hellen*, in thy cheeke thy guilt appeares,
More I would speake, but words are drown'd in
teares.

Aia. A gallant Queene, for such a royall friend
What mortall man would not with *Ioue* contend?

Mene. *Hellen* the time was I might call thee wife,
But that stile's changed ; I thou thy self art chang'd
From what thou wast : and (most inconstant Dame)
Hast nothing left thee, saue thy face and name.

Pa. And I both these haue : hast thou not confest
Faire *Hellen*, thy exchange was for the best.

Mene. What can our *Sparta* value ?

Pa. *Troy*.

Mene. You erre.

Pa. Who breathes that *Sparta* would 'fore *Troy*
prefer.

Mene. Thou hast left thy father *Tendarus*.

Pa. To gayne
King *Priam*, Lord of all this princely trayne.

Mene. Thy mother *Læda* thou hast left who
mournes,
And with her piteous teares laments thy losse :
Cannot this moue thee ?

Hel. Oh I haue left my mother.

Pa. No *Hellen*, but exchang'd her for another :
Poore *Læda*, for rich *Hecuba*, a bare Queene
For the great *Asian* Empreffe.

Men. From *Castor* and from *Pollux* thou hast
rang'd
Thy naturall brothers.

Hel. True, true.

Par. No, but chang'd,
For *Hector*, *Troilus*, and the royall store
Of eight and forty valiant brothers more.

Men. If nothing else can moue thee *Hellena*,
Thinke of our daughter young *Hermione*.

Hel. My deare *Hermione*.

Men. Canst thou call her deare,
And leaue that issue which thy wombe did beare ?
Shee's ours betwixt vs, canst thou ?

Par. Can shee ? knowing,
A sweeter babe within her sweete wombe growing
Begot last night by *Paris*.

Men. Looke this way *Hellen*, see my armes spread
wide,
I am thine husband, thou my *Spartan* bride.

Hel. That way ?

Par. My *Hellen*, this way turne thy sight,
These are the armes in which thou layest last night.

Hel. Oh how this *Troian* tempts mee !

Men. This way wife,
Thou shalt faue many a *Greeke* and *Troians* life.

Hel. 'Tis true, I know it.

Par. This way turne thine head,
This is the path that leades vnto our bed.

Hel. And 'tis a sweete smooth path.

Men. Heere.

Par. Heere.

Men. Take this way *Hellen*, this is plaine & euen.

Par. That is the way to hell, but this to Heauen :
Bright Comet shine this way.

Men. Cleare starre shoot this,
Here honour dwels.

Par. Here many a thousand kisse.

Hel. That way I should, because I know 'tis
meeter.

Men. Welcome.

Hel. But I'le this way for *Paris* kisses sweeter.

Par. And may I dye an Eunuch if ere morne
I quit thee not.

Men. I cannot brooke this scorne,
Grecians to Armes.

Hel. Then *Greece* from *Troy* deuide,
This difference armes, not language must decide.

All Greekes. Come to our Tents.

All Troians. And wee to man the towne.

Hel. These Tents shall swimme in bloud.

Greekes. Blood *Troy* shall drowne.

Exeunt diuers wayes.

Achil. Yet shall no stroke fall from *Achilles* arme,
Faire *Polixena*, so powerfull is thy charme.

Alarme. Enter *Troilus* and *Diomed*.

Troi. King *Diomed* !

Dio. My riuall in the loue of *Cresida*.

Troi. Falsse *Cresida*, iniurious *Diomed*.

Now shall I prooue in hostile enter-change
Of warlike blowes that thou art all vnworthy
The loue of *Cresid*.

Dio. Why cam'st thou not on Horse-backe,
That *Diomed* once againe dismounting thee
Might greeete his Lady with another course
Wonne from the hand of *Troilus*.

Troi. *Diomed*,

By the true loue I beare that trothlesse Dame
I'le winne from thee, and send thy Horse and Armour

Vnto the Tent of *Cresid* guard thy head,
This day by mee thou shalt be captiue led.

Alarme. *They fight and are parted by the army,*
Diomed loofeth his Helmet.

Troi. Another Horfe for *Diomed* to flye,
Hee had neuer greater neede then now to runne,
Though hee be fled yet *Troilus* this is thine,
My Steede hee got by sleight, I this by force.
I'll fend her this to whom hee sent my horfe.

Enter Æneas and Achilles reading a Letter.

Achil. Is this the answere of the note I sent
To royall *Priam* and Queene *Hecuba*,
Touching their daughter bright *Polixena*?

Æne. Behold Queene *Hecubaes* hand, King *Priams*
seale,
With the consent of faire *Polixena*,
Condition'd thus, *Achilles* shall forbare
To dammage *Troy*.

Achi. Returne this answere backe,
Tell *Priam* that *Achilles* Arme's benumb'd,
And cannot lift a weapon against *Troy*.
Say to Queene *Hecuba* wee are her sonne,
And not *Achilles*, nor one *Mirmidon*
Shall giue her least affront, as for the Lady
Bid her presume, we henceforth are her Knight,
And but for her *Achilles* scornes to fight.

Æne. Then thus saith *Priam*, but restraine thy
powers,
And as hee is a King, his daughter's yours.

Achi. Farewell. *Exit.*

Alarme. *Enter Ajax.*

Ajax. *Achilles*, where's *Achilles*, what vnarm'd
When all the Champaigne where our battailes ioyne,

Is made a standing poole of *Greekish* blood,
Where horses plung'd vp to the saddle skirts,
And men about the waste wade for their liues,
And canst thou keepe thy Tent?

Achi. My Lute *Patroclus*.

A great Alarme. Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Let *Greekes*, let *Greekes*, let's bend vnnaturall armes

Against our owne breasts, ere the conquering *Troians*
Haue all the honour of this glorious day.

Can our great Champion touch a womanish Lute,
And heare the groines of twenty thousand soules
Gasping their last breath?

Achi. I can.

Alarume. Enter Menelaus.

Rescue, some rescue, the red field is strowd
With *Hectors* honours and young *Troilus* spoyles.

Achi. Yet all this mooues not me.

Alarum. Enter Vlysses.

Vlyss. How long hath great *Achilles* bin burnam'd,
Coward in *Troy*, that *Hector*, *Troilus*, *Paris*,
Haue all that name so currant in their mouthes?
I euer held him valiant, yet will *Achilles* fight?

Achi. *Vlysses*, no,
Beneath this globe *Achilles* hath no foe.

Vlyss. Then here vnarm'd be slaine, think'st thou
they'l spare
Thee more then vs?

Aiax. Or if thou wilt not arme thee,
Let thy *Patroclus* lead thy *Mirmidons*,
And weare thy Armour.

Vlyss. Thy Armour is sufficient
Without thy presence being fear'd in *Troy*.

Achi. To faue our oath and keepe our Tents from
facke,

Patroclus don our Armes, lead forth our guard,
And wearing them by no Prince be out-dar'd.

Patro. *Achilles* honours me, what heart can feare,
And great *Achilles* sword prooffe Armour weare?

Exeunt all the Princes, enter Therfites.

Ther. Where's this great sword and buckler man of
Greece?

Wee shall haue him one of sneakes noife,
And come peaking into the Tents of the *Greeks*,
With will you haue any musicke Gentlemen.

Achi. Base groome, I'll teare thy flesh like falling
Snow.

Ther. If I had *Hectors* face thou durst not doo't.

Achi. Durst not?

Ther. Durst not, hee's in the field, thou in thy
Tent,

Hector playing vpon the *Greekish* burgonets,

Achilles fingring his effeminate Lute.

And now because thou durst not meete him in the
field, thou hast counterfeited an honour of loue.

Achilles? Thou the Champion of *Greece*, a meere bug-
beare, a scar-crow, a Hobby-horse.

Achi. *Vlisses* taught thee this, deformed slaue.

Ther. Coward thou durst not do this to *Hector*.

Achi. On thee Ile practise, til I meete with him.

The. *Ajax* is valiant, and in the throng of the
Troians,

Achilles is turn'd Fidler in the Tents of the Grecians.

Alarum. *Enter Diomed wounded, bringing in*
Patroclus dying.

Dio. Looke here *Achilles*.

Achi. *Patroclus*?

Pat. This wound great *Hector* gaue :
Reuenge my death, before I meete my graue.

Enter Vliffes and Ajax wounded.

Vlif. Yet will *Achilles* fight ? see *Ajax* wounded,
Two hundred of thy warlike Mirmedons
Thou hast lost this day.

Aia. Let's beate him to the field.

Achi. Ha ?

Aia. Had I lost a *Patroclus*, a deere friend
As thou hast done, I would haue dond these armes
In which he dyed, sprung through the *Troian* hoast,
And mauger opposition, let the blow
Or by the same hand dy'd : come ioyne with me,
And we without this picture, statue of *Greece*,
This shaddow of *Achilles*, will once more
Inuade the *Troian* hoast.

Achi. *Ajax* ?

Aia. *Achilles* ?

Achi. Wee owe thee for this scorne.

Aia. I lorne that debt :
Thou hast not fought with *Hector*.

Achi. My honor and my oath both combate in
mee :
But loue swayes most.

Alarum. *Enter Menelaus and Agamemnon.*

Men. Our ships are fir'd, five hundred gallant
vessels
Burnt in the Sea, halfe of our Fleete destroy'd,
Without some present rescue.

Achi. Ha, ha, ha.

Aga. Doth no man aske where is this double
fire,
That two wayes flyes towards heauen ?
Vpon the right our royall Nauy burnes,
Vpon the left *Achilles* Tents on fire.

Achi. Our Tent?

Aga. By *Ioue* thy Tent, and all thy Mirmedons,
Haue not the power to quench it : yet great *Hector*
Hath shed more blood this day, then would haue
feru'd

To quench, both Fleete and Tent.

Achi. My sword and armour :

Polixena, thy loue we will lay by,
Till by this hand, that Troian *Hector* dye.

Aia. I knew he must be fired out.

Exit.

Alarum. Enter *Hector*, *Paris*, *Troilus*, *Aeneas*,
with burning stauess and fire-balls.

All the Troians. Strike, stab, wound, kill, tosse fire-
brands, and make way,

Hector of *Troy*, and a victorious day.

Hec. Well fought braue brothers.

Enter Ajax.

Pa. What's hee?

Troi. Tis *Ajax*, downe with him.

Hec. No man presume to dart a feather at him
Whilst we haue odds : cousten if thou seekest com-
bate?

See we stand fingle, not one Troian here,
Shall lay a violent hand vpon thy life,
Saue wee our selfe.

Aia. Cousten th'art honorable,
I now must both intreate and coniure thee,
For my old Vncle *Priams* sake, his sister
Hesione my mother, and thine Aunt :
This day leaue thine aduantage, spare our Fleete,
And let vs quench our Tents, onely this day
Stay thy Victorious hand, tis *Ajax* pleades,
Who but, of *Ioue* hath neuer begg'd before,
And saue of *Ioue*, will not intreate againe.

All Troians. Burne, still more fire.

Hec. I'll quench it with his blood
That addes one sparke vnto this kindled flame :
My coulin shall not for *Hesiones* sake
Be ought denide of *Hector*, she's our Aunt :
Thou, then this day hast sau'd the Grecian Fleete :
Let's found retreat, whose charge made al Greece
quake,

We spare whole thousands for one *Ajax* sake.

A Retreat founded. Exeunt the Troians.

Aia. Worthiest a liue thou hast, Greece was this
day

At her last cast, had they persude aduantage :
But I deuine, hereafter from this hower,
We neuer more shal shrinke beneath their power.

Exit.

Explicit Actus tertius.

Actus Quartus Scœna prima.

*Enter Hector, Troilus, Paris, Æneas, Hector's
armour bearer, with others.*

Hec. My armour, and my trusty *Galatee*,
The proudest steed that euer rider backt,
Or with his hooves beate thunder from the earth.
The Sunne begins to mount the Easterne hill,
And wee not yet in field : Lords yesterday
Wee slipt a braue aduantage, else these ships
That floate now in the *Sa.nothraccian* road,
And with their wauing pendants menace *Troy*
Had with their flames reflecting from the Sea,
Gilt those high towers, which now they proudly
braue.

Troi. On then; *Achilles* is vnconquered yet,
Great *Agamemnon* and the *Spartan* King,
Ajax the bigge-bond Duke of *Salamine*,
With him that with his Lance made *Venus* bleed,
The bold, (but euer rash) King *Diomed*,
To lead these captiue through the *Scamander* Plaines,
That were a taske worth *Hector*.

Par. Why not vs ?
Yet most becomming him, come then *Aeneas*,
Let each Picke one of these braue Champions out
And fingle him a captiue.

Aene. 'Twere an enterprise
That would deserue a lasting Chronicle :
Lead on renowned *Hector*.

Hect. Vnnimble slaue,
Dispatch, make hast, I would be first in field,
And now I must be cal'd on.

Enter Andromache and young Astianax.

Andro. Oh stay deare Lord, my royall husband
stay,
Cast by thy shield, fellow vncase his armes,
Knock off the riuets, lay that baldricke by,
But this one day rest with *Andromache*.

Hec. What meanest thou woman ?

Andro. To saue my honoured Lord
From a sad fate, for if this ominous day,
This day disastrous, thou appear'st in field
I neuer more shall see thee.

Hec. Fond *Andromache*.
Giue me some reason for't.

Andro. A fearefull dreame,
This night me thought I saw thee 'mongst the *Greekes*
Round girt with squadrons of thine enemies,
All which their Iauelins thrild against thy brest,
And stucke them in thy bosome.

Hec. So many Squadrons,
And all their darts quiuerd in *Hectors* brest,

Some glanc't vpon mine armour, did they not ?

Par. Did none of these darts rebound from

Hector

And hit thee sifter, for (my Lasse) I know,

Thou hast been oft hit by thine *Hector* so.

Andro. Oh doe not iest my husband to his death,

I wak't and slept, and slept and wak't againe :

But both my slumbers and my founde sleepes

Met in this one maine truth, if thou this day

Affront their Army or oppose their fleete,

After this day we ne're more shall meete.

Hect. Trust not deceptious visions, dreames are
fables,

Adulterate Sceanes of Anticke forgeries

Playd vpon idle braines, come Lords to horse

To keepe me from the field, dreames haue no force.

Andro. *Troilus, Aeneas, Paris, young Aslianax,*

Hang on thy fathers armour, slay his speed.

Asti. Father, sweete father do not fight to day.

Hect. Helpe to take off these burrs, they trouble
mee.

Andro. Hold, hold thy father, if thou canst not
kneelee,

Yet with thy teares intreate him slay at home.

Asti. I'l hang vpon you, you shall beate me father

Before I let you goe.

Hect. How boy ? I'le whippe you if you stirre a
foot,

Go get you to your mother.

Pa. Come to horse.

Enter Priam, Hecuba, Hellen, &c.

Pri. *Hector,* I charge thee by thine honour slay,

Go not this day to battaile.

Hect. By all the gods

Andromache, thou dost abate my loue

To winne mee from my glory.

Hec. From thy death.

Troilus, perswade thy brother, daughter *Hellen*,
Speake to thy *Paris* to intreate him too.

Hel. *Paris* sweete husband.

Pa. Leauē your cunning *Hellen*.
My brother shall to the field.

Hel. But by this kisse thou shalt not.

Pa. Now haue not I the heart to say her nay :
This kisse hath ouercome mee.

Andro. My dearest loue,
Pitty your wife, your sonne, your father, all
These liue beneath the safeguard of that arme ;
Pitty in vs whole *Troy* all ready doom'd
To sinke beneath your ruine.

Pri. If thou fall,
Who then shall stand? *Troy* shall consume with fire
(That yet remains in thee) wee perish all,
Or which is worse, led captiue into *Greece* :
Therefore deare *Hector*, cast thy armour off.

Andro. Husband.

Hecu. Sonne.

Hel. Brother.

Hect. By *Ioue* I am resolu'd.

Andro. Oh all yee gods !

Hect. Not all the diuells
Could halfe torment me like these women tongues.

Pa. At my entreaty, and for *Hellens* loue,
Leauē vs to beare the fortunes of this day ;
Heres *Troilus* and my selfe will make them sweare ;
Ere the fight end there are two *Hectors* here.

Ene. Besides *Aeneus*, and *Deiphobus*
Young *Margareton*, and a thousand more
Sworne to set fire on all their Tents this day ;
Then *Hector* for this once resolute to stay.

Hect. To horse then *Paris*, do not linger time.

Pa. To horse, come brother *Troilus*.

Hect. Watch *Margareton*, if the youthfull Prince
Venter beyond his strength, let him haue rescue.

Troi. Hee shall be all our charge.

Pri. *Hector* let's mount vpon the walls of *Troy*,

And thence surueigh the battaile.

Hec. Well bee't fo.

But if one *Troian* shall for succour cry,

I'le leaue the walls and to his rescue flye. *Exit.*

Enter Troilus and Diomed after an alarum.

Troi. King *Diomed*.

Dio. *Cresids* first loue.

Troi. Yes *Diomed* and her last,
I'le lue to loue her when thy life is past.

Enter Menelaus both vpon Troilus.

Men. Hold *Troian*, for no *Greeke* must be disarm'd.

Enter Paris.

Pa. Vnmanly odds, King *Menelaus* turne
Thy face this way, 'tis *Troian Paris* calls.

Men. Of all that breath, I loue that *Paris* tongue
When it shall call to Armes : now one shal downe.

Alarum. *Menelaus falls.*

Par. Thou keep'st thy word, for thou art downe
indeed.

Yet by the sword of *Paris* shalt not dye.
I slew thy fame when I first stole thy Queene,
And therefore *Spartan* will now spare thy life :
Achilles, *Diomed*, *Ajax*, one of three
Were noble prise, thou art no spoyle for mee.

Alarum. *Enter aboue Priam, Hector, Astianax, Hecuba, Hellen, &c. Below Achilles and Margaret.*

Achil. If thou bee'st noble by thy blood and
valour,
Tell mee if *Hector* bee in field this day.

Marg. Thy coniuration hath a double spell,
Hector is not in field, but here I stand
 Thy warlike opposite.

Achi. Thou art young and weake, retire and spare
 thy life.

Mar. I'm *Hectors* brother, none of *Hectors* blood
 Did euer yet retereite.

Achi. If *Hectors* friend,
 Here must thy life and glory both haue end.

Achilles kills him.

Hect. Oh father, see where *Margareton* lyes
 Your sonne, my brother by *Achilles* slaine.

Pri. Thy brother *Troylus* will reuenge his death :
 But *Hector* shall not moouue.

Hec. *Troylus* nor all the *Troians* in the field
 Can make their swords bite on *Achilles* shield :
 'Tis none but *Hector* must reuenge his death.

P. But not this day.

Hect. Before the Sunne decline,
 That terrour of the earth I'le make deuine.

Exit from the wals.

Alarum. *Enter Hector beating before him Achilles*
Mermidons.

Hect. Thus flies the dust before the Northern
 winds,
 And turnes to Attoms dancing in the ayre,
 So from the force of our victorious arme,
 Flye armed squadrons of the boldest *Greekes*,
 And mated at the terrour of our name,
 So cleare the field before me, no mans fauour'd :
 The blood of three braue Princes in my rage,
 I haue sacrific'd to *Margaritons* soule.
Ajax Oilæus, Ajax Telamon,
Merionus, Menelaus, Idomea,
 Arch-dukes and Kings haue shrunke beneath this
 arme,
 Besides a thousand Knights haue falne this day

Beneath the fury of my pondrous blowes :
And not the least of my victorious spoyles,
Quiuer'd my Iauelin through the brawny thigh
Of strong *Achilles*, and I seeke him still,
Once more to tug with him : my sword and breath
Assist me still, till one drop downe in death.

Enter Achilles with his guard of Mermidons.

Achi. Come cast your selues into a ring of terrour,
About this warlike Prince, by whom I bleede.

Hec. What meanes the glory of the *Grecian* hoast
Thus to besiege me with his Mermidons ?
And keepe aloofe himselfe.

Achil. That shall my Launce
In bloody letters text vpon thy breast,
For young *Patroclus* death, for my dishonours,
For thousand spoyles, and for that infinite wracke
Our Army hath indur'd onely by thee,
Thy life must yeeld me satisfaction.

Hec. My life ? and welcome, by *Apolloes* fire
I neuer ventred blood with more content,
Then against thee *Achilles*, come prepare.

Achil. For eminent death, you of my warlike
guard,
My Mermidons, for slaughters most renown'd,
Now sworne to my designements, your steele polaxes,
Fixe all at once, and girt him round with wounds.

Hec. Dishonourable *Greeke*, *Hector* nere dealt
On base aduantage, or euer lift his sword
Ouer a quaking foe, but as a spoyle
Vnworthy vs, still left him to his feare :
Nor on the man, whom singly I struke downe,
Haue I redoubled blowes, my valour still
Opposde against a standing enemy.
Thee haue I twice vnhorst, and when I might
Haue slaine thee groueling, left thee to the field,
Thine armour and thy shield impenetrable,
Wrought by the god of *Lemnos* in his forge

By arte diuine, with the whole world ingrauen,
 I haue through pierc't, and still it weares my skarres :
 Forget not how last day, euen in thy tent
 I feasted my good sword, and might haue flung
 My bals of wild-fire round about your Fleete,
 To haue sent vp your Greekish pride in flames,
 Which would haue fixt a starre in that high Orbe,
 To memorize to all succeeding times
 Our glories and your shames, yet this I spar'd,
 And shall I now be slayne by treachery ?

Achi. Tell him your answer on your weapons
 points,
 Vpon him my braue souldiers.

Hec. Come you flaues,
 Before I fall, Ile make some food for graues,
 That gape to swallow cowards : ceaze you dogges
 Vpon a Lyon with your armed phangs,
 And bate me brauely, where I touch I kill,
 And where I fasten teare body from soule,
 And soule from hope of rest : all *Greece* shall know,
 Blood must run wast in *Hectors* ouerthrow.

Alarum. *HeCtor fals slayne by the Mermidons,*
then Achilles wounds him with his Launce.

Achi. Farwell the noblest spirit that ere breath'd
 In any terrene mansion : Take vp his body
 And beare it to my Tent : Ile straight to horse,
 And at his fetlockes to my greater glory,
 Ile dragge his mangled trunke that *Grecians* all,
 May deafe the world with shouts, at *Hectors* fall.

Enter Priam, Aeneas, Troilus, Paris.

Pri. Blacke fate, blacke day, be neuer Kallendred
 Hereafter in the number of the yeare,
 The Planets cease to worke, the Spheares to mooue,
 The Sunne in his meridian course to shine,
 Perpetuall darknesse ouerwhelme the day,
 In which is false the pride of *Asia*.

Troi. Rot may that hand,
And euery ioynt drop peece-meale from his arme,
That tooke such bafe aduantage on a worthy,
Who all aduantage scorn'd.

Pa. Yet though his life they haue basely tane
away,
His body we haue rescued mauger *Greece*.
And *Paris*, I the meanest of *Priams* sonnes,
Haue made as many *Mermidons* weepe blood,
As had least finger in the Worthies fall.

Pri. What but his death could thus haue arm'd my
hand,
Or drawne decreeped *Priam* to the field :
That starre is shot, his luster quite ecclips'd :
And shall we now, surrender *Hellena* ?

Pa. Not till *Achilles* lye as dead as *Heclor*,
And *Ajax* by *Achilles*, not whilst *Istium*
Hath one stone rear'd vpon anothers backe
To ouer-looke these wals, or those high wals
To ouer-peere the plaine.

Troi. Contrary Elements,
The warring meteors : Hell and *Elizium*
Are not so much oppos'd, as *Troy* and *Greece*,
For *Heclor*, *Heclors* death.

Par. A most sad Funerall
Will his in *Troy* be, where shall scarfe an eye
Of twice two hundred thousand be found drye :
These obets once past o're, which we desire,
Those eyes that now shed water, shall speake fire.

Æne. Now found retreate.

Pri. Wee backe to *Troy* returne,
Where euery soule in funeral black shall mourne. *Exit.*

Par. *Heclor* is dead, and yet my brother *Troilus*
A second terrour to the *Greekes* still liues.
In him there's hope since all his *Mermidons*
Hauing felt his fury, flye euen at his name.
But must the proud *Achilles* still insult
And triumph in the glory of bafe deedes ?
No, *Heclor* hee destroy'd by treachery,

And hee must dye by craft. But *Priams* temper
 Will nere bee brought to any base reuenge :
 A woman is most subiect vnto spleene,
 And I will vse the braine of *Hecuba* :
 This bloody sonne of *Thetis* doth still doate
 Vpon the beauty of *Polixena* ;
 And that's the base we now must build vpon.
 My mother hath by secret letters wrought him
 Once more to abandon both the field and armes :
 The plot is cast, which if it well succeede,
 He that's of blood infatiate, must next bleed. *Exit.*

Achilles discovered in his Tent, about him his bleeding
Mermidons, himselfe wounded, and with him
Vlisses.

Vlif. Why will not great *Achilles* don his Armes,
 And rowse his bleeding *Mirmidons*? shall *Troilus*
 March backe to *Troy* with armour, sword, and lance,
 All dyde in *Grecian* blood? shall aged *Priam*
 Boast in faire *Iflium* that the sonne of *Thetis*,
 Whose warlike speare pierc't mighty *Hectors* brest,
 Lies like a coward slumbring in his Tent,
 Because hee feares young *Troilus*.

Achi. Pardon mee,
Vlisses, here's a Briefe from *Hecuba*,
 Wherein shee vows, if I but kill one Troian,
 I neuer shall inioy *Polixena*.

Vlif. But thinks *Achilles*, if the *Greekes* be slaine,
 And forc't perforce to march away from *Troy*,
 That hee shall then inioy *Polixena*?
 No, 'tis King *Priams* subtilty, whilst thou
 Sleep'st in thy Tent, *Troilus* through all our Troups
 Makes Lanes of slaughtered bodies, and will tosse
 His Balls of wild-fire as great *Hector* did
 O're all our nauall forces : But did this Prince
 Lye breathlesse bleeding at *Achilles* feet,
 Dispairing *Priam* would to make his peace
 Make humbly tender of *Polixena*,

And be much proud to call *Achilles* sonne ?

Achi. Were *Troilus* slaine ?

Vlif. Who else deales wounds so thicke and fast as
hee,

They call him *Hectors* ghost, he glides so quicke
Through our Battalions : If hee beate vs hence,
And wee bee then compel'd to sue to them ?
It will be answer'd, that great *Hectors* deathf-man
Shall neuer wedd his sister : *Hectors* sonne
Will neuer kneele to him, by whose strong hand
His father fell ; but were young *Troilus* slaine,
And *Priams* sonnes sent wounded from the field,
Troy then would stoope, and send *Polixena*
Euen to *Achilles* Tent.

Achi. My sword and armour,
Arise my bleeding ministers of death,
I'll feast you with an Ocean of blood-royall :
Vlysses, ere this Sunne fall from the skies,
By this right hand the warlike *Troilus* dyes.

Alarum. Enter *Troilus* and *Thersites*.

Ther. Hold if thou bee'st a man.

Troi. Stand if thou bee'st a souldier, do not
shrinke.

Ther. Art not thou *Troilus*, yong and lusty
Troilus.

Troi. I am, what then ?

Ther. And I *Thersites*, lame and impotent,
What honour canst thou get by killing mee ?
I cannot fight.

Troi. What mak'st thou in the field then ?

Ther. I came to laugh at mad-men, thou art one ;
The *Troians* are all mad, so are the *Greeks*,
To kill so many thousands for one drabbe,
For *Hellen* : a light thing, doe thou turne wise
And kill no more ; I since these warres began
Shed not one drop of blood.

Troi. But proud *Achilles*

Slew my bold brother, and you *Grecians* all
Shall perish for the noble *Hectors* fall.

Ther. Hold, the Pox take thee hold, whilst I haue
breath,
I am bound to curse thy fingers.

*Enter Achilles with his Mirmidons, after Troilus hath
beaten Therfites.*

Achil. I might haue flaine young *Troilus* when his
sword
Late sparkled fire out of the *Spartans* helme,
But that had stild my fame, but I will trace him
Through the whole Army, when I meete the *Troian*
Breathlesse and faint : I'le thunder on his crest
Some valour, but aduantage likes mee best.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Let Cowards fight with Cowards, and both
feare,
The base *Therfites* is no match for mee,
Oppose mee to the proudest hee in field,
Most eminent in Armes, and best approu'd,
To make the thirsty after blood to bleed,
And that's the proud *Achilles*.

Achi. Who names vs ?

Troi. Fate, thou hast now before me set the man
Whom I most fought, to thee whom I will offer
To appease *Hectors* ghost a sacrifice.
You widdowed Matrons who now mourne in teares,
And all you watry eyes surcease to weepe.
Fathers that in this warre haue lost your sonnes,
And sonnes your fathers, by *Achilles* hand ;
No more lament vpon their funerall Armes,
But from this day reioyce : posterity
From age to age this to succeffion tell,
Hee falls by *Troilus*, by whom *Hector* fell.

Achi. *Hectors* sad fate betyde him, souldiers on,

Both brothers shew like mercy, thy vaine sound
That boasted lyes now leuel'd with the ground.
Troilus is slaine by him and the Mirmidons.

Enter Therfites.

Ther. *Achilles!*

Achi. What's hee? *Therfites.*

Ther. Thou art a coward.

Achi. Haue I not sau'd thy life, and slaine proud
Troilus

By whom the *Greekes* lye pilde in breathlesse heapes?

Ther. Yes when he was out of breath so thou
slewest *Hector*

Girt with thy *Mirmidons*.

Achi. Dogged *Therfites*,

I'll cleaue thee to thy Nauell if thou op'st

Thy venemous Iawes.

Ther. Doe, doe, good Dog-killer.

Achi. You slaue.

Ther. I am out of breath now too, else bug-bare
Greeke

Thou durst not to haue touch't mee.

Achilles beates him off, retreatate founded. Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Vlysses, &c., all the other but Paris.

Agam. To whom dost thou addresse thine Embasie?

Par. To *Achilles*.

Aga. And not the Generall? It concernes our place

To heare King *Priams* embasie.

Pa. Let mee haue passage to *Achilles* Tent,
There *Agamemnon* (if you please) may heare
What *Priam* sends to your great Champion.

Aga. Let it bee so.

Ajax. The Generall wrongs that honour
Wee Princes in our loue conferre on him.

Had I th' imperiall mandat in my mouth,
 I would not loose one iot of my command
 For all the proud *Achilles's* on earth,
 Take him at best hee's but a fellow peere,
 And should he lift his head aboue the Clouds
 I hold my selfe his equall.

Enter Achilles from his Tent.

Achi. Vntuterd *Ai*ax.

Aia. Who spake that word?

Achi. 'Twas I *Achilles*, let the sonne of *Priam*
 Bee priuat with vs.

Aga. It belongs to vs
 To bee partakers of his Embasie.

Achi. Dismiss then our Inferiours, you *Vlisses*
 Are welcome, *Menelaus*, *Diomed*.

Let *Ai*ax stay without, and know his duty. *Exit.*

*Ai*ax. Duty? Oh you gods!
 Ha? in what Dialect spake hee that language
 Which *Greece* yet neuer knew, wee owe to him?
 I'll after him and dragge him from his Tent,
 And teach the insolent, manners: Giue mee way.
Vlisses, thou and all the world shal know,
 That saue the obedience that I owe the gods,
 And duty to my father *Telamon*,
*Ai*ax knowes none, no not to *Agamemnon*:
 For what hee hath of mee's my courtesie,
 What hee claimes else, or the proud'st *Greeke* that
 breaths,

I'll pay him in the poor'st and basest scorne
 Contempt was ere exprest in.

Vlif. *Ai*ax you are too bold with great *Achilles*,
 You beare your selfe more equall then you ought,
 With one so trophy'd.

Aia. Bold? oh my merits,
 Are you soone forgot? why King of *Ithaca*,
 What hath this Toy (aboue so talkt of) done,
 Sauing slaine *Hector*, which at best receiu'd

Was but scarce fairely, which the common tongues,
Voyces, with base aduantage.

Vlif. Yes, Prince *Troilus*
Surnam'd the second *Hector*, lyeth imbak'd
In his cold blood, slayne by *Achilles* hand :
The streame of glory now runnes all towards him :
Achilles lookes for't *Aiax*.

Aia. But when *Achilles* slumbred in his Tent,
Or waking with his Lute courted the ayre ;
Then *Aiax* did not beare himselfe too bold
With this great Champion : when I sau'd our Fleete
From *Hectors* wild-fire, I deseru'd some prayse,
But then your tongues were mute.

Vlif. You in these times
Did not affect ostent, but still went on :
But *Thetis* sonne lookes for a world of sound
To spread his attributes.

Aia. The proud *Achilles*
Shall not out-shine me long, in the next battaile,
If to kill Troians bee to dim his prayse,
I'le quench his luster by my bloody rayes.

Enter Agamemnon, Achilles, Diomed, Menelaus,
and Paris, &c.

Pa. Shall I returne that answere to King *Priam* ?

Achi. Say in the morning we will visite him :
So beare our kinde regreetes to *Hecuba*.

Aia. But will *Achilles* trust himselfe with *Priam*,
Whose warlike sonnes were by his valour slaine ?

Achi. *Priam* is honourable, see here's his hand,
His Queene religious, and behold her name :

Polixena deuine, reade here, her vowes,
Honor, religions, and diuinity,

All ioyntly promising *Achilles* safety :

Paris, you heare our answere, so returne it.

Pa. We shal receiue *Achilles* with al honor.

Exit.

Mene. Were I *Achilles* and had slaine great
Hector,

With valiant *Troilus*, *Priams* best lou'd sonnes,
I for the brightest Lady in all *Asia*,
Would not so trust my person with the father.

Achi. I am resolu'd, *Vlyffes* you once told mee
Priam would sleepe if *Troilus* once were slayne.

Vlyff. And I dare gage my life, the reuerent King
Intends no treason to *Achilles* person.
But meerely by this honourable League,
To draw our warlike Champion from the field.

Achi. But we'le deceiue his hopes : feare not great
Kings,

When to my Tent I bring *Polixena* :
The sooner *Troy* lyes leuell with the ground.
You vnderstand me Lords ; shall I intreate you
Associate me vnto the sacred Temple
Of Diuine *Phæbus* ?

Aga. In me these Kings shall answere, wee in
peace
Will bring *Achilles* to *Apolloes* shrine,
Prouided, *Priam* ere we enter *Troy*,
Will giue vs hostage for our safe returne.

Achi. My honour'd hand with his. *Excunt.*

Enter Paris and Hecuba.

Hecu. Oh *Paris*, till *Achilles* lye as dead,
As did thy brother *Hector* at his feete,
His body hackt with as many wounds,
As was thy brother *Troilus* when he fell.
I neuer neuer shall haue peace with Heauen,
Or take thee for their brother, or my sonne.

Par. Mother I hate *Achilles* more then you ;
But I haue heard hee is invulnerable :
His mother *Thetis* from the Oracle
Receiuing answere, hee should dye at *Troy* ;
(Being yet a childe,) and to preuent that fate,

She dipt him in the Sea, all faue the heele :
 These parts she drencht, remayne impenetrable ;
 But what her dainty hand (forbore to drowne)
 As loath to feele the coldnesse of the waue,
 That, and that onely may bee pierc'd with steele.
 Now since I know his fellow Kings intend,
 To be his guard to *Iffium* : what's my rage ?
 Or this my weapon to destroy a Prince,
 Whose flesh no sword can bite off.

Hecu. Haue not I heard thee *Paris* praise thy
 selfe

For skill in Archery ? haue I not seene
 A shaft sent leuell from thy constant hand,
 Command the marke at pleasure ? maist not thou
 With such an arrow, and the selfe-same bow,
 Wound proud *Achilles* in that vndrencht part,
 And by his heele draw liues blood from his heart ?

Par. Well thought on, the rare cunning of this
 hand,

None faue the powers immortall can withstand :
 When in the Temple hee shall thinke to imbrace
 My sister *Polixena*, Ile strike him there.
 The Greekes are entred *Troy*. Let's fill the trayne
 To auoyde suspect, and now my shaft and bow,
 Greece from my hand, receiue thine ouerthrow.

Enter at one doore Priam, Hecuba, Paris, Æneas, Antenor, Deiphobus, Hellena, and Polixena. At the other, Agamemnon, Achilles, Menelaus, Vlisses, Diomed, Therfites, and Ajax. They interchange imbraces, Polixena is giuen to Achilles, &c.

Pri. Though the dammage you haue done to
Troy,

Might cease our armes, and arme our browes with
 wrath,

Yet with a smooth front, and heart vnfeigned,
 Now bid *Achilles* welcome ; welcome all

Before these Kings, and in the sight of *Hellen*,
 The dearest of my daughters *Polixen*
 I tender thee : on to *Apolloes* shrine,
 The flamin staves : these nuptiall rights once past,
 You of our best varieties shall taste. *Exeunt.*

Paris fetcheth his Bow and arrowes.

Par. My bow ! now thou great god of Archery.
 The Patron of our action and our vowes,
 Direct my shaft to wound bright *Thetis* sonne,
 And let it not offend thy deity,
 That in thy Temple I exhaust his blood,
 Without respect of place, reuenge seemes good. *Exit.*

A great crye within. Enter Paris.

Par. Tis done, *Achilles* bleedeth, immortal powers
 Clap hands, and smile to see the Greeke fall dead,
 By whom the valiant *Hectors* blood was shed.

*Enter all the Troians, and the Greekes bringing in
 Achilles with an arrow through his heele.*

Aga. *Priam*, thou hast dishonourably broake
 The Lawes of Armes.

Pri. By all the gods I vowe,
 I was a stranger to this horrid act :
 It neuer came from *Priam*.

Vlyff. Call for your Surgeon then to stop his
 wound.

Mene. For if hee dye, it will be registred
 For euer to thy shame.

Pri. A Surgeon there.

Achi. It is in vaine for liue, that god of Physicke
 We Grecians honor in a Serpent shape ;
 He could not stanch my blood : know fellow Kings
 My mother *Thetis* by whose heauenly wisdom,
 My other parts were made invulnerable,
 Could not of all the gods obtayne that grace,
 But that my blood, vented as now it is,

The wound should be incureable : what Coward
That durst not looke *Achiles* in the face,
Hath found my liues blood in this speeding place ?

Par. 'Twas I, 'twas *Paris*.

Aiax. 'Twas a milke-sop then.

Diom. A Traytor to all Valour.

Par. Did not this bleeding Greeke kil valiant
Hector,

Incompast with his Guard of Mermidons ?

Pri. Degenerate *Paris*, not old *Priams* sonne,
Thou neuer took'st thy treacherous blood from me.

Aia. How cheeres *Achilles*, though thy too much
pride

Which held the heart of *Aiax* from thy loue,
He'l be the formost to reuenge thy death.

Achil. Gramercy noble *Aiax*, *Agamemnon*,

Vlysses, *Diomed*, I feele my strength

Begins to fayle, let me haue buriall,

And then to Armes, reuenge *Achilles* death :

Or if proud *Troy* remayne inuincible,

To *Lycomedes* send to youthfull *Pirhus*,

My sonne begot on bright *Dedamia* ;

And let him force his vengeance through the hearts

Of these, by whom his father was betray'd.

I faint, may euery droppe of blood I shed,

Exhald by Phæbus, putrifie the ayre,

That every soule in *Asia* that drawes breath,

May poysoned dye for great *Achilles* death.

Aga. He's dead, the pride of all our Grecian
army.

Vlyss. Will *Priam* let vs beare his body hence ?

Par. Yes, and not drag it 'bout the wals of *Troy*,
As hee did *Hectors* basely.

Pri. Take it, withall truce, time to bury it.

Aga. Come Princes, on your shoulders beare him
then,

Brauest of fouldiers, and the best of men.

*They beare him off. And to Priam enter
Æneas.*

Æne. Where's mighty *Priam*?

Pri. What's the newes *Æneas*?

Æne. Such as will make your highnes doff your
age

And be as youthfull spirited as the Spring :

Penthiſilea Queene of *Amazons*,

With mighty troopes of Virgin warriors,

Gallant Veragoes, for the loue of *Hector*,

And to reuenge his death, are entred *Troy*.

May it please you, to receiue the *Scithean* Queene.

Pri. What *Troy* can yeeld, or *Priam* can ex-
preſſe,

The *Amazonian* Princeſſe ſhall pertake :

Come *Hecuba*, and Ladies, let's prepare,

To bid her friendly welcome to this warre.

Explicit Actus quartus.

Actus Quintus, Scœna prima.

*Enter Therſites with Souldiers, bringing in a
table, with chayres and ſtooles plac'd
aboue it.*

Ther. Come, come, ſpread, ſpread, vp with the
pulpets ſtraight,

Seates for the Iudges, all the Kings of Greece.

Why when you lazy drudges? Is this place

For a whole Iury royall? where's the Armour,

The prize for which the crafty Fox *Vliſſes*,

And mad Bull *Ajax*, muſt this day contend?

What, is all ready? rare world, when insteade
Of smooth tong'd Lawyers, Souldiers now must
pleade.

*Loud Musicke. Enter all the Kings of Greece, the
Armour of Achilles, borne betwixt Vlysses and
Ajax, and plac'd upon the table, the Princes seate
themselves, a chayre is plac'd at either end of the
Stage, the one for Ajax, the other for Vlysses.*

Aga. This Sessions valiant Duke of *Salamine*,
And King of *Ithaca* was cald for you :
Since great *Achilles* armour is the prise,
Due to the worthier, heere before these Kings,
And in the face of all the multitude,
You are appoynted for your feuerall pleaes,
That prince who to these armes can prooue most
right,

Shall weare his purchase in the armies fight.

Aia. If to the worthiest they belong to mee :
Could you select 'mongst all this throng of Princes,
None worthier then *Vlysses*, to contend
With *Ajax*? and in view of all our Nauy,
Of all these tall ships, gilt with *Hectors* flames,
Which when *Vlysses* fled into his tent,
I, I extinguisht, these twelue hundred ships
I sau'd at once, deseru'd *Achilles* armes,
Laertes sonne may thinke it grace enough,
That though hee misse his ayme, hee may be sayd
To haue stroue with *Ajax* : *Ajax* who excels
As much in armes, as hee in eloquence.
My hands performe more then his tong can speake,
Act more then hee can talke : were I lesse valiant,
And had but halfe my vigour (like him) weake,
My royall birth would for this armour speake.
Duke *Telamon*, that in the *Argoe* sayl'd
To *Colchos* : and in *Isliums* second sacke,
First rear'd *Alcides* colours on the Wals
My father was : His father *Eacus*,

One of the three that iudge infernall foules ;
 And *Eacus* was sonne to *Iupiter*.
 Thus am I third from *Ioue* ; besides *Achilles*
 By marriage was my brother, and I craue,
 Since hee is dead my brothers armes to haue.
 What hath *Vlisses* with our Kin to doe ?
 Beeing a stranger, not of *Peleus* blood :
 Graue Heroes, if not honour, prize my merit,
 I pleade both worth and blood, these armes to
 inherit.

Mene. Beleeue me, two found pleas on *Ajax* part,
 I feare the prize will be conferr'd on him.

Dio. His arguments are maximes, and found
 proofes

To winne him way, into the fouldiers hearts.

Agam. Let him proceede.

Aia. Because I hasted to the siege of *Troy*,
 When hee feign'd madnes, must hee weare these
 armes ?

When in the *Phalanx*, with old *Nestor* charging,
 Thou at the name of *Hector* fledst the field,
 And left the good old man incompast round,
 Calling aloud *Vlisses*, *Vlisses* stay,
 The more hee cry'd the more thou mad'st thy way,
 Prince *Diomed* you saw it, and vpbrayded
 This *Ithacans* base flight, but see Heauens Iustice,
 Old *Nestor* scapt, great *Hector* was not there ;
 But meetes *Vlisses*, as hee fled from *Hector*,
 Hee that but late denide helpe, now wants helpe,
 For at the fight of *Hector* downe he fals,
 And cryes aloud for ayde, I came, and saw thee
 Quaking with terrour vnder *Hectors* arme,
 The pondrous blow I tooke vpon my Targe,
 And as the least of all my noble deedes,
 Sau'd these faint limbes from slaughter, which now
 sue,

To don these glorious armes, nor doe I blame thee
 For fearing *Hector* : what is hee of *Greece*
 That sauing *Ajax*, quakt not at his name ?

Yet did I meete that *Hector* guil'd in blood
Of *Grecian* Princes, fought with him so long,
Till all the hoast deaft with our horrid ftroakes,
Begirt vs with amazement : wilt thou know
My honour in this combate ? it was this,
I was not conquered : if thou ftill contendeft ?
Imagine but that field, the Time, the foes,
Hector aliue, thee quaking at his feete.
And *Aiix* interpofting his broad fhield
'Twixt death and thee, and thou the armes muft
yeeld.

Diom. What can the wife *Vliffes*, fay to this ?
Aiix preuailes much with the multitude,
The generall murmur doth accord with him.

Men. I euer thought the fonne of *Telamon*
Did better merit th' *Achillean* Armes
Then the *Dulichian* King.

Agam. Forbeare to censure,
Till both be fully heard.

Aiix. Me thinkes graue Heroes, you fhould feeke
an *Aiix*
To weare thefe Armes, not let thefe Armes be
fought

By *Aiix* : what hath flye *Vliffes* done
To counteruaile my afts ? kild vnarm'd *Rhesus*,
And fet on fleepie *Dolon* in the night,
Stolne the *Palladium* from the *Troian* Fane.
Oh braue exploits ; nor haft thou thefe perform'd
Without the helpe of warlike *Diomed* :
So you betwixt you fhould deuide thefe fpoyles.
Alas thou knowft not what thou feekeft, fond man,
Thou that fightft all byd craft an in the night
The radiant fplendor of this burnisht Helme
Shining in darkneffe, as the Sun by day,
Thy theeuifh fpoyles and ambuifh would betray.
Thy politicke head's too weake to beare this caske,
This mafie Helme ; thou canft not mount his Speare,
His warlike fhield that beares the world ingrauen
Will tire thine arme, foole thou doft afke a Speare,

A shield a caske, thou hast not strength to weare.
 Now if these Kings, or the vaine peoples errour
 So farre should erre from truth to giue them thee,
 Twould be a meanes to make thee sooner dye :
 The weight would lagge thee that art wont to flye :
 Thou hast a shield vnscar'd, my feuen-fold Targe
 With thousand gashes peece-meald from mine arme,
 And none but that would fit mee : To conclude,
 Go beare these Armes for which we two contend
 Into the mid-ranks of our enemies,
 And bidde vs fetch them thence, and he to weare
 them
 By whom this royall Armour can be wonne,
 I had rather fight then talke, so I haue done.

A loud shout within crying Ajax, Ajax.

Vljf. If with your prayers oh *Grecian* Kings, my
 vowes
 Might haue preuail'd with Heauen, there had bin
 then
 No such contention, thou hadst kept thine Armes,
 And wee *Achilles* thee : But since the Fates
 Haue tane him from vs, who hath now more right
 To claime these Armes he dead, then hee that gaue
 them
 Vnto *Achilles* liuing? nor great Princes,
 Let that smooth eloquence, yon fellow scornes,
 (If it bee any) bee reiected now,
 And hurt his maister, which so many times
 Hath profited whole *Greece*, if we plead blood
 Which is not ours, but all our Ancestours.
Laertes was my father, his *Arcefius*,
 His *Ioue*, from whom I am third : beside I claime
 A second god-head by my mothers name.
 What doe wee talke of birth? If birth should beare
 them,
 His father being nearer *Ioue* then hee
 Should weare this honour, or if next of blood,

Achilles father *Peleus* should inioy them,
 Or his sonne *Pirhus* ; but wee plead not kinred,
 Or neare propinquity : let alliance rest,
 His bee the Armour that deferues it best.
Achilles mother *Thetis* being foretold
 Her sonne should die at *Troy*, conceal'd him from vs
 In habite of a Lady, to this siege
 I brought him, therefore challenge all his deeds
 As by *Viesses* done : 'Twas I sack't *Thebes*,
Chrisceis, and *Scylla*, with *Lerneffus* walls,
 I *Troilus* and renowned *Hector* slew :
 First with this Helmet I adorn'd his head,
 Hee gaue it liuing, who demands it dead ?

Dio. 'Tis true, for like a Pedler being disguis'd,
 And comming where *Achilles* spent his youth
 In womanish habite, the young Ladyes they
 Looke on his Glasses, Iewells and fine toyes :
 Hee had a Bow too much *Achilles* drew,
 So by his strength the *Ithacan* him knew.

Viess. Had *Ajax* gone *Achilles* then had stayd,
Hector still liu'd, our ranfack't Tents to inuade :
 What canst thou doe but barely fight ? no more ;
 I can both fight and counsell, I direct
 The manner of our battailes, and propose
 For victuall and munition, to supply
 The vniuerfall hoast, cheere vp the souldiers
 To indure a tedious siege, when all the Army
 Cry'd let's away for *Greece*, and rais'd their Tents.
Ajax among the formost had trust vp
 His bagge and baggage : when I rated him,
 And them, and all, and by my Oratory
 Perswaded their retreat : What *Greece* hath wonne
 From *Troy* since then, is by *Viesses* done.
 Behold my wounds oh *Grecians*, and iudge you
 If they be cowards marks th' are in my brest :
 Let boasting *Ajax* shew such noble skarres.
 These *Grecian* Heroes tooke I in your warres.
 I grant hee fought with *Hector*, 'twas well done,
 Where thou deferu'st well I will giue thee due,

But what was the successe of that great day?
Heſtor of *Troy* vnwounded went away.

Men. Now ſure the priſe will to *Vliſſes* fall,
 The murmuring ſouldiers mutter his deſerts.
 Preferring him fore *Aiæx*: heare the reſt.

Vliſ. But oh *Achilles*, when I view theſe *Armes*,
 I cannot but lament thine obſequies :
 Thou wall of *Greece*, when thou waſt baſely ſlaine
 I tooke thee on my ſhoulders, and from *Troy*
 Bore thee then arm'd, in the abilllements
 I once more ſeeke to beare, behold that ſhield,
 Tis a deſcription Coſmographicall
 Of all the Earth, the Ayre, the Sea and Heauen.
 What are the *Hyades* ? or grim *Orion* ;
 Hee pleads, or what's *Arcturus* ? thy rude hand
 Would liſt a ſhield, thou canſt not vnder ſtand :
 To omit my deeds of *Armes*, which all theſe know
 Better then I can ſpeake. When in the night
 I venter'd through *Troyes* gates, and from the
 Temple

Rap't the *Palladium*, then I conquerd *Troy*,
Troy whiſt that ſtood could neuer be ſubdu'd,
 In that I brought away their gods, their honours,
Troyes ruine and the triumphs of whole *Greece*.
 What hath blunt *Aiæx* done to conteruaile
 This one of mine ? Hee did with *Heſtor* fight,
 I tenne yeeres warre haue ended in one night.
 What *Aiæx* did was but by my direction,
 My counſell fought in him, and all his honours
 (If they be any,) hee may thanke mee for
 What hee hath done, was ſince his flight I ſtayd,
 I therefore claime theſe *Armes* : ſo I haue ſayd.

A ſhout within Vliſſes, Vliſſes. The Princes riſe.

Agam. Such is the clamour of the multitude,
 And ſuch *Vliſſes* are your great deſerts,
 That thoſe rich *Armes* are thine, the prize inioy.

Vliſ. To the defence of *Greece* and ſack of *Troy*.

Dio. Come Princes, now this strife is well determin'd.

Men. To see how eloquence the people charms,
Vlisses by his tongue hath gain'd these Armes.

Agam. Counsell preuailes 'boue strength, Heralds
proclaime
Through the whole Campe *Vlisses* glorious name.

Exeunt. *The Armes borne in triumph before Vlisses.*

Aiæx. What dream'st thou *Aiæx* ?
Or is this object reall that I see,
Which topfiturnes my braine, base *Ithaca*
To sway desert thus : Oh that such rich Trophies
Should cloath a cowards backe, nor is it strange ;
I'll goe turne coward too, and henceforth plot,
Turne politicians all, all politicians.
A rush for valour, valour ? this is the difference
'Twixt the bold warrier, and the cunning states-man,
The first seekes honour, and the last his health ;
The valiant hoord the knocks, the wise the wealth.
It was a gallant Armour, *Aiæx* limbs
Would haue become it brauely ; the disgrace
Of loosing such an Armour by contention,
Will liue to all posterity, and the shame
In *Stigian Lethe* drowne great *Aiæx* name.
Oh that I had heere my base opposite,
In th'*Achillean* Armour briskly clad,
Vulcan that wrought it out of gaddes of Steele
With his *Ciclopian* hammers, neuer made
Such noise vpon his Anvile forging it,
Then these my arm'd fists in *Vlisses* wracke,
To mould it new vpon the cowards backe.

Enter Therfites.

Ther. Why how now mad *Greeke* ?

Aia. And art thou come *Vlisses* ? thus, and thus
I'll hammer on thy prooffe steel'd Burganet.

Ther. Hold *Aiæx*, hold, the diuell take thee,

hold ; I am *Thersites*, hell rot thy fingers off.

Aia. But art not thou *Vlisses* ?

Ther. No I tell thee.

Aia. And is not thine head arm'd ?

Ther. Hells plagues confound thee, no ; thou think'st thou hast *Menelaus* head in hand, I am *Thersites*.

Aia. *Thersites* ? Canst thou rayle ?

Ther. Oh yes, yes ; better then fight.

Aia. And curse ?

Ther. Better then either : rarely.

Aia. And spit thy venome in the face of *Greece* ?

Ther. Admirably.

Aia. Doe, doe, let's heare, prethee for heauens fake doe.

Ther. With whom shall I begin ?

Aia. Beginne with the head.

Ther. Then haue at thee *Menelaus*, thou art a king and a —

Aia. No more, but if on any, rayle on mee.
Desert should still be snarl'd at, vice passe free.

Ther. Who thou the son of *Telamon*, thou art a foole, an Affe, a very blocke. What makest thou here at *Troy* to ayde a Cuckold, beeing a Bachelour ? *Paris* hath stolne no wife of thine : if *Aiax* had beene ought but the worst of these, he might haue kept his Country, solac'd his father, and comforted his mother : what thanks hast thou for spending thy meanes, hazarding thy souldiers ? wasting thy youth, loosing thy blood, indangering thy life ? and all for a —

Aiax. Peace.

Ther. Yes peace for shame, but what thanks hast thou for all thy trauaile ? *Vlisses* hath the armour, and what art thou now reckoned ? a good moyle, a horse that knowes not his owne strength, an Affe fit for ser-vice, and good for burthens, to carry gold, and to feede on thistles : farwell Cox-combe. I shall be held to bee a Cocke of the same dunghill, for bearing thee company so long, Ile to *Vlisses*.

Aia. Base slaue, thou art for Cowards, not for men.
He stown'd thee if thou com'st not backe againe :
This vantage haue the valiant of the base,
Death, which they coldly feare, we boldly imbrace.
Helpe me to rayle on them too, or thou dyest.

Ther. Do't then, whilst tis hot.

Aia. What's *Agamemnon* our great Generall ?

Ther. A blind Iustice and I would he had kist For-
tunes blind cheekes, when hee could not see to doe
thee Iustice.

Aia. Well, and what's *Menelaus* ?

Ther. A King and a Cuckold, and a horne-plague
consume him.

Aia. Amen. What's *Diomed* ? he sat on the bench
too.

Ther. A very bench-whistler : and loues *Cresida*.
Hell and confusion swallow him.

Aia. Amen. Amongst these what's *Thersites* ?

Ther. A Rogue, a rayling Rogue, a Curr, a barking
Dog, the Pox take mee else.

Aia. Amen. But what's *Vlisses* my base aduer-
sary ?

Ther. A dam'd politician, *Scilla* and *Charibdis*
swallow him.

Aia. And greedily deuoure him.

Ther. And vtterly consume him.

Aia. And eate vp his posterity.

Ther. And rot out his memory.

Aia. In endlesse infamy.

Ther. And euerlasting oblique.

Both. Amen.

Aia. Inough, no more : shall he the Armes inioy,
And wee the shame ? away *Thersites*, flye,
Our prayers now sayd, we must prepare to dye.

Ther. Dye, and with them be dam'd. *Exit.*

*Enter ouer the Stage all the Grecian Princes, courting
and applauding Vlisses, not minding Aiax.*

Aia. Not looke on *Aiax* ? *Aiax Telamon*,
Hee that at once sau'd all your ships from fire,

Not looke on me ? ha ? are these hands ? this sword ?
 Which made the fame of *Troy* great *Hector* shrinke
 Below the ruines of an abiect scorne ?
 Sleighted ? so fleighted ? what base thing am I,
 To creepe to so dull *Greece*, whom fame or blood
 Hath rair'd one step aboue ? *Ioue*, see this ;
 And laugh old Grand-fir : Ha, ha, ha, by hell
 I'll shake thy Kingdome for't : not looke on *Ajax* ?
 The triple headed-dog, the whippes of Steele,
 The rauinous Vulture, and the restlesse stone
 Are all meere fables ; heer's a trusty sword,
 'Tis mine, mine owne, who claimes this from me ? ha ?
 Cowards and shallow witted fooles haue slept
 Amidst an armed troupe safe and secure
 Vnder this guard : nay *Agamemnon* too.
 But see, see from yon Sea, a shoale of sands
 Come rowling on, trick't vp in bristled finnes
 Of *Porpoisses* and *Dog-fish* ho my sword,
 I will incounter them, they come from *Greece*,
 And bring a poysonous breath from *Ithaca*
 Temper'd with false *Vlisses* gall, foh, foh ;
 It stinks of 's wife's chaste vrnal, looke, looke
 By yonder wood, how sliely in the skirts
 March policy and the diuell, on, I feare you not :
 Dare you not yet ? not one to fight with mee :
 Who then ? what's hee must cope with *Ajax* ?

Echo. Ajax ?

Aia. Well sayd old boy, wa't *Nestor* my braue Lad ?
 I'll doot, I'll doot, come my fine cutting blade,
 Make mee immortall : liuely fountaine sprout,
 Sprout out, yet with more life, braue glorious streame
 Growe to a Tyde, and sinke the *Grecian* fleete
 In seas of *Ajax* blood : so ho, so ho.
 Lure backe my soule againe, which in amaze
 Gropes for a perch to rest on : Heart, great heart
 Swell bigger yet and split, know gods, know men,
 Furies, iraged Spirits, Tortures all,
Ajax by none could but by *Ajax* fall.

He kills himselfe.

Enter on the one part Agamemnon, Vliffes, Menelaus, Diomed, with the body of Hector borne by Grecian fouldiers : On the other part, Priam, Paris, Deiphobus, Æneas, Anthenor, with the body of Achilles borne by Troian fouldiers, they interchange them, and fo with traling the Colours on both fides depart, Therfites onely flayes behinde and concludes.

The Epilogue.

Ther. A sweete exchange of Treasure, term't I may,
Euen earth for afhes, and meere duft for clay :
Let *Aiæx* kill himfelfe, and fay 'twas braue
Hector, a worthy Call, yet could not faue
Poore foole his Coxcombe : *Achilles* beare him hye,
And *Troilus* boldly, all thefe braue ones dye.
Ha, ha, iudge you ; Is it not better farre
To keepe our felues in breath, and linger warre :
Had all thefe fought as I'ue done, fuch my care
Hath beene on both fides, that prefume I dare,
Thefe had with thoufands more furui'd : Iudge
th' hoaft,
I fhed no blood, no blood at all haue loft :
They fhall not fee young *Pirhus*, nor the Queene
Penthifelea, which had they but beene
As wife as I, they might : nor *Sinon*, hee
Famous of all men, to be moft like mee.
Nor after thefe, *Orestes*, and his mother
Pillades Egifus with a many other
Our fecond part doth promife : Thefe if I fayle,
As I on them ; you on *Therfites* rayle.

Explicit Actus Quintus.

F I N I S.



THE
Second Part of the Iron Age

Which containeth the death of
Penthesilea, Paris, Priam, and Hecuba :
The burning of *Troy* : The deaths of
*Agamemnon, Menelaus, Clitemnestra, Hellena, Orestes, Egistus, Pil-
lades, King Diomed, Pyrrhus,
Cethus, Synon, Therfites, &c.*

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare.



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Drammatis personæ.

New persons not presented in the former part of
this History.

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| <p><i>Pyrhus</i> the sonne of <i>Achilles</i>, furnamed <i>Neoptolemus</i>.</p> <p><i>Synon</i> a periured Greeke, by whose teares <i>Troy</i> was set on fire.</p> <p><i>Chorebus</i> a Prince, who came to the warres for the loue of <i>Cassandra</i>.</p> <p><i>Laocoon</i>, a priest of <i>Apollo</i>.</p> <p><i>Polites</i>, a young sonne of King <i>Priam</i>, and Queene <i>Hecuba</i>.</p> <p>A <i>Troian</i> Citizen, & his wife.</p> <p>A second <i>Troian</i>.</p> <p>Souldiers of <i>Greece</i>.</p> <p>Souldiers of <i>Troy</i>.</p> <p>The Ghost of <i>Hector</i>.</p> <p>A Lord of <i>Mycena</i>.</p> <p>A Guard.</p> | <p><i>Penthesilea</i> Queene of the <i>Amazons</i>, with her trayne of <i>Viragoes</i>.</p> <p><i>Cethus</i> sonne to King <i>Naulus</i>, and brother of <i>Palamides</i>.</p> <p><i>Pillades</i> the friend of <i>Orestes</i>.</p> <p><i>Orestes</i> sonne to King <i>Agamemnon</i>, and his Queene <i>Clitemnestra</i>.</p> <p><i>Electra</i>, sister to <i>Orestes</i>.</p> <p><i>Hermione</i> daughter to King <i>Menelaus</i> and Q. <i>Hellen</i>.</p> <p><i>Clitemnestra</i> wife and Queene to <i>Agamemnon</i>.</p> <p><i>Egistus</i> a fauorite to Queene <i>Clitemnestra</i>.</p> <p>The Priest of <i>Apollo</i>.</p> <p>Attendants.</p> |
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To the Reader.



Ourteous Reader ; *I commend unto thee an intire History, from Iupiter and Saturne, to the vtter subuersion of Troy, with a faithfull account of the Deathes of all these Princes of Greece, who had hand in the Fate thereof, (Vlisses only excepted, to whom belongeth a further History.) Reade freely, and censure fauourably. These Ages haue beene long since Writ, and suited with the Time then : I know not how they may bee receiued in this Age, where nothing but Satirica Dictæria, and Comica Scommata are now in request : For mine owne part, I neuer affected either, when they stretched to the abuse of any person publicke, or priuate. If the three former Ages (now out of Print,) bee added to these (as I am promised) to make vp an handsome Volumne ; I purpose (Deo Assistente,) to illustrate the whole Worke, with*

To the Reader.

an Explanation of all the difficulties, and an Historicall Comment of euery hard name, which may appeare obscure or intricate to such as are not frequent in Poetry: Which (as the rest) I shall freely deuote to thy fauorable perusall, in this as all the rest industrious to thy pleasure and profit :

Thomas Heywood.



To my Worthy and much Respected
Friend, Mr. *Thomas Mannering*
Esquire.

Worthy Sir,

AND my much respected Friend :
The Impression of your Loue, after so
many yeares acknowledgmt, in-
forceth me that I cannot chuse, but in
my best recollection, to number you in the File
and List of my best and choycest Well-wishers.
True it is, that my vnable merit hath euer come
much short of your ample acknowledgement :
Howsoever, though you bee now absent in the
Countrey, vpon a necessary retyrement ; yet let
this witnesse in my behalfe, that you are not
altogether vnremembred in the Citty : Nor take
it vnkindly at my hands that I haue reserued
your name to the Catastrophe and conclusion of
this Worke : Since being *Scæna nouissima*, It
must be consequently the fresher in memory ; as

you haue had euer a charitable and indulgent cenſure of ſuch poore peeceſ of mine, as haue come accedentially vnto your view. So I intreate you now, (as one better able to iudge, then I to determine) to receiue into your fauourable patronage, this ſecond part of the *Iron Age*. I much deceiue my ſelfe, if I heard you not once commend it, when you ſaw it Acted ; if you perſiſt in the ſame opinion, when you ſhall ſpare ſome ſorted houres to heare it read, in your paynes, I ſhal hold my ſelfe much pleaſed : euer remaining

Yours, not to be chang'd :

Thomas Heywood.



The second Part of the
I R O N A G E :
With the Destruction of
TROY.

*Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Vlisses, Diomed,
Thersites. Drum, Colours, Souldiers, &c.*

Agamemnon.



Ou Terrors of the *Asian* Monarchy,
And *Europes* glory: Warlike Lords of
Greece :

Although the great Prince of the *Mirmi-*

dons,

And arme-strong *Ajax*, our best Champions,

Be by the gods bereft vs : yet now comes

A Phoenix out of their cold ashes rising :

Pyrhus, surnamed *Neoptolemus* :

On whom for his deceased fathers sake,

Wee must bestow some honours. *Menelaus,*

Vliffes, Diomed, giue the Prince meeting,
And be his conduct to the Generall.

*A flourish. Enter the Kings before named, bringing
in Pyrrhus, Synon, with attendants.*

Aga. *Pyrrhus* kneele downe, we girt thee with
this fword,

It was thy fathers. In his warlike hand
It hath cleft Troians to the nauell downe,
Par'd heads off faster then the haruest Sithe
Doth the thin stalkes, or bending eares of graine :
Weare it, and draw it to reuenge his death.
Princes, performe your feuerall ceremonies.

Dio. These golden spurs I fasten to thine heeles,
The same thy warlike father wonne in field,
When *Hector* tide with thonges to his steeds fet-
locks,

Was drag'd about the high built wals of *Troy*.

Vlif. This Armour, and this plumed Burgonet,
In which thy father, like a rampier'd wall,
Opposde the fury of his enemies,
(By generall consent of all these Princes
Attributed to me) loe I surrender
To youthful *Neoptolemus*, weare it Prince,
Not all the world yeeldes a more strong defence.

Mene. *Achilles* Tent, his Treasure, and his iewels,
We haue referu'd, inioy them noble *Pyrrhus* ;
And lastly his strong guard of Mirmidons,
And with the honour hee with these haue wonne,
His Sword, Spurs, Armour, Guard, Pauileon,
Be by this valiant sonne much dignified.

Pyr. Before I touch the handle of his fword,
Or to my Knightly spurres direct my eyes,
Lace this rich Armour to my youthfull sides,
Or rooffe mine head within this warlike Tent,
Make prooffe of this his plumed Burgonet,
Or take on me the leading of his Guard :
Witnesse you Grecian Princes, what I vow :

By *Saturnes* sonne, the fire of *Æacus*,
 Begot on faire *Europa* ; by their issue,
 The second Iudge, plac'd on the infernall bench
 I will discend to *Peleus*, and from him,
 Euen to my naturall father, with whose honours
 I ioyne my mother *Deidamiaes*
 And in my vengefull oath include them all,
 Till *Priam* be compel'd to shut his Gates
 For want of men : Ile be as mercileffe
 As vntam'd Lyons, and the flesh-fed Beares,
 Blood shall looke brighter in young *Pyrhus* eyes
 Then dissolu'd Christall, till old *Priams* haire
 Be dy'de in goare : till *Hecub's* reuerent lockes
 Be gul'd in slaughter ; all their sonnes and daughters,
 Subiects, and Citty quite confus'd in ruine,
 Bow to our mercileffe fury : Ile not leaue
 This blacke and fatall siege ; and this I sweare
 As I am Prince, and great *Achilles* heire.

Aga. Euen in thy lookes, I read the sack of
Troy,
 And *Priams* Tragedy : welcome sweet *Pyrhus*,
 And welcome you his warlike followers.

Syn. Where be these Troians ? I would faine be-
 hold
 Their wing'd battalions grapple ? I would see
 The batter'd center flye about their eares
 In cloudes of dust : I would haue horses hooves
 Beate thunder out of earth : the chariot Trees
 I would see drown'd in blood, *Scamander* plaines
 Ore-spread with intrailles bak'd in blood and dust :
 With terrour I would haue this day as blacke,
 As when *Hyperion* leaping from his Spheare,
 Cast vgly darknesse from his Chariot wheelles,
 And in this vail'd confusion the faint Troians
 Beate backe into the Towne : I'de see their Gates
 Entred, and fire by their high Battlements
 Climing towards heauen : the pauement of th' streets
 I'de see pau'd ore with faces : infants tost

On Lances poynts : big-bellied Ladies flung
 From out their casements : I'de haue all their foules
 Set vpon wings, and *Troy*, no *Troy*, but fire,
 As if ten thousand Comets ioyn'd in one,
 To clofe the world in red confufion.

Py. Wel fpake bold *Synon* ; and my Lords of
 Greece,

This fellowe boasts no more then with his fword,
 Hee will aduenture for, and fould that fayle,
 He'le fet his braine to worke. I tell you princes,
 My Grandfire *Lycomedes* hath made prooffe
 Of *Synons* pollicies, ftate-quaking proiects
 Are hand-maides to his braine : and he hath fpirit
 To driue his plots euen to the doore of Death,
 With rare effects, and then not all the world
 Affords a villaine more incomparable,
 Then *Synon* my attendant. Warlike Princes,
 I fpeake this to his praife : and I profefse
 My felfe as fterne, bloody, and mercileffe.

Ther. I haue not heard a brauer Character
 Giuen to a Greeke : and had hee but my rayling,
 He were a man compleate.

Syn. Sure there is fomething
 Aboue a common man in yon fame fellow,
 Whom nature hath fo markt, and were his mind
 As crooked as his body, hee were one
 I could bee much in loue with.

Ther. Hee hath a feature
 That I could court, nay will : I would not loofe
 His friendship and acquaintance for the world.
 Mee thinkes you are a comely Gentleman.

Syn. I euer held my felfe fo : and mine eye
 Giues you no leffe : of all the *Grecians* here
 Thou haft a face like mine, that feares no weather,
 A fhape that warre it felfe cannot deforme :
 I beft loue fuch complexionis.

Ther. By the gods
 Wee haue two meeting foules : be my sweete Vrchin.

Syn. I will,
And thou shalt bee mine vgly Toade.

Ther. A match : be wee henceforth brothers and friends.

Syn. Imbrace then friend and brother : my deare Toade.

Ther. My amiable Vrchin.

Pyr. I long for worke, will not these Troians come,

To welcome *Pyrhus*, great *Achilles* sonne ?

Vlyff. Their drummes proclayme them ready for the field.

Enter Priam, Paris, Penthesilea, and her traine of Viragoes, Æneas, Chorebus, Laocoon, Anthenor, &c.

Ag. Perhaps King *Priam* hath not yet related
The newes of *Neoptolemus* arriue,
That hee presumes thus, weakned as he is,
To ope his Gates, and meete vs in the field.

Pyr. Tis like hee hath, because for want of men
Hee brings a troope of Women to the field :
Most sure hee thinkes, wee (like our warlike father)
Will be insnar'd with beauty : *Priam* no,
We for his death, are sworne vaine beauties foe.

Penth. Art thou *Achilles* sonne, beneath whose
hand
Assisted by his bloody Mirmidons,
The valiant *Hector* fell ?

Pyr. Woman I am.

Penth. Thou shouldst be then a Coward.

Pyr. How ?

Penth. Euen so :
Thy father was a foe dishonourable,
And so the world reputes him.

Pyr. By all the gods——

Penth. Swear not, for ere the closure of the bat-
taile,

If both the Generals please, with my good sword,
In single combate Ile make good my word.

Pyr. O that thou wert a man! but womens
tongues

Are priuiledg'd: come *Priam*, all his sonnes
The whole remayne of fifty, Ile make good
My fathers honour gainst sufficient oddes.
But for these scoulds, we leaue them to their sexe.
What make they amongst fouldiers.

Penth. Scorn not proud *Pyrhus*
Our presence in the field; I tell thee Prince,
I am a Queene, the Queene of *Amazons*,
A warlike Nation disciplin'd in Armes.

Pyr. Are you those Harlots famous through the
world,
That haue vsurpt a Kingdome to your selues,
And pent your sweete hearts in a barren isle,
Where your adulterate sportes are exercis'd.

Penth. Curbe thy irregular tong: we are those
women
That practise armes, by which we purchase fame.
All the yeare long, onely three monethes excepted,
Those wherein Phœbus driues his Chariot,
In height of splendor through the burning Cancer,
The fiery Lyon, and the Virgins signe:
Then we forsake our Sun-burnt Continent,
And in a cooler clime, sport with our men,
And then returne: if we haue issue male,
Wee nurse them vp, then send them to their Fathers.
If females, we then keepe them, and with irons
Their right paps we seare off, with better ease
To couch their speares, and practise feates of armes.
We are those women, who expel'd our Land
By *Ægypt's* Tyrant: Conquered *Asia*,
Ægypt and *Cappadocia*: these two Ladies
Discend from *Menelippe* and *Hyppolita*,
Who in *Antiopes* raigne, fought hand to hand
With *Hercules* and *Theseus*; we are those
That came for loue of *Hector* to the field,

And (being muredred) to reuenge his death.

Py. Then welcome *Amazonians*, as I liue
I loue you though I hate you : but beware,
Hate will out-way my loue, and ile not spare
Your buskind squadrons : for my fathers fall,
Troians, and *Amazonians* perish all. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter *Pyrhus* and *Penthesilea*.

Py. Now Queene of *Amazons*, by the strong
spirit
Achilles left his sonne, I let thee know
My father was an honourable Foe.

Pent. Defiance *Pyrhus*, ile to death proclaime,
Hector was by *Achilles* basely slayne :
And on his sonnes head, with my keene edg'd sword,
And thundring stroaks, I will make good my word.

Alarum. They are both wounded, and diuided by the
two armies, who confusedly come betwixt them : to
Pyrhus enter *Agamemnon*, *Vlisses*, and *Menelaus*.

Vlif. What ? wounded noble *Pirhus* ?

Pyr. Wounded ? no,
I haue not met one that can raze the skinne
Of great *Achilles* sonne.

Aga. Yet blood drops from your arme.

Pyr. Not possible !
Tis sure the blood of some slayne enemy.
Come let vs breake into the battailes center,
And too't pel mel.

Mene. But *Neoptolemus*,
Wee prize thy safety more then all aduantage :
Retire thy selfe to haue thy wounds bound vp.

Pyr. Cowards feare death,
Ile venge my blood, though with the losse of breath.

Alarum. Enter *Paris*.

Art thou a mad-man fellow, that aduenturest

So neere the blood of *Neoptolemus*,
Whose smallest drop must cost a *Troians* life.

Par. Art thou the bleeding issue of that *Greeke*?
I, in reuenge of noble *Hectors* death,
Slew in *Apolloes* Temple.

Pyr. Art thou then
That coward and effeminate *Troian* boy.

Pa. Arme wounded *Greek*, I flew the false
Achilles,

An act which I am proud of.

Aga. Fall on the murderer,
And flake him smaller then the *Lybean* sand.

Pyr. If any but my selfe offer one blow,
Ile on the *Troians* party oppose him.
Come *Paris*, though against the oddes of breath,
Achilles wounded sonne, will venge his death.

Paris is slayne by Pyrrhus. A retreat founded.

Enter then King Diomed, and Synon.

Dio. Why found the *Troians* this retreat?

Syn. *Paris* is slayne, and *Penthesilea*
Wounded by *Pyrrhus*.

Dio. Come then *Synon*
Goe with me to my Tent, this night we'll reuell
With beauteous *Cressida*.

Syn. Not I, I hate all women, painted beauty
And I am opposites : I loue thee lesse
Because thou doat'st on *Troian Cressida*.

Dio. She's worthy of our loue : I tell thee *Synon*,
Shee is both constant, wise, and beautifull.

Syn. She's neither constant, wise. nor beautifull,
Ile prooue it *Diomed* : foure Elements
Meete in the structure of that *Cressida*,
Of which there's not one pure : she's compact .
Meerely of blood, of bones and rotten flesh,
Which makes her Leaprous, where the Sun exhales
The moyst complexion, it doth putrifie
The region of th' ayre : there's then another,

Sometimes the Sunne sits muffled in his Caue,
Whilst from the Clouds flye hideous showers of
raine,

Which sweepes the earths corruption into Brookes,
Brookes into riuers, Riuers send their tribute,
As they receiue it to their Soueraigne
The seething Ocean : Thus Earth, Ayre, and Water,
Are all infected, she then fram'd of these,
Can she be beautefull ? No *Diomed*,
If they seeme faire, they haue the helpe of Arte,
By nature they are vgly.

Dio. Leaue this detraction.

Syn. Now for this *Cressids* wisedome, is she wise,
Who would forsake her birth-right, her braue friend,
The constant *Troilus*, for King *Diomed* ;
To trust the faith of *Greekes*, and to loue thee
That art to *Troy* a profest enemy ?

Dio. Canst thou disproue her constancy ?

Syn. I can.

Neuer was woman constant to one man :
For prooffe, doe thou but put into one scale
A feather, in the other *Cressids* truth,
The feather shall downe weigh it : *Diomed*
Wilt thou beleeeue me, if I win not *Cressid*
To be my sweete heart : yet haue no such face,
No such proportion, to bewitch a Lady ;
I neuer practis'd court-ship, but am blunt ;
Nor can I file my tongue : yet if I winne not
The most chaste woman, I will cut it out.
Shall I make prooffe with her ?

Enter Cressida.

Dio. There shee comes,
Affront her *Synon*, Ile with-draw vnseene.

Syn. A gallant Lady, who but such a villaine
As *Synon* would betray her : but my vowe
Is past, for she's a *Troian*. *Cressida*,
You are well incountred : whether away sweet Lady ?

- Cref.* To meete with Kingly *Diomed*, and with
kisses
Conduct him to his Tent.
- Syn.* Tis kindly done :
You loue King *Diomed* then ?
- Cref.* As mine owne life.
- Syn.* What seeft thou in him that is worth thy
loue ?
- Cref.* He's of a faire and comely personage.
- Syn.* Personage ? ha, ha.
I prithee looke on me, and view me well,
And thou wilt find fome difference.
- Cref.* True, more oddes
Twixt him and thee, then betwixt *Mercury*
And limping *Vulcan*.
- Syn.* Yet as fayre a blowfe
As you, sweete Lady, wedded with that Smith,
And bedded too, a blacke complexion
Is alwayes precious in a womans eye :
Leaue *Diomed*, and loue me *Cressida*.
- Cref.* Thee.
- Syn.* Mee.
- Cref.* Deformity forbear, I will to *Diomed*
Make knowne thine insolence.
- Syn.* I care not, for I, not desire to liue,
If not belou'd of *Cressid* : tell the King
If hee stood by, I would not spare a word.
For thine owne part, rare goddeffe, I adore thee,
And owe thee diuine reuerence : *Diomed*
Indeed's *Aetolians* King, and hath a Queene.
- Cref.* A Queene ?
- Syn.* A Queene, that shal hereafter question
thee :
Or canst thou thinke hee loues thee really
Beeing a *Troian*, but for present vse :
Can *Greekes* loue *Troians*, are they not all sworne
To do them outrage ?
- Cref.* How canst thou then loue me ?
- Syn.* I am a politician, oathes with me

Are but the tooles I worke with, I may breake
An oath by my profession. Heare me further,
Think'st thou King *Diomed*, forgets thy breach
Of loue with *Troylus*? Ey or that he hopes
Thou canst be constant to a second friend,
That wast so false vnto thy first belou'd.

Cref. *Synon* thou art deceiu'd, thou knowst I
neuer

Had left Prince *Troylus*, but by the command
Of my old father *Calchas*.

Syn. Then loue *Diomed*;

Yes, do so still, but *Cressid* marke the end,
If euer hee transport thee to *Ætolia*,
His Queene wil bid thee welcome with a vengeance:
Hast thou more eyes then these? she'le fal to work,
For such an other Vixen thou nere knewest.

Come *Cressida* bee wife.

Cref. What shall I doe?

Syn. Loue me, loue *Synon*.

Cref. *Synon* loues not mee.

Syn. Ile sweare I do.

Cref. I heard thee say, that thou wouldst breake
thine oath.

Syn. Then Ile not sweare, because I will not breake
it:

But yet I loue thee *Cressida*, loue mee,
Ile leaue the warres vnfinisht, *Troy* vnfactt;
And to my natiue Country beare thee hence:
Nay wench Ile do't: come kisse me *Cressida*.

Cref. Well, you may vse your pleasure;
But good *Synon* keep this from *Diomed*.

Enter King Diomed.

Dio. Oh periured strumpet,
Is this thy faith? now *Synon* Ile beleuee
There is no truth in women.

Cref. Am I betrayed? oh thou base vgly villaine,
Ile pull thine eyes out.

Syn. Ha, ha, King *Diomed*,
 Did I not tell thee what thy sweet heart was.
Cref. Thou art a Traytor to all woman kinde.
Syn. I am, and nought more grieues me then to
 thinke,
 A woman was my mother.
Cref. A villaine.
Syn. Right.
Cref. A Diuell.
Syn. Little better.
Dio. Go get you backe to *Troy*, away, begon,
 You shall no more be my Companion.
Syn. And now faire *Troian* Weather-hen adew,
 And when thou next louest, thinke to be more true.
Exit.
Cref. Oh all you powers aboue, looke downe and
 see,
 How I am punisht for my periury.

*Alarum. Enter Penthefilea with her
 Amazonians.*

Penth. Stay, what sad Lady's this? whence are you
 woman?
 Of *Troy* or *Greece*?
Cref. I was of *Troy* till loue drew me from
 thence,
 But since haue foiourn'd in the Tents of *Greece*,
 With *Diomed* King of *Etolia*:
 Oh had I neuer knowne him.
Pent. Would you trust
 Your honour amongst strangers? but sweete Lady
 Discourse your wrongs.
Cref. I was betray'd:
 It flames mee to relate the circumstance,
 By a false Greeke, one that doth hate our sexe,
 One *Synon*, if you meete him in the battaile,
 I with my teares intreate you be reueng'd.
Pent. How might wee know him?

Cref. His visage swart, and earthy ore his shoul-
der

Hangs lockes of hayre, blacke as the Rauens
plumes :

His eyes downe looking, you shall hardly see
One in whose shape appeares more treachery.

Pent. We loofe much time : Lady hast you to
Troy,

And if we meete a fellow in the battaile
Of your description, by our honor'd names,
We'le haue his blood to recompence your shames.

Alarum. *Enter Therfites.*

Amaz. By her description this should be the man.

Ther. Compaft with smockes and long coates :
Now you whoores.

Pent. Is thy name *Synon* ?

Ther. No, but I know *Synon*.
Hee is my friend and brother.

Ama. For *Synons* sake, prepare thy selfe for
slaughter.

Enter Synon.

Syn. Ho, who names *Synon* ?

Ther. Brother thou nere couldst come in better
time :

See, fee, how I am rounded.

Pent. Were euer such a payre of Diuels seene ?
They are so like, they needes must bee allied.

Syn. What can their Dammes say to vs ?

Pent. You betray Ladies, enuy all our sexe,
And that you now shall pay for, girt him round.

Syn. I recant nothing, backe me sweete fac'd
brother :

And now you witches, varlets, drabes, and queanes,
We'le cut you all to fragments.

Alarum. *Synon and Therfites beaten off by the Amazons. Pyrrhus enters, fights with Penthesilea, after this a retreat founded, then enters Menelaus, Agamemnon, Vlisses, Diomed.*

Aga. The Troians found retreat.

Vliff. Who saw young *Pyrrhus*?

Mene. I feare his too much rage hath spur'd him
on

Too farre amongst the *Amazonian* troopes.

Enter Synon and Therfites.

Syn. Why stand you idle here, and let the
Troians

Lead warlike *Pyrrhus* prisoner to the Towne.

Agam. How *Pyrrhus* prisoner?

Ther. Wee saw him compast by the *Amazons* :
Penthesilea with her bustain troopes
Layd load vpon his Helme.

Vliff. Then this retreat
Vpon the suddaine argues that they lead him
Captiue to *Troy*.

Enter Pyrrhus.

Pyr. Courage braue Princes, I haue got a prise
Worthy the purchase, on my Launces poynt
Sits pearcht the *Amazonians* lopt off head,
Vpon my warlike sword her bleeding arme,
At fight of which the *Troians* found retreat :
The honour of this day belongs to vs.

Omnes. To none but *Neoptolemus*.

Pyr. *Synon* you play'd the coward : so *Therfites*.

Ther. If not so

I had not liu'd to see *Troyes* ouerthrow.

Syn. When didst thou euer see a villaine valiant ?
What's past remember not, but what's to come :

Priam hath shut his Gates, and will no more
Meete him in armes: can you with all your valour
Glide through the wals, if not what are you neerer
For all your Ten yeares siege?

Pyr. Tis true, some stratagem to enter *Troy*
Were admirable: for Princes till I see
The Temple burne wherein my father dyde,
And *Troy* no *Troy* but ashes; my reuenge
Will haue no sterne aspect, till I behold
Troyes ground-fils swim in pooles of crimson goare.
Ramnusia's Alter fild with flowing helmes
Of blood and braines: *Priam* and *Hecuba*
Drag'd by this hand to death, and this my sword
Rauish the brest of faire *Polixena*,
I shall not thinke my fathers death reueng'd.

Aga. To him that can contriue
A stratagem by which to enter *Troy*,
Ile giue the whole spoile of *Apolloes* Temple.

Mene. I my rich Tent.

Vliſ. I the Palladium that I brought from *Troy*.

Dio. I all my birthright in *Ætolia*.

Syn. Peace, tis here: I ha't.

Pyr. Ile hugge thee *Synon*.

Syn. Touch me not, away:
There're more hammers beating in my braine
Then euer toucht *Vulcans* Anuile, more Ideaes
Then Attomes, Embrions innumerable,
Growing to perfect shape; and now 'tis good.
Call for *Endimions* bastard, where's *Epeus*?
Ile set him straight a worke.

Pyr. Vpon some Engine *Synon*.

Syn. A horſe, a horſe.

Pyr. Ten Kingdomes for a horſe to enter *Troy*.

Syn. Stay, let me ſee:

Vliſſes you haue the Palladium.

Vliſ. I haue ſo.

Syn. Call for *Epeus* then, the Generall
Hath no command in him.

Agam. Lets know the proiect.

Syn. And that Palladium stood in *Pallas* Temple,
And Consecrate to her.

Vlif. It did so.

Syn. Call for *Epeus* then.

Pyr. Lets heare what thou intendest.

Syn. Ile haue an Horfe built with so huge a bulke,
As shall contayne a thousand men in Armes.

Pyr. And enter *Troy* with that?

Syn. Doo't you, you trouble mine inuention,
I am growne muddy with your interruption :
Good young man lend more patience, heare me out :
This Engine fram'd, and stufte with armed Greekes.
(Will you take downe your Tents, march backe to
Tenedos?)

Pyr. What shall the Horfe doe then?

Syn. Not gallop as your tongue doth : good
Vliffes

Lend me your apprehension ; when the Troians
Finde you are gone aboard, theyle straight suppose
You'l not weigh Anchor : till the gods informe you
Of your successe at Sea : if then a villaine
Can driue into their eares, the goddesse *Pallas*
Offended for her stolne Palladium :
(Will you erect this Machine to her honour ?)
Withall that were it brought into her Temple,
It would retayne the gilt Palladiums vertue.
Might not the forged tale mooue aged *Priam*,
To hale this Engine presently to *Troy*,
Pull downe his wals for entrance, leaue a breach
Where in the dead of night, all your whole Army
May enter, take them sleeping in their beds,
And put them all to sword.

Agam. Tis rare !

Pyr. Tis admirable, I will aduenture
My perfon in the Horfe.

Syn. Do so, and get a thousand spirits more.
King *Agamemnon*, if you like the proiect,
Downe with your Tent.

Agam. *Synon*, wee will.

Syn. Ile fet a light vpon the wals of *Troy*
Shall giue the summons when you shall returne.
About it Princes : *Pyrhus* get you men
In readinesse, I will expose my selfe
To bewitch *Priam* with a weeping tale,
I cannot to the life describe in words,
What Ile expresse in action.

Agam. Downe with our Tents.

Pyr. Ile to picke out bold *Greeks* to fil the horse :
Shine bright you lampes of Heauen, for ere't be long
We'le dim your radiant beames with flaming lights
And bloody meteors, from *Troyes* burning flectes.

Syn. Such fights are glorious sparks in *Synons* eies,
Who longs to feast the Diuell with Tragedies.

Explicit Actus primus.

Actus Secundus : Scœna prima.

Enter Æneas, and Chorebus.

Æneas. The *Grecians* gone?

Cho. All their tents raif'd, their ten yeares siege
remoou'd :

Now *Troy* may rest securely.

Æne. They may report at their returne to *Greece*
The welcome they haue had : what haue they wonne ?
But wounds, Times losse, shame, and confusion.

*Enter K. Priam, Anthenor, young Polytes, Polixena,
Hecuba, and Hellen, with attendance.*

Pri. We now are Lord of our owne Territories,

Ten yeares kept from vs by th' inuading *Greekes* :
 Now wee may freely take a full suruey
 Of all *Scamander* plaine, drunke with the mixture
 Of th' opposite bloods of Troians and of *Greekes*.

Hecu. And royall Husband we haue cause to ioy,
 That after so long siege the *Greekes* are fled,
 And you in peace may rest your aged head.

Æne. Vpon this East-side stood *Vlisses* Tent,
 The polliticke *Greeke*.

Cho. There was old *Nestors* quarter,
 And *Agamemnons* that ; the Generall.

Pria. Vpon the north-side of the field, *Achilles*
 That bloody *Greeke* pitcht, and vpon this plaine,
 I well remember, was my *Hector* flayne.

Hel. This empty place being South from all the
 rest,
 The valiant *Diomed* hath oft made good,
 And here, euen here, his rich Pauillion flood.

Hecu. But here, euen here, neere to Duke *Ajax*
 tent,
 Round girt with Mirmidons, my *Troilus* fell.

Cho. Then was this place a standing Lake of
 blood,
 Part of which moysture the bright Sunne exhald ;
 And part the thirfty earth hath quast to *Mars* :
 But now the swords on eyther part are sheath'd,
 And after ten yeares tumults warres surcease,
 They laying their ships home with shamefull peace.

Pria. For which we'le prayse the gods, banquet
 and feast,
 Since by their flight, our glorious fame's increast.

The Horfe is discouered.

Æne. Soft, what huge Engine's that left on the
 stond,
 That beares the shape and figure of an Horfe.

Cho. What, shal we hew it peace-meale with our
 swords ?

Pria. Oh be not rash, fure tis some mistery

That this great Architecture doth include.

Cho. But mine opinion is, this Steedes huge bulke
Is stufte with Greekish guile.

Æne. I rather thinke
It is some monumentall Edifice
Vnto the goddesse *Pallas* consecrate :
Then spare your fury.

Enter Laocoon with a Iauelin.

Lao. Why stand you gazing at this horrid craft,
Forg'd by the flye *Vlisses*, is his braine
Vnknowne in *Troy*? or can you looke for safety
From those who ten yeares haue besieg'd your wals ?
Either this huge swolne bulke is big with souldiers,
Longing to be deliuer'd of arm'd Greekes,
Whose monstrous fatall and abhorred birth,
Will be *Troyes* ruine : else this hill of timber
This horse-like structure stabled vp in *Troy*,
Wil spurne down these our wals, our towers demolish,
Which it shall neuer : come you *Troian* youth
That loue the publicke safety, no proud Greeke
Vpon this Steedes backe, o're *Troyes* wall shall ride.
First with this Iauelin Ile transpearce his side.

Pria. What meanes *Laocoon* ?

Æne. Princes stay his fury.

Lao. Harke Troians, if a iarring noyse of Armes,
Sighed not throw these deep Cauernes, I devine
This gluttenous wombe hath swallowed a whole band
Of men in steele, then with your swords and glaues
Rip vp his tough sides, and imbowell him,
That we may prooue how they haue lin'd his intrailles.

Enter two souldiers bringing in Synon bound.

Soul. Stay, and proceed, no further in your rage,
Till we haue learnt some nouell from this Greeke,
Whom in a ditch we found fast giu'd and bound.

Pria. *Laocoon* cease thy violence till we know

From that poore Grecian, what that Machine meanes.

Syn. Oh me, (of all on earth most miserable,) Whom neither Heauens will succour, earth preferue, Nor seas keepe safe, I, whom the Heauens dispise, The Earth abandons, and the Seas disdaine : Where shal I shroud me ? whom, but now the Greekes Threatned with vengeance ; and escap'd from them, Falne now into the hands of Troians, menacing death :

'The world affoord no place, to wretched *Synon*, Of comfort, for where ere I fixe my foote, I tread vpon my graue : the foure vast corners Of this large Vniuerse, in all their roomes And spacious emptinesse, will not affoord me My bodies length of rest : where ere I flye, Or stay, or turne, Death's th' obiect of mine eye.

Pria. What art thou ? or whence com'st thou ? briefly speake.

Thou wretched man, thou moou'st vs with thy teares : Vnbind him fouldiers.

Syn. Shall I deny my selfe to be of *Greece* ? Because I am brought Captiue into *Troy* ?

No *Synon* cannot lye : Heauen, Earth, and Sea, From all which I am out-cast, witnesse with me That *Synon* cannot lye : thrice damn'd *Vlisses*, The black-hair'd *Pyrhus*, and horned *Menelaus* Crook-back'd *Thersites*, luxurious *Diomed*, And all the rable of detested Greekes, I call to witnesse, *Synon* cannot lye.

Could I haue oyl'd my tongue, and cring'd my ham,

Suppled mine humble knee to crouch and bend, Heau'd at my bonnet, shrugg'd my shoulders thus, Grin'd in their faces, *Synon* then had stood, Whom now this houre must flue in his own blood.

Æne. The perfect image of a wretched creature, His speeches begge remorse.

Pria. Alas good man, Shake off the timerous feare of feruile death,

Though 'mongst vs Troians, and thy selfe a Greeke,
Thou art not now amongst thine enemies,
Thy life Ile warrant, onely let vs know
What this Horfe meanes.

Syn. Greece I renounce thee, thou hast throwne
me off,
Faire *Troy* I am thy creature. Now Ile vnrip
Vlisses craft, my fatall enemy,
Who sold to death the Duke *Palamides*,
My Kinsman Troians (though in garments torne)
Synon stands here, yet is he nobly borne :
For that knowne murder did I haint his Tent
With rayling menaces, horrible exclames,
Many a blacke-faint, of wishes, oathes, and curses
Haue I fung at his window, then demaunding
Iustice of *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*,
Duke *Nestor* with the other Lords of *Greece*,
For murder of the Prince *Palamides*,
And being denide it in my most vexation,
My bitter tongue spar'd not to barke at them :
For this I was obseru'd, lookt through and through
Vlisses braine had markt me, for my tongue
And fatted me for death by *Calchas* meanes,
He wrought so farre that I should haue bin offred
Vnto the gods for sacrifice, the Priest
Lifting his hand aloft to strike me dead,
I lept downe from the Altar, and so fled,
Pursuite and searck was made, but I lay safe
In a thicke tuft of sedge, till I was found
By these your souldiers, who thus brought me bound.

Pria. Thou now art free secur'd from all their
tyranny :

Now tell vs what's the meaning of this Horfe ?
Why haue they left him here, themselues being gon ?

Syn. My new releaf'd hands, thus I heaue on
hye,

Witnesse you gods, that *Synon* cannot lye.
But as a new adopted Troian now
By *Priams* grace ; I here protest by *Ioue*,

By these eternal fires that spangle Heauen,
 The Alter, and that sacrificing sword,
 Beneath whose stroake I lay, since my base Country
 Casts me away to death, I am now borne
 A sonne of *Troy*: not *Hector* whilst he liu'd
 More dammag'd *Greece* by his all wounding arme,
 Then I by my discouery: Well, you know
 How the Greekes honour *Pallas*, who incens'd
 Because *Vlisses* the Palladium stole
 Out of her Temple, and her Warders slew,
 In rage she threatned ruine to all *Greece*:
 Therefore to her hath *Calchas* built this Horse.
 (*Greece* pardon me, and all my Countrey gods
 Be deafe to *Synons* tale, and let it bee
 Henceforth forgot that I was borne in *Greece*,
 Least times to come record what I reueale,
 The blacke confusion of my Natiue weale.

Priam. And what's that *Synon*?

Syn. Where left I? at the Horse, built of that
 size,

Least you should giue it entrance at your Gates:
 For know should your rude hands dare to prophan
 This gift sacred to *Pallas*: Rots and diseases,
 Pests and infections shall depopulate you,
 And in a small short season, they returning,
 Shal see thy subiects slain, faire *Troy* bright burning.
 I'm euen with thee *Vlisses*, and my breath
 Strikes all *Greece* home for my intended death.

Pria. Thanks *Synon*, we shall bounteously reward
 thee.

Æne. And see my Leige, to make good his
 report,

Laocoon, he that with his Iauelin pierst
 This gift of *Pallas*, round embrac'd with Snakes,
 That winde their traines about his wounded wast,
 And for his late presumption sling him dead.

Pria. We haue not seene so strange a prodigy,
Laocoon hath offended all the gods,
 In his prophane attempt.

Syn. Then lend your helping hands,
To lift vp that Palladian monument
Into *Troyes* Citty : Leauers, Cables, Cords.

Cho. It cannot enter through the Citty Gates.

Syn. Downe with the wals then.

Cho. These wals that ten yeares haue defended
Troy,

For all their seruice shall wee ruine them.

Syn. But this shall not defend you for ten
yeares,

But make your Towne impregnable for euer.

Pria. Downe with the wals then, each man lend a
hand.

Cho. I heare a noyse of Armour.

Æne. Ha, what's that ?

Cho. I feare some treason in that Horſe in-
cloſed :

Nor will I lend an hand to hale him in.

Omnes. Downe with the Wals.

Æne. And Troians now after your ten years
toile,

Dayes batailles, the fields trouble, and nights watch,
This is the first of all your rest, feast, banquet, ioy
and play,

Pallas is ours, the Greekes sayl'd hence away.

Pria. Here we release all Centries and commit
Our broken wals to her Celestiall guard :

We will reward thee *Synon*, the Greekes gone,

Priam may rest his age, in his soft throne. *Exe.*

Syn. So, so, so,

Synon I hope shall warme his hands anon,

At a bright goodly bone-fire : Here's the Key

Vnto this machine by *Epeus* built,

Which hath already with his brazen brest,

Tilted *Troies* wall downe, and anon being drunke

With the best blood of Greece, in dead of night

Hauing furcharg'd his stomacke, will spew out

A thousand men in Armes : sweet mid-night come,

I long to maske me in thy fable Wings,

That I may do some mischiefe and blacke deedes :
 We shall haue rare sport, admirable spoyle,
 Cutting of throats, with stabbing, wounding, killing
 Some dead a sleep, and some halfe sleep, halfe
 wake :

Some dancing Antickes in their bloody shirts,
 To which their wiues cries, & their infants shrieks,
 Play musicke, braue mirth, pleasing harmony :
 Then hauing spitt young children on our speares,
 We'll rost them at the scorching flames of *Troy* :
 Flye swift you winged minutes till you catch
 That long-wisht houre of stilnes : in which *Troy*
 Sleeps her last sleep, made drunk with wine and
 ioy.

In the receiuing of this fatall Steede,
 Sicke *Troy* this day hath swallowed such a pill,
 Shall search her intrayles, and her liues blood spill.

Exit:

*Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Vlisses, with souldiers
 in a soft march, without noise.*

Aga. Soft, soft, and let your stilnesse suite with
 night,
 Faire *Phebe* keepe thy siluer splendor in,
 And be not seene to night.

Mene. Where *Phebe* in my case,
 She foone would blush to shew her horned face.

Vliff. We would not haue a starre cast it's cleare
 eye

On our darke enterprife : too fast : so, still.
 Here Ambush, till you see the flaming Torch,
Synon this night vpon the wals of *Troy*,
 Will tosse about his eares, as a true signall,
 The great *Epean* structure is receiu'd,
 And we may find safe entrance by the breach.

Aga. A stand, the word through all the Regi-
 ment.

Mene. A stand.

Enter Synon with a torch aboute.

Syn. Thy euerlasting sleepe, sleepe carelesse *Troy*,
This horrid night buried in Wine and mirth,
This fatall Horfe spur'd by the braine of *Synon*,
Hath lept ore *Troys* high bulwarks great with Greeks,
Four times in rayfing vp the monument,
A fhaking found of Armour harfhly iar'd
In all the Princes eares, and had they not
Beene drunk in *Synons* teares, they'd found our
guile.

It is now mid-night. The black darknesse falne,
And rould o're all the world, as well the Poles,
As the great Ocean, and the earth : now's the time
For tragicke slaughter, clad in gules and fables,
To fpring out of Hels iawes, and play strang reaks
In fleepy *Troy*, this bright and flaming brand
Which fo often gire about mine eares,
Is fignall for the Armies quicke returne,
And make proud *Iflium* like my bright torch burne,
Winke all you eyes of Heauen, or you fhall be
Blood-shot to view *Troyes* difmall Tragedy. *Exit.*

Aga. The fignals on the wal : forward braue fouldiers,

The Horfe is entred, *Synons* Tale beleeu'd.
And wee this night fhall fee the facke of *Troy*.

Men. March on then, the black darknes couers vs,
And we without fufpition eafily may
Disperfe our felues about thefe high built wals :

Vlif. Now with a foft march enter at this breach
But giue no token of a loud Alarme,
Till we haue met with *Pyrhus* and the reft,
Whom the Steedes bulke includes.

They march foftly in at one doore, and prefently in at another. Enter Synon with a stealing pace, holding the key in his hand.

Syn. Soft, foft, ey fo, hereafter Ages tell,

How *Synons* key vnlockt the gates of Hell.

*Pyrhus, Diomed, and the rest, leape from out the Horse.
And as if groping in the darke, meete with Aga-
memnon and the rest: who after knowledge im-
brace.*

Pyrhus. The Generall ?

Agam. *Pyrhus* ?

Dio. *Menelaus* ?

Mene. *Diomed* ?

Ther. My Vrchin ?

Syn. What my Toad ?

Pyr. Well met in *Troy* great Lords.

Vlif. Where are wee now ?

Sy. In the high street, nere to the Church of
Pallas,

And this you past, the gate cal'd *Dardanus*.

Pyr. Then here begins *Troyes* fatall tragedy :
Princes of Greece, at once vnsheath your swords,
And heare protest with *Neoptolemus*,
By our fore-father *Peleus*, grandam *Thetis*,
The Emperious goddesse of the Sea, that made
Achilles, saue th' heele, invulnerable,
And by my father great *Æacides*,
His glorious name, his Armour which I weare,
His bloody wounds, and his blacke sepulchre ;
I here abiure all respite, mercy, sleepe,
Vntil this Citty be a place confus'd :
This murall girdle that begirts it round
A Cawsey for the *Greekes* to trample on,
The place a stone-heape swiming in an Ocean
Of *Troian* blood, which shall from farre appeare
Like an high Rocke in the red Sea.

Syn. A braue shew,

To see full Boats in blood of *Troians* rowe,
And [the poore labouring Snakes with armes spread
swimme

In luke-warme blood of their allyes and kin.

Men. Whence must this Ocean flowe ? From
thoufand Springs

Of gentle and ignoble, base and Kings.

Pyr. Set on then, none retire ;
Waue in the one hand steele, in the other fire.
Loud Drummes and Trumpets ring *Troyes* fatall
peale,

That now lyes drawing on, the word be vengeance,
Alarum, at that watch-word fire, and kill,
And wide-mouth'd *Orchus* with whole legions fill.

*A loude Alarum. Enter a Troian in his night-gowne
all vnready.*

Tro. Twas an alarum fure that frighted mee
In my dead sleepe, 'twas neare the *Dardan* port :
Ioue grant that all be well,

Enter his wife as from bed.

Wife. Oh Heauen ! what tumult's this
That hurries through the fatall streetes of *Troy* ?
I feare some treason.

Tro. Stay Wife, lay thine eare
Vnto the ground and list, if we can gather
Of what condition this strange vproare is
That riots at this late vnseasoned houre ?
Sure 'tis the noise of war, whence should it grow ?
The *Greekes* are sayl'd hence, *Troy* needs feare no
foe.

Wife. The horrid stirre comes on this way towards
vs.

Troi. Oh whither shall we turne ?

*A great cry within. Alarum. Enter Pyrrhus with the
rest their weapons drawn and torches.*

Wife. Oh saue mee husband.

Troi. Succour me deere wife.

Omnes. Vengeance for *Greece* and *Neoptolemus*.

Pyr. So flye the word along, dye old and young,
Mourne *Troy* in ashes for *Achilles* losse,
Steele in one hand, in th' other fire-brands tosse.

Exeunt.

*Enter Chorebus at one doore, at another Æneas with
their weapons drawne.*

Cho. This horrid clamour that hath cal'd mee vp
From my deepe rest, much, much amazeth mee ;
Tis on the right hand, now vpon the left,
It goes before me and it followes mee :
Oh *Ioue* expound the meaning of this horreur
Which the darke mid-night makes more terrible.

Æne. This streete is cleare, but now I climb'd a
Turret,
And I might well discerne half *Troy* in fire,
And by the flame the burnisht Helmets glister
Of men in Armes, whence *Ioue Olimpicke* knowes.

Enter a second Troian.

2. *Tro.* Where shall I hide me ? Treason, *Troyes*
betray'd ;
The fatall horie was full of armed *Greekes*.

Chore. Of *Greekes* ? damn'd *Synon*.

2. *Tro.* Prince *Chorebus* fly,
Fly great *Æneas*.

Cho. Which way ? where ? or how ?
Are we not rounded with a quick-set hedge
Of pointed steele ? are not the gates possest
And strongly man'd with *Greekes* ? death euery
where,
Then whither should we flye ?

Æne. Into the throng.
Where blowes are dealt, where our inflamed Turrets
Burne with most fury.

Cho. Nobly speakes *Æneas*.

Æc. Then whither flames, and furies, fhreiks and
clamors,
Death, danger, and the deuils hurry vs,
Thither will we : follow where I fhall lead,
Thoufands fhall fall by vs ere we be dead.

Enter Therfites, with other Greekes.

Ther. Charge on thefe naked Troians, and cry
thus,
Vengeance for *Greece* and *Neoptolemus*.

Cho. Charge on thefe armed Grecians, and thus
cry,
We may yet liue to fee ten thoufand dye.

*They charge the Greekes and kill them, Therfites runs
away.*

Cho. Well fought braue fpirits in our vtter ruine,
We are Conquerours yet : let's don thefe Greekifh
habits,
And mixe our felues amongft their Armed ranks ;
So vnexpected murder all we meete :
The darkeneffe will aflift our enterprife.
Thefe Greekifh Armes this night by Troians worne,
Shall to the fall of many Grecians turne.

Enter all the Greekes.

Omnes. Burne fire, and kill, as you wound cry
thus,
Vengeance for *Greece* and *Neoptolemus*. *Excunt.*

Enter Æneas followed by Hectors ghof.

Æne. What art thou that with fuch a grim afpect,
In this black night fo darke and turbulent,
Haunts me in euery corner of my houfe

Which yet burnes o're mine eares ?

Hecl. Dost thou not know me ?

Or can *Aeneas* so forget his friend ?

This face did fright *Achilles* in the field,

And when I shooke these lockes, now knotted all,

As bak't in blood ; all *Greece* hath quak't and trembled.

Looke on mine Heeles, and thou maist see those
thongs

By which so often I was dragg'd 'bout *Troy*,

My body made an vniuerfall wound

By the vnnubred hands of *Mirmidons*,

This th' hand that tost so many wild-fire balls

Into the *Argiue* fleete, and this the body

That deck't in *Aiax* and *Achilles* spoyles

Ridde from the fields triumphant thorow *Troy*.

Aene. Prince *Hector* ?

Hecl. Hence *Aeneas* post from *Troy*,

Reare that abroad the gods at home destroy.

The Citty burnes, *Priam* and *Priams* glory

Is all expir'd, and tumbled headlong downe :

Cassandraes long neglected prophesies

This night fulfils. If either strength or might

Could haue protected *Troy*, this hand, this arme

That sau'd it oft, had kept it still from harme.

But *Troy* is doom'd, here gins the fatall Story

Of her sad sacke and fall of all her glory.

Away, and beare thy Country gods along,

Thousands shall issue from thy sacred seede,

Citties more rich then this the Grecian spoyle.

In after times shall thy successors build,

Where *Hectors* name shall liue eternally.

One *Romulus*, another *Bruite* shall reare,

These shall nor Honours, nor iust Rectors want,

Lumbardies Roome, great Britaines *Troy-nouant*.

Hu fuge nate *Dea* ; teque his pater cripe flammis ;

Hostis habet muros, ruit alto a culmine *Troia*

Sacra, suosque, tibi commendat *Troia* penates

*Hos cape fatorum comites, his mœnia quære,
Magna pererrato statues quæ denique ponto.* Exit.

Æne. Soft lie thy bones and sweetly may they
rest

Thou wonder of all worthyes, but *Troy* burnes :
Thoufands of *Troian* Corfes blocke the freetes,
ome flying fall, and some their killers kill :
Where fhall I meete thee death ? before I flye,
Some Conquerors yet, fhall brauely conquered die.

Exit.

Explicit Actus secundus.

Actus Tertius : Scœna prima.

*Enter Priam in his night-gowne and flippers, after him
Hecuba, Hellena, Andrômache, Cassandra, Polyxena, Polites, Astianax.* An Alarum.

All La. Oh helpe vs father *Priam*, Oh the *Greeks*.

Pri. I haue done more then age would suffer me
They haue tilted masts against my Pallace gates,
And burst them open.

All La. Oh father *Priam*, whether shall we flye ?

Pri. We are incompast round with sword & fire,
'Las Daughters, 'las my young *Astianax*.

All La. Oh heauen, they come, where may we
hide vs safe ?

Pri. Safety and helpe are both fled out of *Troy*,
And left behind nothing but massacre :
My Pallace is surpris'd, my guard all flaine,
My selfe am wounded, but more with your shrieks,
Then by the swords of Grecians : come let's flie
Vnto the sacred Altar of the gods.

All La. May we be safe there father ?

Pri. Safe ? Oh no ;

Safety is fled. Death hath our liues in chase,
And since we needes must dye, let's chuse this place.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter at the one doore *Hellen*, at the other
Cresida.

Cres. Whither runnes *Hellen* ?

Hel. Whither should I fly ?

Cres. See, *Troy* is not it selfe, oh wretched *Hellen* !
To shun the Greekes to run into the fire,
Or flying fire, perish by Greekish Steele :
Which hadst thou rather chuse ?

Hel. Death, in what shape foeuer hee appears
To me is welcome, I'll no longer shun him ;
But here with *Cresida* abide him : here,
Oh, why was *Hellen* at the first so faire,
To become subiect to so foule an end ?
Or how hath *Cresids* beauty sinn'd 'gainst Heauen,
That it is branded thus with leprosie ?

Cres. I in conceit thought that I might contend
Against Heauens splendor, I did once suppose,
There was no beauty but in *Cresids* lookes,
But in her eyes no pure diuinity :
But now behold mee *Hellen*.

Hel. In her I see
All beauties frailty, and this obiect makes
All fairenesse to show vgly in it selfe :
But to see breathlesse Virgins pil'd on heape,
What lesse can *Hellen* doe then curse these Starres
That shin'd so bright at her natiuity,
And with her nayles teare out these shining balls
That haue set *Troy* on fire ?

Enter *Pyrhus*, *Agamemnon*, *Menelaus*, &c.

Pyr. Pierce all the Troian Ladies with your
fwords,

Least 'mongst them you might spare *Polixena*.

Agam. Stay, I should know that face, tis *Helena*.

Mene. My Queene?

Hel. I am not *Hellen*, but *Polixena* :

Therefore reuengfull *Neoptolemus*

Doe Iustice on me for thy fathers death.

Pyr. *Polixena*? by all *Achilles* honours
Ile part thee limbe from limbe.

Cref. *Pyrhus* forbear,
It's the *Spartan* Queene.

Men. If *Hellen*, the adulterous strumpet dyes,
Ile be her deathf-man.

Hel. Strike home *Menelaus*,
Death from thy hand is welcome.

Aga. Hold I say,
Shee's *Clitemnestras* sister, for her sake
Hellen shall liue, and Kingly *Menelaus*
Receiue her into fauour.

Pyr. *Agamemnon*
Is too remisse, I haue sworne all blood to spill
I meet with, and this one will *Pyrhus* kill.

Men. And I this other.

Aga. For our sake *Menelaus* let her liue.
Was not our sister borne against her will
From *Sparta*? for that wrong done by the Troians
Doth not *Troy* burne? and are not all our swords
Stain'd in the blood of *Paris* slaughtered friends?
You shall be reconcil'd to *Helena*,
And beare her backe to *Greece*.

Enter Therfites.

Ther. *Hellen* at shrift : alas poore penitent Queane,
Dost heare me *Menelaus*? pardon her,
Take her againe to *Sparta*, thou'lt else want
So kind a bed-fellow.

Men. Take backe my shame?

Ther. Yes for thy pleasure.
There's in the world as rich and honourable

As thou, who lend the pleasures of their bed
To others, and then take them backe agayne
As they can get them.

Men. My brow shall neuer beare
Such Characters of shame.

Ther. Thy browes beare hornes already, but who
sees them?

When thou return'st to *Sparta*, some will thinke
Thou art a Cuckold, but who is't dare say so?
Thou art a King, thy finnes are clouded o're,
Where poore mens faults by tongues are made much
more.

Of all men liuing, Kings are last shall heare
Of their dishonours.

Aga. What inferiour Beast
Dares tell the Lyon of his Tyranny,
Who is not torne asunder with his pawes?
The King of *Sparta* therefore needs not feare
The tongues of subiects, bid our sister rise
To safety in thine armes.

Ther. Doe *Menelaus*.

Men. But will my *Hellen* then by future vertue
Redeeme her long lost honour?

Hel. If with teares
The Heauens may be appeas'd for *Hellens* finnes,
They shall haue penitent showers: If *Menelaus*
May with the spirit of loue be fatisfied,
He ten times rectifie my forfet honour
Before I touch his bed.

Men. Arise then *Hellen*, *Menelaus* armes
Thus welcome thee to safety.

Ther. Ha, ha, ha,
Why this is well, for he that's borne to dye
A branded Cuckhold, hugs his destiny:
Goe, get you after *Pyrhus* to the slaughter,
He looke to *Hellen*.

Aga. Conueigh her to our guard.

Exit.

Ther. *Hellen*, hereafter see thou proou'st more
wife,

If not more honest, yet be more precise.

Exit.

Enter Prince Chorebus with other Troians in Greekish habits.

Cho. These shapes thriue well, we haue guilt our
Greekish armes
With blood of their owne nation : some we haue sent
To euerlasting darknesse, some repulst
Backe to their ships : some we haue made to flye
Into their horses bulke, whence *Pyrhus* first
Lept downe vpon his speare.

*Enter Synon, Therfites, and the Greekes dragging in
Cassandra.*

Syn. Come souldiers, this is stately tragicall,
The Greekes wade vp euen to the brawny thighes
In luke-warme blood of our despoyled foes.
Aboue *Melpomene's* huge buskind top
We plunge at euery slepp, and brauely fought
By *Troyes* bright burning flame : that's now our light.

Ther. More of our valiant mates, let's ioyne with
them,
This streete yet's vnassaulted and vnfir'd :
Some balls of wild-fire streight, and hurle this Lady
Into the fury of the burning flame.

Cho. My wife *Cassandra* ?

Syn. Courage, let none scape
Fire, vengeance, blood, death, murder, spoyle and
rape.

Cho. All these on *Greece* and twenty thousand
more,
Till they like *Troy* be drown'd in teares and goare.

*Chorebus and the rest beate off the Greekes, and
rescue Cassandra.*

Cass. From Greekes to Greeks, from fire kept for
the sword,

From one death to another.

Cho. *Cassandra* no.

Cass. My Lord the Prince *Chorebus*?

Cho. Yes the same,

Who hath preferu'd thee both from sword and flame.

Enter Æneas with his father, who taking Chorebus for a Grecian by reason of his habite, fights with him and kils him.

Æne. More Greekes and see *Cassandra* captiue made,

Affault them Troians, rescue the faire Princeesse;
This way deare father mount my backe againe.

Cass. Oh false *Æneas*, thou hast slaine thy friend:
Many a Greeke (thus shapt) he sent to hell,
And being a Troian by a Troian fell.

Æne. He dy'd not by my hand, but his owne fate.

Cass. And I forgiue thee good *Æneas*, flie,
Thou shalt furuiue, but *Troy* and wee must fall:
The hope of all our future memories
Are stor'd in thee, take vp thy sacred load
Reuerent *Anchises* bed-rid through his age,
We are all doom'd, faire *Troy* must perish here,
But thou art borne a greater *Troy* to reare.

Æne. The Heauens haue hand in all things, to
their pleasure

Wee must subscribe: *Creusa*, where's my wife?
In loosing her I saue but halfe my life.

Come reuerent father, on my shoulders mount,
Though thousand dangers dogge vs at the heeles,
Yet will wee force our passage. *Exeunt.*

*King Priam discovered kneeling at the Altar, with him
Hecuba, Polixena, Andromache, Astianax: to
them enter Pyrrhus, and all the Greekes, Pyrrhus
killing Polytes Priams sonne before the Altar.*

Pyr. Still let your voyces to hye Heauen aspire

For *Pyrhus* vengeance, murthering steele and fire.

All the Ladies. Oh, oh.

Pri. My sonne *Polytes*? oh thou more hard hearted

Then fatall *Pyrhus* or his fathers guard,
That in the shadow of this sacred place
Durst sprinke the childes blood in the fathers face.

Pyr. *Priam*? thanks sweet reuenge, through
swords and armour,

Through mures, and Counter-mures of men and
steele ;

Through many a corner, and blind entries mouth
I haue followed this thy bleeding sonne to death,
Whose swift pursuite hath traind me to this Altar
To be reueng'd on thee for the sad fate
Of great *Achilles*.

Pri. Thou art *Pyrhus* then?

Pyr. My acts shall speake my name,
I am that *Pyrhus* who did mount yon Horse
Hyding mine armour in his deepe vast bulke,
The first that lept out of his spacious side,
And tost consuming fire in euery street,
Which climb'd, as if it meant to meete the stars,
I am that *Pyrhus* before whom *Troy* falls :
Before whom all the Vanes and Pinacles
Bend their high tops, and from the battlements
On which they stand, breake their aspiring necks.
The proudest roofe and most imperious spyre
Hath vaild to vs and our all wasting fire.

Pri. *Pyrhus*, I know thee for my destin'd plague,
I know the gods haue left vs to our weaknesse,
I see our glories ended and extinct,
And I stand ready to abide their doome ;
Onely for pittie and for pieties sake
Be gracious to these Ladies.

Syn. *Pyrhus* no,
Such grace as they did to *Achilles* shew,
Let them all tast ; let grace be farre exil'd,
Kill from the elder to the sucking child.

Pri. Hee's prone enough to mischiefe of himfelfe,
Spurre not that fury on which runnes too fast,
Nor adde thou to old *Priams* misery
Which scarce can be augmented tis so great.

Pyr. Dye in thy tortures then.

Hecu. Oh spare his life.

Asti. Good man kill not my Grandfire.

Pri. Good man doe.

Hecu. Kill mee for him.

Asti. No, shee's my Grandam too,
Indeed shee's a good woman, chuse some other
If you must needes kill.

Pyr. This then.

Asti. Shee's my Mother,
You shall not hurt her.

Pri. This boy had a father,
Hector his name, who had hee liu'd to see
A sword bent 'gainst his wife, this Queene, or me,
He would haue made all *Greece* as hot to hold him
As burning *Troy* is now to shelter vs.

Asti. Good Grandfire weepe not, Grandam, Mother,
Aunt,

Alas, what meane you? If you be good men
Put vp your swords and helpe to quench these flames,
Or if in killing you such pleasure haue,
Practise on him, kill that ill fauoured knaue.

Syn. Mee bratt?

Pyr. *Vlysses*, *Agamemnon*, *Menelaus*,
Synon, *Thersites*, and you valiant *Greekes*;
Behold the vengeance wrathfull *Pyrhus* takes
On *Priams* body for *Achilles* death:
Synon, take thou that Syren *Polixene*,
And hew her peece-meale on my fathers Tombe.
Thersites, make the wombe of fifty Princes
A royall sheath for thy victorious blade:
Diomed, let *Cassandra* dye by thee,
And *Agamemnon* kill *Andromache*:
And as my sword through *Priams* bulke shall flie,
Let them in death comfort him, and so dye.

Ther. When, when, for *Ioues* sake when?

Syn. Some expeditious fate this motion further,
Me thinks tis long since that I did a murder.

Fri. Oh Heauen, oh *Ioue*, Stars, Planets, fortune,
fate,

To thinke what I haue beene, and what am now ;
Father of fifty braue Heroick sonnes,
But now no Father, for they all are slaine.
Queene *Hecuba* the Mother of so many,
But now no Mother : for her barren wombe
Hath not one child to shew, these fatall warres
Haue eate vp all our issue.

Ast. My deare Father,
And all my princely Vnkles.

Andr. My deare Husband,
And all my royall brothers.

Hecu. Worthy *Hector*,
And all my valiant sonnes.

Pri. And now that *Priam* that commanded *Asia*,
And fate inthron'd aboute the Kings of *Greece*,
Whose dreaded Nauy scowerd the *Hellepont*,
Sees the rich towers hee built now burnt to ashes ;
The stately walls he reard, leuel'd and euen'd ;
His Treasures rifled and his people spoyl'd :
All that he hath on earth beneath the Sunne
Bereft him, sauing his owne life and these,
And my poore life with these, are (as you see)
Worse then the rest ; they dead, we dying bee.
Strike my sterne foe, and proue in this my friend,
One blow my vniuerfall cares shall end.

Pyr. And that blow *Pyrhus* strikes, at once strike
all. *They are all slaine at once.*

Syn. Why, so, so, this was stately tragicall.

Ast. Where shall I hide me ?

Pyr. So nimble *Hectors* bastard ?

My father slew thy father, I the sonne :
Thus will I tosse thy carkas vp on hie,
The brat aboute his fathers fame shall flie.

He tosseth him about his head and kills him.

Syn. No, somewhat doth remayne,

Alarum still, the peoples not all slaine,
Let not one foule suruiue.

Pyr. Then Trumpets found
Till burning *Troy* in Troian blood be drown'd.

Exeunt.

The Alarum continued, shreiks and clamours are heard within. Enter with Drumme, Colours, and Soldiers Agamemnon, Pyrrhus, Vlysses, Diomed, Menelaus, Hellen, Therfites, Synon, &c.

Pyr. What more remaines t' accomplish our reuenge?

The proudest Nation that great *Asia* nurst
Is now extinct in *Lethe*.

Mene. All by *Hellen*,

Oh had that tempting beauty ne're beene borne,
By whom so many worthies now lie dead.

Syn. A hot Pest take the strumpet.

Ther. And a mischief.

Syn. Twas this hot whore that fet all *Troy* a fire.

Hel. Forgiue me *Pyrrhus* for thy fathers death,
Troy for thy sack, King *Priam* for thy sonnes,
Greece for an infinite slaughter, and you Husband
For all your nuptiall wrongs, King *Menelaus*,
I must confesse, my inconsiderate deed
Haue made a world of valiant hearts to bleed.

Dio. What note is that which *Pyrrhus* eye dwels
on?

Pyr. The perfect number
Of Greekes and Troians slayne on either part.
The siege ten yeares, ten moneths, ten dayes indur'd,
In which there perish't of the Greekes 'fore *Troy*
Eight hundred thousand & fixe thousand fighting
men:

Of Troians fell fixe hundred fixe and fifty thousand,
All souldiers; besides women, children, babes,
Whom this night massacred.

Hel. All these I flew.

Syn. Nay, some this hand sent packing, that's not true.

Vlyf. *Aeneas*, with twenty two ships well furnish't,
(The selfe same ships in which young *Paris* sayl'd
When hee from *Sparta* stole faire *Helena*,)
Is fled to Sea.

Dio. *Anthenor* with five hundred Troians more
Scap't through the gate cal'd *Dardan*.

Pyr. Let them goe,
That of *Troyes* sack the world by them may know,
Where aboue thirty braue Heroick Kings
Haue breath'd their last : besides inferior Princes,
Barons and Knights, eighteene imperiall Monarches
With his owne hands renowned *Hector* flew :
My father besides *Troilus* and that *Hector*,
Eight famous Kings that came in ayd of *Troy*,
Three Troian *Paris* with his Arrowes flew,
Of which one was my father : *Diomed*
Foure Monarches with his bright sword sent to death.
Our selfe the warlike Queene of *Amazons*,
And aged *Priam*.

Ther. Brauely boast he can,
A wretched woman and a weake old man.

Pyr. And now *Troyes* warres are ended, we in
peace

With glorious conquest to sayle backe to *Greece*.
Their Nation's vanish'd like their Citties smoake,
Our enemies are all ashes : worlds to come
Shall Cronicle our pittileffe reuenge
In Bookes of Brasse and leaues of Adamant.
Towards *Greece* victorious Leaders, our toyle's past ;
Troy and *Troyes* people we haue burn't in flames,
And of them both left nothing but their names.

Exeunt.

Explicit Actus tertius.

Actus Quartus : Scæna prima.

*Enter Prince Cethus the sonne of King Naulus, and
brother to Palamides.*

Ceth. With wondrous ioy they say, the Greekes re-
turne
With Triumphes and ouations piercing Heauen,
Where e're they fet but foot loude Pæans sung,
And Oades to spheare-like Notes tun'd in their
prayse :
Whil'st *Cethus* like a forlorne shadowe walkes
Dispis'd, disgrac't, neglected and debosht ;
Playing his melancholly, cares and sorrowes
On his discordant Hart-strings. Oh my fate !
Shall I, that haue this body and this braine,
A royalty stamp't on mee in my birth :
Whose wrongs haue beene of marke through all the
world
Troubling each eare, and being disputable
By euery tongue that hath beene taught to speake,
Euen in the mouthes of Babes, all rating mee
Of cowardesie and sloth : sleepe, an occasion
Being fairely offer'd ? No, awake reuenge,
Ile bring thee now to action.

Enter Pilades.

Pil. Heare you the newes.

Ceth. *Orestes* friend, the noble *Pilades* ?
Instruēt mine ignorance, I know of none.

Pil. This day the Prince, great *Agamemnon*s
heire
Orestes whom you truely call your friend,
Betroths the young and faire *Hermione*
Daughter to beauteous *Hellen*.

Ceth. *Hymens* ioyes.

Crowne them with all true pleasure.

Pil. Shall we haue your prefence at the Contract?

Ceth. Who's within?

Pil. Onely *Egistus*, *Clitemnestras* friend,
The Queene and faire *Electra*.

Ceth. Witnesse enough,
Then spare me for this time good *Pilades*,
Wee'le owe them greater seruice.

Pyl. But tis a duty that I owe my friend,
My abfence would diftaft him.

Exit.

Ceth. Fare you well.

Doe, doe, contract and marry, ayme at Heauen,
But Hell is that they plunge in : Oh *Palamedes*
My basely betray'd brother, fold at *Troy*
As we would cheapen Horfes, yet a Prince :
A Prince ? nay Generall of the Greekiſh hoſt.
Emperour and Keyſer, choſe to that command
By a full Iury of Kings, and by them rated
The prime & worthieſt : who being far from equal
Could find in whole *Greece* no competitor.
Yet this peculiar man, this God of men,
By falſe *Vlyſſes* and *Atreus* ſonnes
Agamemnon and *Menelaus*, baſely ſupplanted ;
Who, for they would conferre among themſelues
The ſoueraignty forg'd letters ſent from *Troy*,
And coine withall mark't with King *Priams* ſtamp,
As if this father of his fame and Nation
Whoſe onely ends were aym'd to honour *Greece*
Would haue betrayde his people : this ſuggeſted,
My brother was arraign'd, conuiſt, condemn'd ;
For which I haue vow'd the vniuerſall ruine
Of all the Kings of that corrupted bench.
Palamides thy blood in *Aſia* ſhed
Shall make all *Europe* mourne ſince thou art dead.

Enter *Egiſtus*, *Clitemneſtra*, *Oreſtes*, *Pilades*, *Hermione*, and *Electra*.

Cli. *Mecenaes* King and *Sparta's* would be proud

To see this happy and blest vnion made
Betweene their royall Familyes.

Orest. This faire Virgine,
Second from *Læda* to whom *Ioue* vouchsaf't
The strict Imbrace of his immortall arme,
Vnsported with her mothers prostitution,
Wee'le thus receiue.

Hermi. May my chaste innocence
Breake through the Cloud which hath ecclips'd her
fame,

Whose luster may out-shine my mothers frailties,
And they through me may bee forgot in *Greece*.

Egi. *Hermione*, your words tast of your breeding
Vnder this Queene your faire and Princely Aunt,
Were young *Electra* but so well bestowed,
Great *Agamemnon* in so braue a match
Would thinke himselfe more grac'd, then in fruition
Of all the forraigne Trophies.

Ceth. May shee prooue
A whore like to her mother : Prince *Orestes*,
And you bright Lady *Spartans* second light,
May all the vertues of this potent Queene
Take life in you, to prooue hereditary
That the great Arch-duke crown'd with fame and
honour,

In his returne may adde a surplufadge
To his already surfet : find his bed
By this adultresse basely strumpetted,
And make the Downe they lye on quaffe their blood.

Orest. How doe you faire *Electra* in your iudge-
ment.

Applaud your brothers choyce ?

Elect. As of a contract
Made by the gods aboue, and now by Princes
Here ratified on earth.

Orest. I would my friend
Were to you sister, but as fast betroth'd
As I to *Hellens* daughter : But deare *Pilades*,
Tis Time must perfect all things.

Pil. Madam you heare
This motion from your brother.

Elect. And I craue
Time to consider on't.

Orest. Tis on foote,
Pursue it then with all aduantages,
Command my free assistance to beginne :
Had you *Electra* friend, as I *Hermione* ;
We were at first as forraigne as you two,
And euery way as strange, but opportunity
That hath vnited vs, may make you one.
After some amorous parliance, let vs now
Vnto the Temple and there sacrifice
Vnto the gods, that *Greece* no more may mourne
But glory in our fathers safe returne.

Egist. His safety is our danger, for know Madam,
Our loue hath bin too publick.

Ceth. That's the ground
On which to build my proiect.

Cli. Grant it hath.
Cannot a more then nine yeares widdow-head
Excuse mee being a woman ? thinks the King
Wee can forget that lesson in our age,
Which was by him first taught vs in our youth ?
Or was't his ayme to shew vs choyce delights,
Then barre vs their fruition ? First to tast
Our pallat, next to make vs appetite ;
And when our stomacks are prepar'd and sharpen'd.
For Costly vionds plac't before our eyes,
Then to remooue the table ? hee's vnkind ;
And as hee hath dealt with vs, so must find.

Enter Synon.

Syn. The Queene ? to her my speed is.

Cli. Speake on souldier.

Syn. I am the herald of most happy newes,
Troy with the earth is leueld, sackt, and burnt ;

Priam with all his memory extinct,
 Queene, daughters, sonnes, and subiects ruin'd all.
 Now like the vapour of their Citties smoake,
 And of them no more found : And Madam now
 The King your Lord, the Elder of the *Atryd's*,
 Duke of the puissant and all conquering Host,
 His temples archt in a victorious orbe,
 And wreth'd in all the glories earth can yeeld
 Is landed in *Mycene* a Conquerour.

Ceth. How could they scape those fierce fires
Naulus made

In vengeance of his sonne *Palamides*
 To split their curfed Fleete vpon the rocks.

Cli. Make repetition of their ioyes againe,
 Beeing things that I cannot heare too oft,
 And adde to them : Is *Menelaus* safe
 My husbands brother ? *Hellen* how fares shee ?
 Or is shee thence repurchast ? fill mine eares
 With such sweete Tones, 'tis all I can desire.

Syn. Take your full longing then, for though the
 Seas

With tempests, stormes, rocks, shipwracks, shelues and
 sands

More dammag'd them then all the Troian siege.
 Although the Beacons fir'd to draw their Fleete
 Distressed and disperst vpon the rocks
 Sunke many a goodly bottome : Yet the Generall
 Scap't by the hand of *Ioue*, with him King *Diomed*,
Vlysses, and great *Neoptolimus*,
 With *Spartan Menelaus* late attend
 With beauteous *Hellen* cause of all these broyles ;
 All these attend vpon the Generall
 To bring him home victorious, and this night
 Will lodge in the Kings Pallace.

Cli. Souldier thanks,
 These twice fife yeares I haue a widdow beene,
 Thy newes haue now new married mee : giue order
 For the Kings intertainment, all the state

Mycene can yeeld shall freely be expos'd
In honour of these Princes : your great hast
Doth aske some rest, therefore repose your selfe,
And for your fortunate newes expect reward.

Syn. The Queene is royall.

Ceth. And now to that diuell
Which I must coniure vp : Is the Queene mad ?
Or thou *Egisflus* sottish ? see you not
The stake and scaffold, nay the Hang-man too ;
And will you blind-fold run vpon your deaths
When there is way to 'scape them ?

Egisfl. What horrid fright
Is this propos'd by *Cethus* ?

Ceth. The King's return'd,
And doth not your veines gush out of your temples
In sanguine blushes ? are not your adulteries
Famous as *Hellens* ? nay, more infamous,
There was a rape to countenance what shee did,
You nought saue corrupt lust and idlenesse :
Tis blab'd in the Citty, talk't on in the Court,
All tongues furcharg'd, all eyes are fix't on you,
To see what fearefull vengeance he will take
For that your prostitution.

Cli. Hee's a King.

Ceth. True *Clitemnestra*, so he went from hence,
But is return'd a Tyrant flesht in blood :
Think'st thou that he who queld his foes abroad,
Will spare at home domestick enemies ?
That was so prone to punish others wrongs,
And can forget his owne ?

Cli. If *Menelaus*

Haue pardon'd *Hellen*, may not he his brother
Make *Spartaes* King his noble president,
To doe the like to me ?

Ceth. Tush shallow Queene,
How you mistake ; see imminent fate affront you,
And will not shun it comming ? If his brother
Be branded as a scandall to the world,
What consequence is it that he will grone

Vnder the selfe same burden? rather thinke
 He hath propos'd a vengeance dire and horrid
 To terrifie, not countenance such misdeeds :
 And this must fall on you, lest time to come
 Should Chronicle his family for a broode
 Of Cuckolds and of Strumpets.

Egist. This thy language
 Strikes me with horroure.

Cli. And affrights mee too.

Ceth. Is hee not King? hath he not Linxes
 eyes,
 And Gyants armes, the first to see farre off,
 The last as farre to punish? was hee so poore
 In friends at home, to leaue no *Argus* here
 To keepe his eyes still waking? thinke it not
 But that he knew the treason of his bed,
 Hee had not faire *Briseis* snatcht perforce
 From th' armes of great *Achilles*.

Cli. That I heard.

Ceth. Why hath he a new mistresse brought from
Troy,
 But to flate her in *Clitemnestraes* slead,
 And make her *Micenes* Queene whilst you poore
 wretches
 Like malefactors suffer, mark't for the Stag
 And most ridiculous spectacles.

Cli. You shew the danger,
 But teach vs no preuention.

Egist. Set before vs
 The obiects of our feares and difficulties,
 But not the way to auoyde them.

Ceth. Heare me then,
 Preuent your death's by his.

Cli. How? kill the King?
 So we heape sinne on sinne and basely adde
 Vnto adultery murder.

Ceth. *Per scelus semper tutum sceleribus iter.*
 Boldly you haue begun, and being once in,
 Blood will cure lust, and mischiefe phisicke sinne.

Cli. Perhaps our guilt lies hid.

Ceth. In a Kings Pallace

Can lust in such great persons be conceald ?

Cli. The first offence repents mee, and to that ,
I should but adde a greater.

Ceth. Perish, doe.

Or what concernes this mee ? I shall be safe,

I haue strumpetted no *Agamemnons* Queene,

Nor bastarded the issue of the *Atrides* :

Or why should I thus labour their securities

Who study not their owne ?

Egiff. Resolue then Queene,
The Kings austere, and will extend his Iustice
Vnto some sad example.

Cli. Oh but my husband.

Ceth. After ten yeares widdow-hood
Can *Clitemnestra* thinke of such a name ?

Cli. You haue halfe wonne me, when shall this be
done ?

Ceth. When but this night ? delayes are ominous :
Ere he haue time to thinke vpon his wrongs,
Or finde a tongue to whisper, ere suspicion
Can further be instructed or least censure,
To call his wrongs in question : instantly,
Euen in his height of ioy, fulnesse of complement
With th' Argiue Kings : whilst cups are brim'd with
healths,

Whilst ieaiousies are drown'd in *Bacchus* boles.

This night before he sleepe, or that his pillowe

Can giue him the least counsell, ere he can spare

A minute for the smallest intelligence,

Or moment to consider : I haue done

If you haue either grace in apprehension

Or spirit in performance.

Egiff. I haue both
What answers *Clitemnestra* ?

Cli. I am swayd,
And though I know there's difference of Iustice
In Princes sitting on the skarlet bench,

And husbands dallying in the priuate bed :
 I'le hold him as one fits vpon my life,
 Not one that lies inclos'd within mine armes ;
 Hee's now my Iudge, not Husband, here I vow
 Assistance in his death.

Ceth. And so furuiue
 Secure and fortunate.

Egist. This night ?

Cli. 'Tis done.

Ceth. The proiect I haue cast with all security,
 And safety for your person : smoothe your browes,
 And let there shine a welcome in your lookes
 At the Kings intertainment : nay begone,
 By this time you are expected ; what remaines
 Is mine in forme, but yours in action. *Exeunt.*
 Now father stile me a most worthy sonne
Palamides, a brother, what neither fires,
 Nor rockes could doe, what neither *Neptunes* rage,
 Nor *Mars* his fury, what the turbulent Seas,
 Nor the combustious Land, that *Cethus* can :
 Hee that succeedes my brother in his rule,
 Shall first succeede in death : none that had hand
 Or voyce in his subuersion that shall stand. *Exit.*

Enter Therfites and Synon.

Ther. Well met on Land kind brother, wee are
 now

Victorious : let's be proud on't.

Syn. Thou say'st true,
 Wee are Conquerours in our basest cowardise,
 Wee had not beene here else.

Ther. Valiant *Hector*,
Achilles, *Troilus*, *Paris*, *Ajax* too,
 They are all falne, we stand.

Syn. Yes, and will stiffe
 When all the Grecian Princes that furuiue
 Are cramp't and ham-string'd.

Ther. Wast thou not sea-sicke brother ?

Syn. Horribly, and fear'd
In the rough seas to haue disgorg'd my heart,
And there to haue fed Haddocks.

Ther. Troians were fellowes
In all their fury to be parlied with :
But with the tempests, gusts, and *Furicanes*,
The warring windes, the billowes, rocks and fires
There was no talking : these few times we pray'd,
The gods would heare no reason.

Syn. Twas becaufe
The billowes with their roaring, and the winds
Did with their whistling keepe them from their
eares :

But now all's husht, could wee finde time to pray,
They might find time to heare vs.

Ther. Shall wee be
Spectators of the royall inter-view
Betwixt the King and Queene ?

Syn. Ten yeares diuorst
Should challenge a kind meeting, let's obserue
The forme and state of this Court-complement,
(Things I did neuer trade with :) Harke loud musicke
Giues warning of their comming.

Loude musicke. Enter at one doore Agamemnon,
Vlysses, Diomed, Pyrrhus, Menelaus: *Synon and*
Thersites falling into their trayne. At the other
Egistus, Clitemnestra, Cethus, Orestes, Pylades,
Hermione, Electra, &c.

Aga. Vnto our Country and our Household-gods
Wee are at length return'd, trophied with honours,
With *Troyes* subuersion and rich *Asiaes* spoyles,
This is a sacred day.

Egist. Such *Troy* had once.

Aga. Vnto the gods wel'e sacrifice.

Ceth. So *Priam* fell
Before the holy Altar.

Aga. This Citty is not *Troy*.

Ceth. Where *Hellen* treads,
I hold the place no better.

Aga. See our Queene,
Orestes and *Electra*, for our sake,
Princes of *Greece* daigne them your best salutes,
Deare *Clitemnestra*.

Clit. Royall King and Husband.

*After their salute. All the rest complement as strangers,
but especially Pyrrhus and Orestes.*

Aga. What's he that kneeles so close vnto our
Queen?

Clit. *Egistus* and your seruant.

Aga. Hee was young
When we at first set sayle from *Aulis* Gulfe,
Now growne from my remembrance; we shall finde
Fit time to search him further.

Ceth. Marke you that.

Egist. Yes, and it toucht me deepely.

Mene. Our sifter, and this young *Hermione*,
Daughter to vs and *Hellen*.

Ther. Prity puppy,
Of such a common brach.

Men. Young *Neoptolemus*,
This is the Lady promis'd you at *Troy*,
For your great seruice done there: she's your owne,
Freely imbrace her then.

Syn. I see we are like
To haue a iolly kindred.

Orest. *Pyrrhus*, inioy
Her whom I haue in contract?

Pyr. Beauteous Lady,
The great'st ambition *Pyrrhus* aymes at now,
Is how to know you farther.

Her.
Hath beene so mighty to reuenge the wrongs
Of my faire mother, can from *Hermione*
Challenge no lesse then welcome.

Orest. Oh you gods,

Pyrrhus, thou wert more safe in burning *Troy*
With horreur, fury, blood, fires, foes about thee.
Then in my fathers court.

Ceth. Another Collumne
On which to build my slaughters. Patience Prince,
This is no time for braues and Menaces,
I further shall instruct you.

Orest. I haue done.

Ther. See now the two Queenes meete, and smack
in publick,
That oft haue kist in corners.

Syn. *Thersites* ?

Thou art growne a monster, a strange thing scarce
knowne

'Mongst souldiers, wiues and daughters.

Ther. They are two sisters.

Syn. Yes, and the two King-brothers royally
Betweene them two cornuted.

Ther. We are to loud.

Dio. Princes of *Greece*, since we haue done a
duty

To see our Generall mid't his people safe,
And after many dreadfull warres abroad
In peace at home. 'Tis fit we should disperse
Vnto our feuerall Countries instantly,
I purpose for *Ætolia*, where my Queene
With longing waites my comming.

Aga. Not King *Diomed*,
Till you haue seene *Mecæna's* pompe and state
In ampliest royalty exprest at full,
Both tasted of our feasts and Princely gifts.
The faire *Ægiale*, who hath so long
Forborne your presence, will not I presume
Deny to spare you to vs some few dayes,
To adde to the yeares number, though not as Gene-
rall

Yet will I lay on you a friends command
Which must not be deny'de.

Dio. Great *Agamemnon*
 With mee was euer powerfull, I am his.
Cl. And now faire sister welcome back from
Troy,
 Be euer henceforth *Spartaes*.
Hel. Your great care
 In my enforced absence (gracious Queene)
 Exprest vnto my deare *Hermione*,
 Hath much obliged me to you. Oh my fate,
 How swift time runnes : *Orestes* growne a man,
 Whom I left in the Cradle ! Young *Electra*
 Then (as I tak't) scarce borne, and now growne ripe,
 Euen ready for an husband !
Syn. In whose absence
 If but one handsome sweet-heart come in place,
 Shee'l not turne tayle for't, if thee doe but take
 After mine old Naunt *Hellen*.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. The great and solemne preparation
 Of the Court, state and glory mighty Princes,
 Attend for you within.

Aga. All are consecrated
 Vnto your royall welcomes, enter then,
 Wee'l feast like earthy gods, or god-like men.

Loud musick. *They possesse the Stage in all state,
 Cethus stayeth behind.*

Ceth. My brayne about againe, for thou hast
 found
 New proiect now to worke on, and 'tis here,
Orestes hath receiu'd *Hermione*
 From *Clitemnestra's* hand, her foule is his,
 And hee her Genius, two combin'd in one :
 Yet thee is by the fathers Oath conferr'd
 On *Pyrhus*, which shall breede a stormy flawe

Ne're to peec't againe, but by the deaths
Of the two hopefull youths : perhaps the hazard
Of all these Kings if my reuenge strike home.
(Of that at leasure) but the bloody stage
On which to act, Generall this night is thine,
Thou lyest downe mortall, who must rise diuine.

*Enter Orestes to Cethus. Musicke and healing
within.*

Orest. Oh *Cethus* what's this musicke vnto me,
That am compos'd of discords ? what are healths
To him that is struck heart-sicke ? all those ioyes
Whose leaders seeme to pierce against the roofes
Of these high structures, to him that is struck
downe

Halfe way below the Center ?

Ceth. Were you lower,
Yet here's a hand can rayse you, deeper cast
Then to the lowest Abisme : It lyes in me
To aduance you to the height of happinesse,
Where you shall liue eternif'd from the reach
Of any humane malice.

Orest. Hadst thou seene
Her, in whose breast my heart was paradif'd,
Kist, courted, and imbrac'd.

Ceth. By *Pyrhus*.

Orest. Him :
What passionate and insidiating lookes
Hee cast on her, as if in scorne of me :
Shall hee inioy my birth-right, or inherite
Where I am heire apparant ? shall he vsurpe,
Or pleade my interest, where I am possesst ?
Rule where I raigne ? where I am stated, sit ?
Braue me in my peculiar Soueraignty ?

Ceth. Hee must not, shall not.

Orest. Show mee to depose
The proud Vsurper then.

Ceth. Prince, make't my charge.

In the meanetime, from your distracted front,
 Exile all discontent, let not least rage
 Raigne in your eye, or harshnesse in your tongue,
 Smooth waters are still deep't : waite on the King,
 And be no stranger to your mothers eye,
 Or forraigne to your Kindred : the feast spent,
 And night with it : the morrow shall beget
 Proiect of more import (scarce thought on now.)

Orest. I build vpon thy Counsell. *Exit Orestes.*

Ceth. Which hath proou'd,
 Fixt as a rocke, still constant, and vnmoou'd.

Enter Egistus.

Egist. What *Cethus* here? why no such matter
 now
 No cause of feare, or least suspicion.

Ceth. Your reason?

Egist. Tush, presume it, we are safe.

Ceth. Obserue it, they are still securest, whom
 The Diuell driues to ruine.

Egist. Harke, their healths
 Carrowfing to the Generals Victories,
 In all their heate of ioy, and fire of wine,
 No sparke of iealously, all th' Argument
 Of their discourse, what they haue done at *Troy*.
 Still health on health, and the great Generall
 So farre from seeming to haue least distaste,
 That in all affable tearmes hee courts his Queene,
 Nay more, cuts off all banquet Ceremonies,
 To hasten his bed-pleasures, as if times distance
 Betwixt his boord and pallade, seemed more tedious
 Then all his Ten yeares siege.

Ceth. Goe, lost man,
 Sinke on firm ground, be shipwrackt in a Calme.
 These healths are to your ruines, his reuenge :
 Hath not *Egistus* read of a disease
 Where men dye laughing : others that haue drunke
 Poyson in steed of Cordials, perish so ?

To dye tis nothing, since tis all mens due :
But wretchedly to suffer, fall vnpittied,
Vnpittied ? nay derided, mockt, and curst :
To dye as a base Traytor, and a Thiefe,
The adulterator of his Soueraignes bed,
The poyson of the *Atrides* family,
And scandall of his issue, so to dye ?

Egi. *Egistus* will preuent, he by this hand
Must fall, 'fore whom all *Asia* could not stand.

Ceth. The banquet is broke vp, sleep calls to rest,
And mid-nights houre for murther, still shoves best.

Exit.

Loud musicke. Enter *Egistus* with his sword drawne,
hideth himselfe in the chamber behind the Bed-cur-
taines : all the Kings come next in, conducting the
Generall and his Queene to their Lodging, and
after some complement leaue them, euery one with
torches ushered to their severall chambers, &c.

Aga. Methinkes this night, we *Clitemnestra* meete,
At a new bridall ; all Attendants leaue vs,
Wee now are onely for bed-priuacies.

Cli. Great sir, I that so long haue bin your wid-
dow,
Will be this night your hand-mayde.

Aga. You told me, Queene,
Orestes was a cunning horse-man growne :
It pleasde me much to heare it.

Cli. Greece reports
No Centare can ride better.

Aga. And young *Electra*,
In all th' indowments that may best become
A Princeesse of her breeding, most compleate.

Cli. It was in your long absence, all my care
(Being my charge) that you at your returne
Might finde them to your wishes.

Aga. Thankes for that.

Cli. How cunningly he seemes to carry it !

But we must finde preuention.

Aga. Who's without there?

Cli. Why started you?

Aga. Not all the *Asian* Legions, no not *Hector*
Arm'd with his bals of wild-fire, had the power
To shake me like this tremor: Is our Pallace
Lesse safe in *Greece*, amidst our subiects here,
Then were our Tents in *Asia*?

Cli. Where, if not here in *Clitemnestraes* armes,
Can safety dwell?

Aga. And faire Queene, it should be so.

Cli. But why sir cast you such suspicious eyes
About your Chamber? are wee not alone?
Or will you to the priuate sweetes of night,
Call tell tale witnesse?

Aga. Now tis gone awayne. Shall we to rest?

Cli. So please you royall Sir.

Aga. How hard this Doune feeles, like a monu-
ment

Cut out of marble. Beds resemble Graues,
And these me-thinkes appeare like winding sheetes,
Prepar'd for corfes.

Cli. Oh how ominously
Doe you presage: you much affright me sir
In this our long-wisht meeting.

Aga. All's shooke off,
I now am arm'd for pleasure: you commended
Late one *Egistus* to me, prithee Queene
Of what condition is he?

Egist. Tyrant this.

Cli. And I am thus his second.

*They both wound him, at which there is a greate
thunder crack.*

Aga. Treason, murder, Treason:
This shoves, we Princes are no more then men.
Thanks *Ioue*, tis fit when Monarches fall by
Treason,
Thunder to all the world, would shew some reason.
he dies.

Egi. The deede is done, lets flye to some strong
Cittadell,
For our more safety.

Cli. Hee thus made diuine :
Now my *Egistus*, I am foly thine. *Exeunt.*

*A noyse of uproare within. Enter all the Kings with
other Seruants halfe vnready, as newly started
from their Beds. Orestes, Hermione, Pillades,
Electra, &c.*

Mene. What strange tumultuous noyse is this fo
late,
'To rouse vs from our beds ?

Pyr. Prodigious fure,
Since 'tis confirm'd by Thunder.

Orest. In mine eares
Did neuer found seeme halfe so terrible.

Hel. Nor to your eyes, as this sad obiect is,
See great *Atrides* groueling.

Ceth. What damn'd Villaine
Was auther of this proiect ?

Omnes. Horrid fight.

Ore. Rest you amazed all, as thunder struke,
And without sence or motion Apoplext,
And onely heare me speake : *Orestes*, he
Who as if marbled by *Medusæes* head,
Hath not one teare to fall, or sigh to spend,
'Till I finde out the murderer, and on him
Infliekt remarkable vengeance : for I vowe
Were it my father, brother, or his Queene,
Hadst thou my weeping sister hand in it.
If hee ? whom equall, (if not rankt aboue)
I euer did, and shall loue *Pylades* ?
Wert she whose wombe did beare me, where I lay
Full nine moneths bedded ere I saw the Sunne,
Or the most abiekt Traytor vnder Heauen,
Their doomes were all alike, and this I vowe.
Now you whom this silent and speechlesse King

Hath oft commanded, this now fencelesse braine
 As oft directed, this now strengthlesse hand
 More oft protected in a warre, that shall
 Be to all times example : Lend your shoulders
 To beare him, who hath kept you all in life,
 This is a blacke and mourning funerall right,
 Deedes of this nature must be thoroughly searcht,
 Nay be reueng'd : the gods haue sayd tis good,
 The morning Sunne shall rise and blush in blood.

*They beare him off with a sad and funerall
 march, &c.*

Explicit Actus quartus.

Actus Quintus : Scæna prima.

Enter Pyrrhus, Hermione, Therfites, and Synon.

Pyr. Sweete Lady, can you loue ?

Her. Forbeare my Lord,

Can such a thing as loue be once nam'd here,
 Where euery Marble that supports this roofe,
 In emulation doth vye teares with vs ?
 Nay where the wounds of such a mighty King
 Haue yet scarce bled their last.

Pyr. Tush faire *Hermione*,

These fights that seeme to Ladies terrible,
 Are common to vs souldiers ; when from field return-
 ing

All smear'd in blood, where Dukes and Kings lie
 flaine,

Yet in our Tents at mid-night it frights not vs
 From courting a sweete Mistresse.

Syn. Hee sayth right,
And note of this how I can poetise :
This his great father of his Loue desir'd,
When from the slaughter of his foes retyr'd
Hee doft his Cufhes and vnarm'd his head,
To tumble with her on a foft day bed :
It did reioyce *Brifeis* to imbrace
His bruifed armes, and kiffe his blood-ftain'd face.
Thefe hands which he fo often did imbrew
In blood of warlike *Troians* whom hee flew,
Were then imploy'd to tickle, touch and feele,
And shake a Lance that had no print of fteele.

Ther. Continue in that veine, I'll feed thy Mufe
With Crafh, Praunes and Lobfters.

Her. You brought thefe of purpofe to abuſe mee.

Pyr. Peace *Therſites*,
And *Synon* you no more.

Syn. Wee ſee by *Agamemnon* all are mortall,
And I but ſlew his niece *Hermione*
The way of all fleſh.

Ther. Tis an eaſie path,
(The Mother and the Aunt haue troad it both)
If thee haue wit to follow.

Enter Vlyſſes, Menelaus, Diomed *with others.*

Mene. If it be ſo, *Egiſtus* is a traytor,
And thee no more our ſiſter.

Vlyf. Tis not poſſible
A Queene of her high birth and parentage
Should haue ſuch baſe hand in her husbands death,
Her husband and her ſoueraigne.

Dio. Double treaſon,
Could it be proou'd againſt her.

Men. It appeares
So farre againſt humanity and nature
We dare not once ſuſpect it, but till prooſe
Explaine it further, hold it in ſuſpence.

Vlyf. Oh but their ſuddaine flight and fortifying.

Mene. These are indeed presumptions, but leaue that

To a most strict inquiry euen for reuerence
Of Maiesty and Honour to all Queenes,
For loue of vs because shee was our sister,
Both for *Orestes* and *Electra's* sake
Whose births are branded in so foule a deede,
Till wee examine further circumstances
Spare your feuerer censures.

Vlif. Tis a businesse
That least concernes vs, but for Honours sake
And that hee was our Generall.

Mene. What, princely *Pyrhus* courting our faire daughter?

Her. Yes sir, but in a time vnseasonable
Euen as the suite it selfe is.

Mene. All delayes
Shall be cut off and she be swayd by vs.
These Royall Princes ere they leaue *Mycene*,
Shall see these nuptiall rights solemnized,
Wee keepe our faith with *Pyrhus*.

Pyr. Wee our voves
As constant to the bright *Hermione*,
First see the royall Generall here interr'd
And buried like a souldier, 'tis his due :
To question of his death concernes not vs,
Wee leaue it to Heauens iustice and reunge.
The rights perform'd with faire *Hermione*,
Then to our feuerall Countries each man post,
Captaines disperse still when the General's lost.

Exeunt.

Enter Cethus, Orestes, and Pylades, disguis'd.

Ore. *Egistus*? and our Mother?

Ceth. Am I *Cethus*,
Are you *Orestes*, and this *Pyllades*,
So sure they were his murderers : this disguise
Will suite an act of death, full to the life

Hee stands vpon a strict and secure guard,
I haue plotted your admittance, it will take
Doubt not, it cannot fayle, I haue cast it so.

Ore. As sent from *Menelaus*?

Ceth. Whose name else

Can breake through such strong guards, where feare
and guilt

Keepe hourelly watch?

Ore. It is enough, I haue't,

And thou the faithful'st of all friends deare *Pillades*,
Doe but assist mee in my vowed reuenge
And inioy faire *Electra*.

Pyl. Next your friendship

Is the prise I ayme at, I am yours.

Ceth. What slip you time and opportunity,
Or looke you after dreames?

Ore. I am a wake.

And to fend them to their eternall sleepe.

In expedition there is still successe,

In all delays defect: the traytor dyes

Were hee in league with all the destinies.

Exe. Pilad. Orest.

Ceth. And tis a fruitfull yeare for villany,

And I a thriuing Farmer. In this interim

I haue more plots on foote: King *Menelaus*

I haue incenc'd against proud *Diomed*,

Pyrhus against *Orestes*, hee 'gainst him,

Vlysses without parrallell for wit

Against them all: so that the first combustion

Shall burne them vp to ashes. Oh *Palamides*,

So deare was both thy loue and memory,

Not *Hellen* by her whoredome caus'd more blood

Streaming from Princes breasts, then *Cethus* shall

(Brother) for thine vntimely funerall.

Exit.

Enter Egistus, Clitemnestra with a strong guard.

Egist. Let none presume to dare into our prefence

Or passe our guard, but such well knowne to vs

And to our Queene.

Guard. The charge hath past vs round.

Egist. When finnes of such hye nature 'gainst vs
rise,

Tis fit wee should be kept with heedfull eyes.

Cli. Prefume it my *Egistus*, we are safe,
The Fort wherein we liue impregnable :
Or say we were surpris'd by stratagem,
Or should expose our liues vnto the censure
Of Law and Iustice, euen in these extreames
There were not the least feare of difficulty.

Egist. Your reason Madam.

Cli. Whom doth this concerne
But our owne blood ? should *Pyrhus* grow inrag'd,
I haue at hand my neece *Hermione*
To calme his fury : what doth this belong to
Vlysses, or *Ætolian Diomed* ?
Are they not strangers ? If it come in question
By *Menelaus*, is hee not our brother ?
Our sister *Hellen* in his bosome sleeps,
And can with him doe all things, feare not then,
Wee are euery way secure.

Egist. Oh but *Orestes*
His ey's to mee like lightning, and his arme
Vp heau'd thus, shewes like *Ioues* thunder-bolt
Aym'd against lust and murder.

Cli. Hee's our sonne,
The filiall duty that's hereditary
Vnto a mother's name preuents these feares :
Elestra's young, and childish *Pilades*
Swai'd by his friend : It rests, could we but worke
Hellen and *Menelaus* to our faction,
Egistus should be staid in *Mycene*,
Wee liue his Queene and Bride.

Egist. Feare's still suspicious.

Enter one of the guard.

Guard. A Letter fir.

Egi. From whence ?

Guard. Tis superscrib'd from the great *Spartae's* King,

And the Queene *Hellen*.

Egi. Who the messenger ?

Guard. Two Gentlemen who much importune you

For speedy answer.

Egi. Bidde them waite without,

Now fates proue but propitious, then my kingdome

I shall presume establish't.

Cli. There's no feare,

Orestes once remoou'd, and that's my charge

Either by sword or poyson.

Egi. See faire Queene,

Reade what your brother writes, by this we are

Eternis'd in our happinesse, and our liues

Rooted in sweete security.

The Queene reads.

Cli. Wee not suspect you in our brothers death,

A deede too base for any Noble brest.

Therefore in this necessity of state,

And knowing in this forced vacancy

So great a kingdome cannot want a guide :

The soueraignty we thought good to conferre

On *Clitemnestra*, or what substitute

Shee in her best discretion shall thinke fit,

The vnited Kings of *Greece* haue thus decreed.

Your brother Menelaus.

Egisl. We are happied euer.

Cli. A ioy ratified,

And subiect to no change.

Egisl. Call in the messengers,

Orestes and *Electra* once remoou'd,

Wee haue no riuall, no competitor,
Therefore no iealousie at all.

Cli. None, none.

The gods haue with these Kings of *Greece* agreed
In his supplanting and instating thee,
Thee my most deare *Egistus*.

Orestes and Pyllades disguised are conducted in.

Egist. You the men?

Ore. Those, whom the *Spartan* King made special
choice of

To trust this great affaire with.

Egist. And y'are welcome,
But are you men of action. such I meane,
As haue beene Souldiers bred, whose eyes inur'd
To slaughter and combustions : at the like
Would not change face, or tremble ?

Pil. They that to see
Legges, armes, and heads strowed on *Scamander*
Plaine,

Kings by the common souldiers flew'd in goare,
And three parts hid with their imboweld Steedes,
Shadowing their mangled bodies from the Sunne,
As if aboue the earth to bury them :

They that to see an *Asian* Potentate
Kil'd at the holy Altar, his owne blood
Mixt with his sonnes and daughters, Towers de-
molisht

Crushing whole thousands, of each sexe and age
Beneath their ruines : and these horrid fights
Lighted by scathe-fires, they that haue beheld
These and more dreadfull obiects ; can their eyes
Moue at a private slaughter ?

Cli. Y'are for vs,
Will you for hire, for fauor, or aduancement,
(Now warres are done) to be made great in Court,
And vndertake that one man easily spar'd

Amongst so many millions (now suruiuing)
That such a creature, no way necessary
But a meere burden to the world wee liue in,
Hee might no longer liue ?

Ore. But name the man,
And as I loue *Egistus*, honour you
And al that glory in such noble deeds,
Be what hee will ; hee's lost.

Egist. *Orestes*, then ?

Ore. Is there none then the world so well may
spare
As young *Orestes* ? Hee to doe't ?

Hee kills Egistus, first discouering himselfe.

Egist. Vaine world farewell,
My hopes withall, no building long hath flood
Whose sleight foundation hath bin layd in blood.

Cli. I'le dye vpon his bosome.

Ore. Secure the Fort my deare friend *Pillades*,
And to your vtmost pacifie the guard :
Tell them we are *Orestes* and their Prince,
And what wee did was to reuenge the death
Of their dead Lord and Soueraigne.

Pil. Sir i'le doe't.

Exit.

Cli. Oh mee, that thinking to haue catcht at
Heauen,
Am plung'd into an hell of misery.
Egistus dead ? what comfort can I haue,
One foote Inthron'd, the tother in the graue.

Ore. Can you find teares for such an abiect
Groome,
That had not for an husband one to shed ?
Oh monstrous, monstrous woman ! is this carrion,
Is this dead Dog, (Dog said I ?) nay what's worfe,
Worthy the sigh or mourning of a Queene,
When a King lies vnpittied ?

Cli. Thou a sonne ?

Ore. The name I am asham'd of : oh *Agamemnon*,

How sacred is thy name and memory !
 Whose acts shall fill all forraigne Chronicles
 With admiration, and most happy hee
 That can with greatest Art but booke thy deeds :
 Yet whilst this rottennesse, this gangreen'd flesh
 Whose carkas is as odious as his name
 Shall stinking lie, able to breede a Pest,
 Hee with a Princeesse teares to be imbalm'd,
 And a King lie neglected ?

Cli. Bastard.

Ore. If I be,
 Damn'd be the whore my Mother, I, I am sure
 Nor my dead father had no hand in it.

Cli. Oh that I could but lengthen out my
 yeares
 Onely to spend in curses.

Ore. Vpon whom ?

Cli. On whom but thee for my *Egistus* death ?

Ore. And I could wish my selfe a *Neflors* age
 To curse both him and thee for my dead father.

Cli. Dost thou accuse mee for thy fathers
 death ?

Ore. Indeede 'twould ill become me being a
 sonne,

But were I sure it were so, then I durst ;
 Nay, more then that, reuenge it.

Cli. Vpon mee ?

Ore. Were all the mothers of the earth in one,
 All Empresses and Queenes cast in one mould,
 And I vnto that one a onely sonne,
 My sword should rauish that incestuous breast
 Of nature, and of state.

Cli. I am as innocent of that blacke deede,
 As was this guiltlesse Gentleman here dead.

Orest. Oh all you powers of Heauen I inuocate,
 And if you will not heare me, let Hell do't :
 Giue me some signe from eyther feinds or angell,
 I call you both as testates.

Enter the Ghost of Agamemnon, poynting vnto his wounds : and then to Egistus and the Queene, who were his murderers, which done, hee vanisheth.

Godlike shape,
Haue you (my father) left the Elizium fieldes,
Where all the ancient Heroes liue in blisse,
To bring your selfe that sacred testimony,
To crowne my approbation : Lady see.

Cli. See what ? thy former murder makes thee mad.

Orest. Rest Ghost in peace, I now am satisfied,

And neede no further witnesse : saw you nothing ?

Cli. What should I see saue this sad spectacle,
Which blood-shootes both mine eyes.

Orest. And nothing else ?

Cli. Nothing.

Orest. Mine eyes are clearer sighted then, and see

Into thy bosome. Murtheresse.

Cli. How ?

Orest. Incestuous strumpet, whose adulteries,
When Treason could not hide, thou thoughtst to couer,

With most inhumane murder.

Cli. Meaning vs ?

Orest. Then, monster, thou didst first instruct mine hand,

How to write blood, when being a Wife and Queene,
Thou kildst a King and husband, and hast taught
Mee being a sonne, how to destroy a mother.

He wounds her.

Cli. Oh most vnnaturall.

Orest. That I learnt of thee.

Cli. Vnheard of cruelty, but heauens are iust,
And all remarkeable finnes punish with marke,
One mischiefe still another doth beget,
Adultery murder : I am lost, vndone.

Shee dyes.

Orest. Being no wife, *Orestes* is no sonne.

Enter Cethus and Pillades with the guard.

Pil. The guard all stand for you, acknowledging
Orestes Prince and King.

Orest. I now am neither.

Ceth. What obieſt's this? Queene *Clitemneſtra*
ſlaine?

Pil. I hope no ſonnes hand in't.

Orest. *Orestes* did it,
The other title's loſt.

Ceth. All my plots take
Beyond my apprehenſion.

Pil. This is an age
Of nothing but portents and prodigies.

Orest. The fathers hand as deepe was in her
death

As was the ſonnes, hee pointed, and I ſtrooke:
Was hee not then as vnkind to a Wife,
As I was to a Mother?

Pil. Oh my friend,
What haue you done?

Orest. There is a *Plafma*, or deepe pit
Juſt in the Center fixt for Parricides,
I'l keepe my Court there, and *Erinnis*, ſhee
In ſtead of *Hebe*, ſhall attend my Cup,
Charon the Ferri-man of Hell ſhall bee
My *Ganimed*.

Pil. The Prince is ſure diſtracted.

Ceth. New proieſt ſtill for me.

Orest. I'le haue a guard of Furies which ſhall
light mee

Vnto my nuptiall bed with funerall Teades,
The fatall ſiſters ſhall my hand-maides bee,
And waite vpon the faire *Hermione*,

Ceth. *Hermione*? ſhee is betroth'd to *Pyrhus*,
And (mourning for your abſence) all the way
Vnto the Temple ſhee will ſtrowe with teares.

Orest. Ha? *Pyrhus* rape my deare *Hermione*?
 Hee that shall dare to interpose my purpose,
 Or crosse mee in mine Hymineall rights,
 I'll make him lie as flat on the cold earth
 As doth this hound *Egistus*.

Ceth. And I would so.

Orest. Would? nay I will, his father woare a
 simocke,
 And in that shape rap't *Deiadamia*.
 Hee shall not vse my Loue so, oh my Mother;
 Friend take that object hence.

Ceth. But you *Hermione*.

Orest. My hand's yet deepe in blood, but to the
 wrist,
 It shall be to the elbowe: gods, nor men,
 Angels, nor Furies shall my rage withstand,
 Not the graue Honour of th' assembled Kings,
 Not Reuerence of the Altar, nor the Priest;
 No superstition shall my fury slay,
 Till *Pyrhus* from the earth be swept away. *Exit.*

Ceth. *Pillades* attend your friend.

Pil. Hee's all my charge,
 My life and his are twinnes.

Ceth. Their mines are countermin'd, *Cethus*, thy
 fall
 Is either plotted, or to blowe vp all. *Exit.*

Enter Synon and Therfites.

Syn. My head akes brother.

Ther. What a batchiler,
 And troubled with the *Spartan* Kings disease?

Syn. No, there's a wedding breeding in my
 braine,
Pyrhus the Bride-groome: thou strange creature wo-
 man,

To what may I compare thee?

Ther. Canst thou deuise ought bad inough?

Syn. Tis sayd they looke like Angels, and of light ;

But for the most part, such light Angels prooue,
Ten hundred thousand of their honesties
Will scarce weigh eleauen Dragmaes.

Ther. *Clitemnestra*,
And *Hellen* for example.

Syn. Young *Hermione*
Hath face from both.

Ther. The sharpe shrewes nose, they ha'te hereditary.

Syn. *Thersites*, I commend that fellowes wit
Proffred a wife young, beautifull and rich,
Onely one fault she had, she wanted braine :
Who answered in a creature of that sexe,
I nere desire more wisedome, then to know
Her husbands bed from anothers.

Ther. I commend him,
But tis not in th' *Atrides* family,
To finde out such a woman.

An Altar set foorth. Enter Pyrrhus leading Hermione as a bride, Menelaus, Vlisses, Diomed. A great trayne, Pyrrhus and Hermione kneele at the altar.

Syn. See now the sacred nuptiall rights proceede,

The Priests prepare the Alter.

Pyr. *Hymen* to whom my vowes I consecrate
As all my loue. To thee *Hermione*,
Whom in the prefence of these Argiue Kings,
I heare contract, be thou auspicious to vs :
This flamming substitute to *Saturnes* sonne,
Within whose sacred Temple wee are rooft,
And before all these high Celestiall gods
And goddeses, in whose eyes now we kneele :
Especially you *Iuno* Queene of marriage,

And faire *Lucina*, who haue child-births charge,
Your fauours I inuoeake : Let your chaste fires
Drye vp this Virgins teares : make her so fruitfull
That in her issue great *Achilles* name
And fame withall, may liue eternally.
Proceede Priest to your other Ceremonies.

*Enter Orestes, Cethus, and Pilades, with the guard,
all their weapons drawne, Orestes runnes at
Pyrhus.*

Orest. *Priam* before the holy Alter fell,
Before the Alter bid thy life farwell :
Rescue *Hermione*.

Pyr. *Achilles* some
Cannot reuengelesse dye, then witnesse all,
Blood must flow high where such great Princes fal.

Pil. *Orestes* is in danger.

Mene. Saue Prince *Pyrhus*.

Cethus whispers with Diomed.

Ceth. This plot was layd
Both for your life and Kingdome.

Dio. *Menelaus* : shall neuer beare it so.

Vlyf. *Fy Therfites*,
Thy sword against me.

Ther. Curse vpon all whoores.

*A confused scuffle, in which Orestes kils Pyrrhus : Pyr-
hus, Orestes : Cethus wounds Pillades, Diomed,
Menelaus, Vlyffes, Therfites, &c. All fall dead
saue Vlyffes, who beareth thence Hermione : Which
done, Cethus riseth vp from the dead bodies and
speakes.*

Ceth. What all asleepe ? and are these gossiping
tongues,
That boasted nought saue Warre and Victory,
Now mute and silent ? Oh thou vgly rogue,
Where's now thy rayling ? and thou parracide,

Thy madnesse is now tam'd, thou need'st no
 chaines
 To bring thee to thy wits, darknesse hath don't.
 This *Diomed*? who dar'd to encounter *Mars*,
 And sayd to wound faire *Venus* in the hand :
 Where's your valour now? *Ægiale*,
 Vnlesse (as some say) she be better stor'd,
 Is like to lye without a bed-fellow :
 Rife *Pillades*, and helpe to wake thy friend,
 What doth your friendship sleepe now? *Menelaus*
Hellen's with a new sweete-heart ith' next roome,
 Wilt thou still be a Cuckold? winke at errors
 As pandors do and wittoles? *Cethus* now
 Be crown'd in Hystory for a reuenge,
 Which in the former World wants president :
 Methinks, as when the Giants warr'd 'gainst heauen,
 And dar'd for primacy with *Ioue* himselte :
 Hee darting 'gainst their mountaines thunder-bolts,
 Which shattred them to peeces : the warre done,
 I like the great Olimpicke *Iupiter*,
 Walke ore my ruines, tread vpon my spoyles
 With maiesty, I pace vpon this floore
 Pau'd with the trunks of Kings and Potentates,
 For what lesse could haue fated my reuenge?
 This arch-rogue falne amongst them? he whose
 eies
 Had the preposterous vertue to fire *Troy*,
 Now is thy blacke soule for thy periuries
 Swimming in red damnation.

*Synon who had before counterfeited death, riseth vp, and
 answereth.*

Syn. Sir, not yet,
 All pollicies liue not in *Cethus* brayne,
Synon hath share, and know if thou hast craft,
 I haue referu'd some cunning : see my body
 Free and vntoucht from wounds.

Ceth. Speake, shall we then

Diuide these dead betwixt vs, and both liue ?

Syn. If two Sunnes cannot shine within one
spheare,

Then why should two arch-villaines ? thou hast discovered

Proiects almost beyond me, and for which

I haue ingroft a mortall enuy here,

I will be sole, or none.

Ceth. Cease then to be,

That I may liue without Competitor.

Cause *Synons* name be rac'd out of the World,

And onely mine remembred.

Syn. Thine's but frailty,

My fame shall be immortall : made more glorious

In treading vpon thee, as thou on these ;

Stoope thou my Vnderling.

Ceth. I still shall stand

Rooted.

They fight and kill one another.

Syn. And yet cut downe by *Synons* hand.

Ceth. I am now dust like these.

Syn. One single fight

Ends him, who millions ruin'd in one night.

Enter Hellena, Electra, and Hermione.

Her. Can you behold this slaughter ?

Hel. Yes, and dye

At sight of it : for why should *Hellen* liue ?

Hellen the cause of all these Princes deaths ;

Cease to lament, reach me my Glasse *Hermione*,

Sweet Orphant do ; thy fathers dead already,

Nor will the fates lend thee a mother long.

Enter Hermione with a looking glasse, then exit.

Thankes, and so leaue me. Was this wrinkled forehead

When 'twas at best, worth halfe so many liues ?

Where is that beauty? liues it in this face
 Which hath fet two parts of the World at warre,
 Beene ruine of the *Asian* Monarchy,
 And almost this of *Europe*? this the beauty,
 That launch'd a thousand ships from *Aulis* gulfe?
 In such a poore repurchase, now decayde?
 See fayre ones, what a little Time can doe;
 Who that confiders when a seede is sowne,
 How long it is ere it appeare from th' earth,
 Then ere it stalke, and after ere it blade,
 Next ere it spread in leaues, then bud, then flower:
 What care in watring, and in weeding tooke,
 Yet crop it to our vse: the beauties done,
 And smel: they scarce last betwixt Sunne and
 Sunne.

Then why should these my blastings still suruiue,
 Such royall ruines: or I longer liue,
 Then to be termed *Hellen* the beautifull.
 I am growne old, and Death is ages due,
 When Courtiers sooth, our glasses will tell true.
 My beauty made me pittied, and still lou'd,
 But that decay'd, the worlds assured hate
 Is all my dowre, then *Hellen* yeeld to fate,
 Here's that, my foule and body must diuide,
 The guerdon of Adultery, Lust, and Pride.

She strangles herselfe.

Enter Vlyffes.

Vlyf. In thee they are punish't: of all these
 Princes,
 And infinite numbers that opposed *Troy*,
 And came in *Hellens* quarrell (saue my selfe)
 Not one suruiues, (thanks to the immortall powers)
 And I am purpos'd now to acquire by Sea,
 My Kingdome and my deare *Penelope*,
 And since I am the man soly refer'd,
 Accept me for the Authors Epilogue.
 If hee haue beene too bloody? tis the Story,

Truth claimes excuse, and seekes no further glory,
Or if you thinke he hath done your patience wrong
(In tedious Sceanes) by keeping you so long,
Much matter in few words, hee bad me say
Are hard to expresse, that lengthned out his Play.

Explicit Actus quintus.

*Here ends the whole History of the
destruction of Troy.*

F I N I S.



NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Golden and Silver Ages were printed for the Shakespeare Society in 1851, with an Introduction and Notes by Mr. Payne Collier. A promise was held out that the *Brazen* and *Iron Ages* should follow ; but this has never been fulfilled. The design which the Author entertained, but was never able to carry out, of collecting the five plays into one volume, is therefore now accomplished for the first time.

PAGE I.

*The Golden Age ; or the lives of Jupiter and Saturne,
with the deifying of the Heathen Gods.*

Some copies of the original quarto have "defining ;" and this ridiculous blunder has been perpetuated by Mr. Collier, who seems only to have consulted a single copy. It is a fact well-known to students of the Elizabethan drama that different copies of the same edition of a play often contain important variations in the text. The present reprint has been made from one copy, and corrected by two others.

The absurdity of the error in question, and the obviousness of the correct reading sufficiently appear in the two opening lines of Homer's first speech, with which the play begins :

" The Gods of *Greece*, whose deities I rais'd
Out of the earth, gaue them diuinity," &c.

PAGE 12.

*to make your Craers and Barkes
To passe huge streames in safety*

A *cray*, *crayer*, or *crare*, is a small ship or craft of burden. The word occurs in *Cymbeline*, on which see Mr. Collier's note in his Shakespeare, vol. viii. 220.

PAGE 14.

*Or else all generative power and appetite
Deprive me :*

i.e., take away from me. "Deprive" is used in this sense by many other authors of the time. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid in the Mill* (act iv. sc. 3) is a line of a similar construction to that in our text—

"But hung at the ear, *deprives* our own sight."

In the first act of *Hamlet*, and by Heywood himself in the fifth act of this play, the word is used in its ordinary modern acceptation.

PAGE 16.

Enter Sibilla lying in child-bed.

Saturn and all his followers go out, and then the scene, in the simplicity of our early stage, is supposed to represent Sibylla's chamber, a bed, no doubt, with the mother in it, having been thrust upon the stage for the purpose. So in *A Woman killed with Kindness* (vol. II. p. 154) we have "Enter Mrs. Frankford, *in her bed*." Near the end of Act IV. of the play before us occurs a curious and apposite stage-direction, where the four Bel-dams draw Danae, in her bed, upon the stage, and afterwards leave her, as if she were in her chamber. The bed is afterwards withdrawn, with Jupiter and Danae in it.

PAGE 19.

*We'll send the King, and with such forged griefe,
And counterfet sorrow shadow it.*

Mr. Collier points out that the metre of the second line is evidently defective, and suggests "counterfeited" as probably the

correct reading ; though he has not ventured to introduce this emendation into the text.

PAGE 20.

Lend me your hands to guide me on your way.

Mr. Collier reads "the way" and suggests "my way" as an alternative reading. We are by no means sure that he is right in either.

PAGE 23.

we by the helpe

Of these his people, haue confin'd him hence.

i.e., driven him from these confines.

PAGE 29.

Enter Iupiter like a Nymph, or a Virago.

A virago, in the time of Heywood and earlier, was a term used to denote a masculine-looking woman : it now generally means a woman who brings her masculine qualities into action. [See the following Note.]

PAGE 30.

And for my stature, I am not yet of that Giant size, but I may passe for a bona Roba, a Rounceual, a Virago, or a good manly Lasse.

A *bona roba* was a very common term for a woman of the town. (See notes to Chapman, vol. I. p. 344.) A rounceval must have meant a sort of female warrior ; perhaps from Roncesvalles, where Orlando was defeated and killed. Coles makes *rounceval* equivalent to *virago*.

PAGE 31.

You neuer shall with hated man attone,

i.e., agree, or be at one with him.

PAGE 37.

Whilst I the foes of Tylan pash and kill.

The verb *to pash* means to strike down and break to pieces, and in this sense it occurs in many authors of Heywood's time. Thus Marlowe in his *Tamburlane* has these lines :—

“ Zabina, mother of three braver boys
Than Hercules, that in his infancy
Did *pash* the jaws of serpents venomous.”

It occurs again in *The Silver Age*, in several places.

PAGE 41.

This Gigomantichia be eternis'd

Qy, *Gigantomachia*? unless we are to suppose that Enceladus in spite of his superhuman strength, was no “schollard,” and mispronounced the word!

PAGE 43.

On thee the basis of my hopes I erect.

Mr. Collier suggests “rest” as the word probably written by the poet; and as suiting the measure better, and the sense at least as well.

Ib.

Hyperion and Ægeon with the rest.

Here we see Heywood, though well read, accenting *Hyperion* as repeatedly by Shakespeare, and by better scholars than either.

PAGE 46.

I haue done my message so cleanly, that they cannot Jay, the messenger is be-reau'd of any thing, &c.

Mr. Collier suggests that perhaps we ought to read *berayed*, in the old sense of the word, instead of “bereaved.”

PAGE 48.

d'on *your armes*

So etymologically printed in the old copy ; but generally *do on* is reduced to one word, *don*, without any apostrophe. In the same way, doff is d'off, or do off.

PAGE 52.

let all raryeties

*Showre downe from heauen a lardges, that these bridals
May excede mortall pompe.*

Mr. Payne Collier reads "let all *the deities*," &c., and he calls the reading of the old copy nonsense. I am not at all sure that he is right in this emendation, for see page 56, where Jupiter says :—

"all our Court *rarities*

Lye open to your royal't entertainment.

Ib.

corfiue

Worse then the throwes of child-birth.

i.e. *corrosive*, as in *The Thracian Wonder* (act I, sc. 2) :—

"Think what a *corfiue* it would prove to me."

PAGE 59.

Thy durance here

Is without limit endlesse.

The old copies read "with;" but the emendation is so obviously required both by sense and metre that I have ventured to introduce it into the text.

PAGE 60.

As I can beare a packe, so I can beare a braine.

"To bear a brain" was a proverbial expression. It appears by Henslowe's Diary, p. 155, that Dekker wrote a play in 1599, with the title of "Bear a Brain."

PAGE 62.

looking vpon three feuerall iewels.

Mr. Collier reads "their." "Three," he says, "must be a misprint, as Jupiter has, at all events, given them *four* several jewels—one to each."

PAGE 71.

Farewell good Minevers.

Possibly the Beldams wore *minever*, a species of fur, on their dresses; or perhaps the Clown calls them after the name of a well-known character.—COLLIER.

PAGE 72.

Faire Læda daughter to King Tyndarus.

She was the *wife* of Tyndarus, and daughter of Thespius. Heywood is elsewhere not always quite correct in his mythology.

PAGE 75.

Our eyes halfe buried in our quechy plots.

Quechy, or queachy, which may have some relation to *queasy*, is an old word for wet, marshy, swampy.

Ib.

*And Saturne shall to after ages be
That harre, that shall infuse dull melancholy.*

As he had previously prophesied, *suprà* p. 16 :—

*"Saturns disturbance to the world shall be
That planet that infuseth melancholy."*

PAGE 87.

If I can proue by witnesse that rude practise

Mr. Collier (very unnecessarily, we think) alters "I" to *you*.

PAGE 89.

Or is he of that flauish sufferance.

Other copies read "*suggisht* sufferance."

PAGE 89.

*to see thee die
My settled loue will not endure: but worſe
Then death can bee, we doome thy insolence;*

Here Mr. Collier's note only ſerves to darken and confuſe what is perfectly intelligible. "The meaning," he ſays, "is not very clear; but taking 'doom' as it ſtands in the old copy, to be the true reading,' [who that reads the context and the previous ſpeech can doubt it?]' it ſeems to be, 'We doom thy insolence to what can be worſe than death. Poſſibly," he adds, "we ought to ſubſtitute *deem* for 'doom!'"

PAGE 92.

Hath caſt him both of ſtile and kingdome too.

For "ſtile" Mr. Collier has ſubſtituted "ſtate;" but is ſilent reſpecting the reaſon or authority for the alteration. Reſpecting the word "caſt" he ſays: "So the old copy, which there ſeems no ſufficient reaſon to alter; but the true reading, nevertheleſs may be *eaſed* [eaſt]."

PAGE 93.

To expoſe their fury, and their pride reſtraine.

Mr. Collier reads "*oppoſe*."

PAGE 98.

By vertue of thy raies.

Mr. Collier reads "*her rays*."

PAGE 99.

*By Joſua Duke vnto the Hebrew Nation.
(Who are indeede the Antipodes to vs)*

A ſingular anachroniſm and miſrepresentation of geographical poſition, apparently for the ſake of connecting ſacred and profane hiſtory in the minds of the auditory.

PAGE 101.

Must giue to King Creon.

In this hemistich the preposition is surplufage; but, being inferted in the old copy, we do not omit it: Heywood probably wrote, "Must give King Creon," the line being completed by the first words of Alcmena's speech, "All my orifons."

PAGE 110.

Glad to vnfold.

Mr. Collier reads "*enfold.*"

PAGE 121.

*But let him feat him on the loftiest fpire
Heauen hath: or place me in the loweft of hell.*

Mr. Collier omits "of," which, he fays, "is clearly too much, both for the fenfe and metre, and must have been accidentally inferted." This is not to us by any means fo "clear" as it feems to be to Mr. Collier.

PAGE 122.

The Thunderer thunders.

The old copy reads, "The Thunderer, Thunderers." We have adopted Mr. Collier's emendation.

PAGE 123.

Of yon adultereffe and her mechall brats.

"Mechal" is wicked: it occurs again in our author's *Challenge for Beauty* (Vol. v. p. 75):—

"her owne tongue
Hath publish't her a *mechall* prostitute."

PAGE 125.

Yong Ipectetes, whom Amphitrio owes.

So fpelt in the old copy, where a name of four fyllables is required for the meafure; but the real name feems to have been Iphiclus, or Iphicles.

PAGE 141.

take your place
Next you Alcides.

"So the old copy; and as it may possibly be right, we make no change, though it seems more proper to read 'Next to Alcides.'" So Mr. Collier; but has he not created a difficulty where none exists.

PAGE 143.

This Centaure-match, it shall in ages,
And times to come, renowne great Hercules.

Of the first line the sense is complete, though not the metre. It would be easy to rectify the latter by reading "after ages," as in the passage at page 75 of this volume, noted *anted* p. 438; but we prefer a strict adherence to the ancient text, though possibly defective, to mere conjectural emendations.

PAGE 157.

These phangs shall gnaw upon your cruded bones.

The precise meaning Heywood attached to the word "cruded" seems doubtful. Baret, in his "Alvearie" (1580) tells us, that to "crud" is to coagulate; but that sense will hardly suit the passage, and it is only another form of *curd*. "*Cruded bones*" may be, Mr. Collier thinks, a misprint for *crushed bones*.

PAGE 158.

till our club
Stickle amongst you.

To "stickle" generally means to separate combatants, and *sticklers* were sometimes taken for arbitrators, or judges. In *Troilus and Cressida* (act v. sc. 9) Achilles says:—

"The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
 And, stickler-like, the armies separate."

In the instance before us, Hercules was about to use his club as a stickler between Theseus and Cerberus, to part them.

PAGE 159.

Danae spare your tubs.

Mr. Collier reads "Danaisds." "All the daughters of Danaids,

excepting Hypermnestra, were condemned to the punishment in hell of filling vessels, out of which the water ran as fast as it was poured in."

PAGE 159.

My vassaile Furies with their wieri strings.

Mr. Collier thinks that "stings" might suit the sense better; but he has not altered the text.

Ib.

I'll ding thee to the lowest Barathrum.

To ding down was formerly not an uncommon phrase; it is from the Anglo-Saxon, in which language "to ding" means to beat or strike down.

PAGE 166.

certaine Translations of Ouid , they were things which out of my iuniority and want of iudgment, I committed to the view of some priuate friends, but with no purpose of publishing, or further communicating them.

Some passages from these translations were afterwards inserted by Heywood in his ITNAIKEION: or *Nine Bookes of Various History Concerning Women*, Lond. fol. 1624.

PAGE 201.

And yet farewell

After extracting some scenes from *The Brazen Age*, Charles Lamb says:—"I cannot take leave of this drama without noticing a touch of the truest pathos, which the writer has put into the mouth of Meleager, as he is wasting away by the operation of the fatal brand, administered to him by his wretched mother. What is the boasted 'Forgive me, but forgive me' of the dying wife of Shore, in Rowe, compared with these three little words?"

PAGE 209.

Phrixus

*And his faire sister Helles, being betraid
By their curst step-dame Ino, fled from Greece,
Their Innocence pittied by Mercury,
He gave to them a golden-fleeced Ramme,*

*Which bore them safe to the Sygean sea,
Which swimming, beauteous Helles there was drown'd,
And gave that sea the name of Hellespont, &c.*

In Heywood's pageant, *Londini Status Pacatus* (1639), Medea is made to tell the same story in other words :—

“ the Ram
Vpon whose back Phrixus and Helle swam
The Hellespont : she to her lasting fame
(By being drown'd there, gave the Sea that name :)
But Phrixus safely did to Colchos steere
And on Joves Alter sacrificed there
The golden Beast.”

All this was brought in to celebrate the greatness of the “Worshipfull Society of Drapers,” at whose charges this pageant was produced.

PAGE 212.

Shall the Bulls tosse him whom Medea loues

The story of Jason and Medea is thus briefly alluded to by Heywood in his pageant entitled *Londini Status Pacatus*, or *Londons Peaceable Estate* (1639) :—“*Jason* signifieth *sanans*, or healing ; *Medea*, *consilium*, or Counsell : he was the son of *Æta*, his Father was no sooner dead but he left the Kingdome to his brother *Pelias*, who set him upon an adventure to fetch the golden Fleece from *Colchos* : to which purpose he caused the Argoe to be built, in which sixty of the prime Princes of Greece accompanied him ; whom *Medea* the Daughter of (the) King of *Colchos* courteously entertained with all the rest of the *Argonauts* : and being greatly inamoured of him, and affraide least he should perish in the attempt ; knowing the danger he was to undergoe, upon promise of Marriage, she taught him how he should tame the Brazen-footed Bulls, & to cast the Dragon that watched the Fleece into a dead sleepe : which hee did, and by slaying him bore away the prize.”

PAGE 253.

*I that Bufiris slue, Antheus strangled,
And conquer'd still at thy vnkinde behest
The three-shapt Gerion, and the dogge of hell,
The Bull of Candy, and the golden Hart, &c.*

In his *Apology for Actors* (Lond. 1612), Heywood says :—“ A

description is only a shadow, received by the eare, but not perceived by the eye; so lively portrature is meereely a forme seene by the eye, but can neither shew action, passion, motion, or any other gesture to moove the spirits of the beholder to admiration. But to see as I have seene, Hercules, in his owne shape, hunting the boare, knocking downe the bull, taming the hart, fighting with Hydra, murdering Geryon; slaughtering Diomed, wounding the Stymphalides, killing the Centaurs, passing the lion, squeezing the dragon, dragging Cerberus in chaynes, and lastly, on his high pyramids writing *Nil ultra*, Oh, these were fights to make an Alexander!"

PAGE 384.

Hec fuge, nate Dea, teque his pater eripe flammis, &c.

These five lines are from Virgil's *Æneid*, ii. 289—295:—"Alas, flee, goddess-born, and escape, father, from these flames. The enemy holds the walls; Troy from its very summit is sinking into ruins Troy entrusts to you her rites and her household gods; these take to share your destinies, for these search out the mighty city, which you shall set up at last, when you have wandered over all the sea." They were probably noted by Heywood in the margin against the speech in which they are paraphrased, and got inserted into the body of the text through the blundering ignorance of the printer.

PAGE 406.

HER.

Hath beene so mighty to reuenge the wrongs, &c.

The opening words of Hermione's speech (consisting of half a line, or perhaps a line and a half), have slipped out in the old copies, and it is now impossible to supply them except by conjecture.

It may be mentioned that the stories of Juno, of Venus, of Ceres, Proserpine, Atalanta, Hellena, Medea, Hesione, and Ægistus and Clitemnestra, are told in prose at more or less length in Heywood's *Nine Bookes of Various History Concerning Women*, Lond. fol. 1624, pp. 5, 8, 16—18, 227, 259, 404, 423, 430, 435.



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